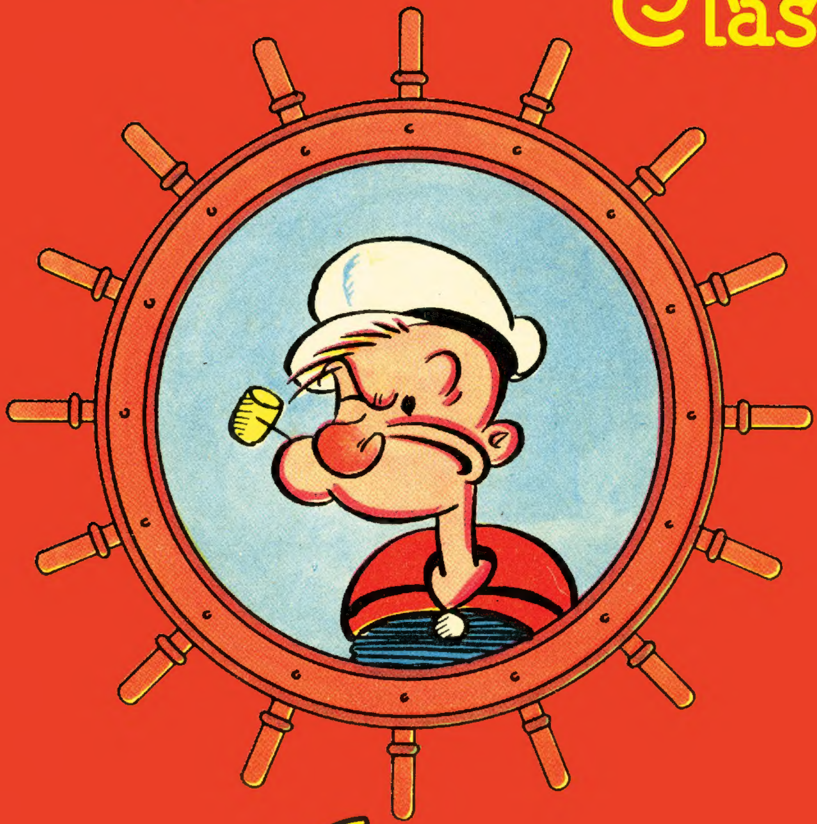
Popeye®

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye
Classics

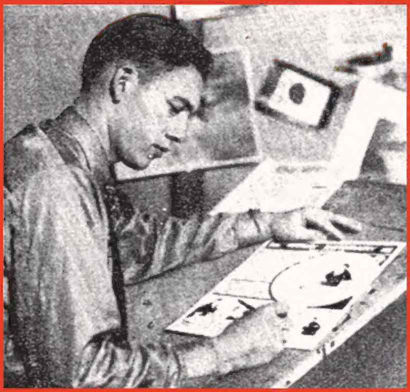


BUD SAGENDORF

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more *Popeye* comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

Both my career and personal life were nearly devastated in the 1980s, when vicious rumors surfaced that I was more than a fan of Ernie Bushmiller's so called "comic" strip. I was accused of being a bona fide member of the frightening and secretive Bushmiller Society. Famously, I gave a tearful confession to a Senate committee of all that I knew of, one, Denis Kitchen, a man who was thought to have strong ties with the aforementioned Society. The investigation against me was thankfully dropped and my good name was cleared.

Now, having innocently published the work of Bud Sagendorf, I again find myself at a firestorm of controversy. A new, insidious organization has come under vigilant government watchdog eyes. I am now compelled to make the following public statement.

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendork's clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—*Craig Yoe*

Dedicated to my good friend

Mark Frauenfelder.

"Frien's is the mos' importink thing on ert'!"
—J. Wellington Wimpy

This is volume 1 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

If you like this book, please blog, facebook, podcast, and tweet about it!
Visit the International Team of Comics Historians blog, www.TheITCHblog.com.
Become a fan of YOE Books on Facebook, friend Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Deep thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Nerio Gussoni, Donnie Pitchford, Linda Salsedo.

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ISBN: 9781623022648 DIGITAL

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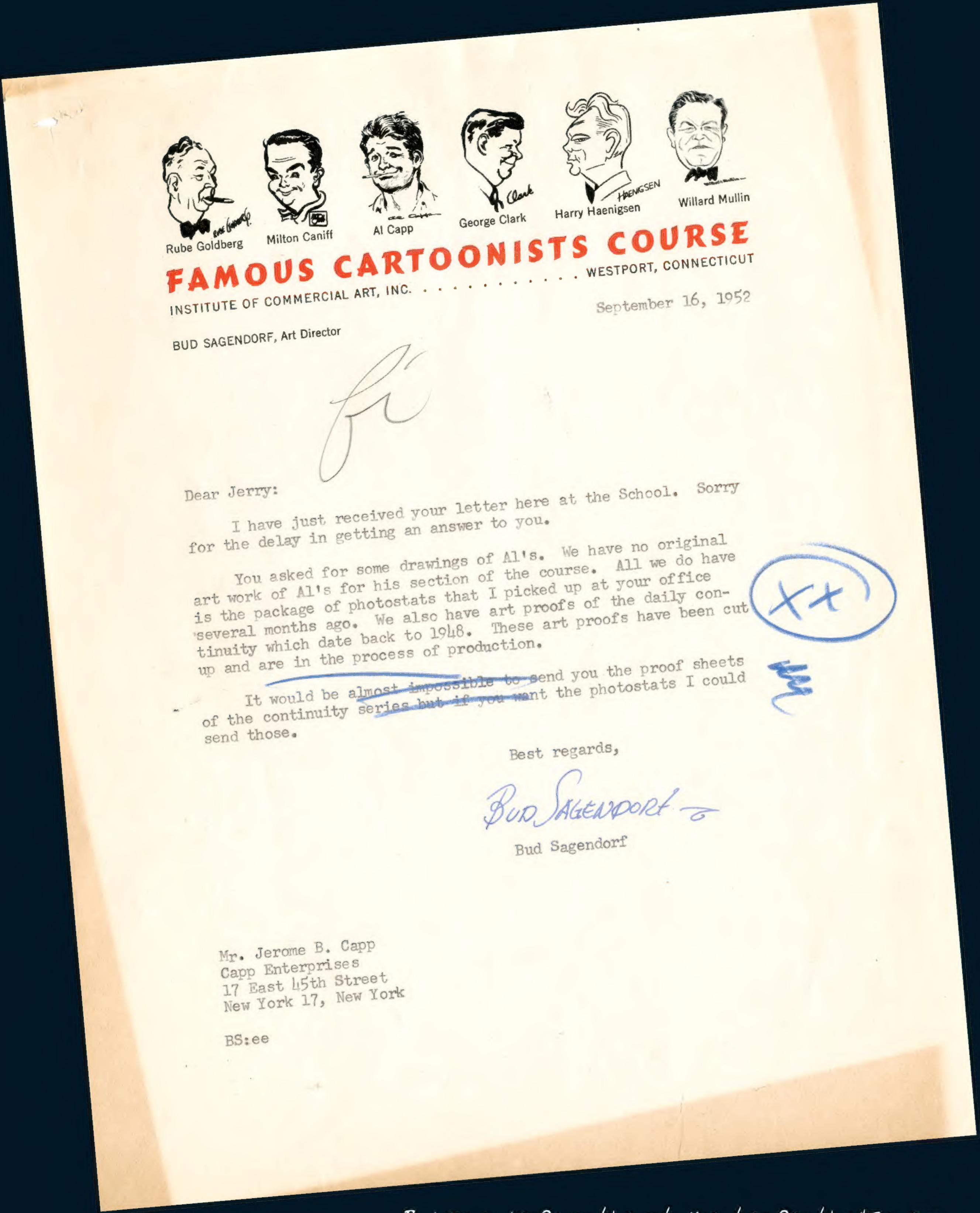
A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK



FAMOUS CARTOONISTS COURSE

INSTITUTE OF COMMERCIAL ART, INC. . . . . WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

BUD SAGENDORF, Art Director

September 16, 1952

Dear Jerry:

I have just received your letter here at the School. Sorry for the delay in getting an answer to you.

You asked for some drawings of Al's. We have no original art work of Al's for his section of the course. All we do have is the package of photostats that I picked up at your office several months ago. We also have art proofs of the daily continuity which date back to 1948. These art proofs have been cut up and are in the process of production.

XX

It would be ~~almost impossible to~~ send you the proof sheets of the continuity series ~~but if you want~~ the photostats I could send those.

Best regards,

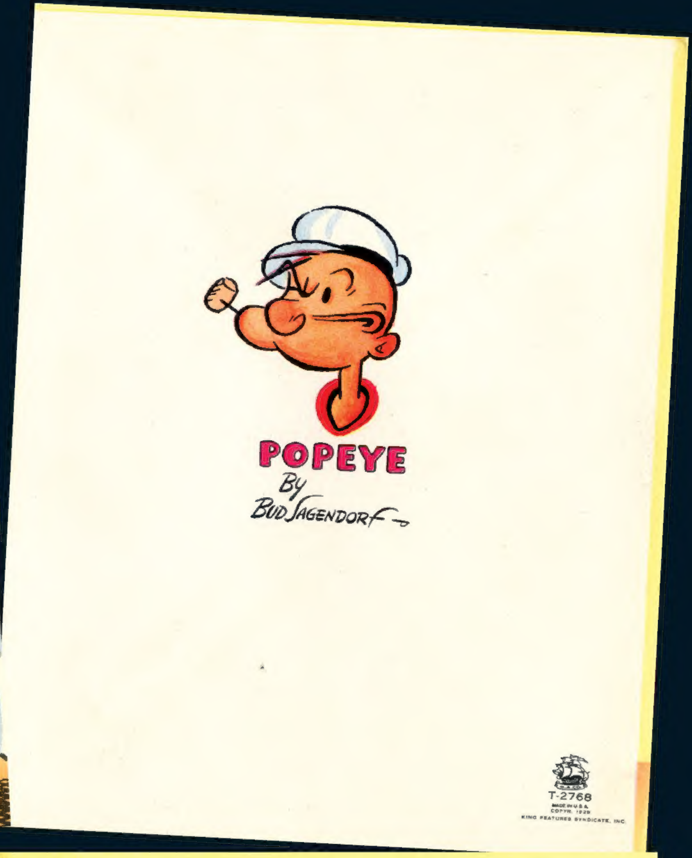
Bud Sagendorf

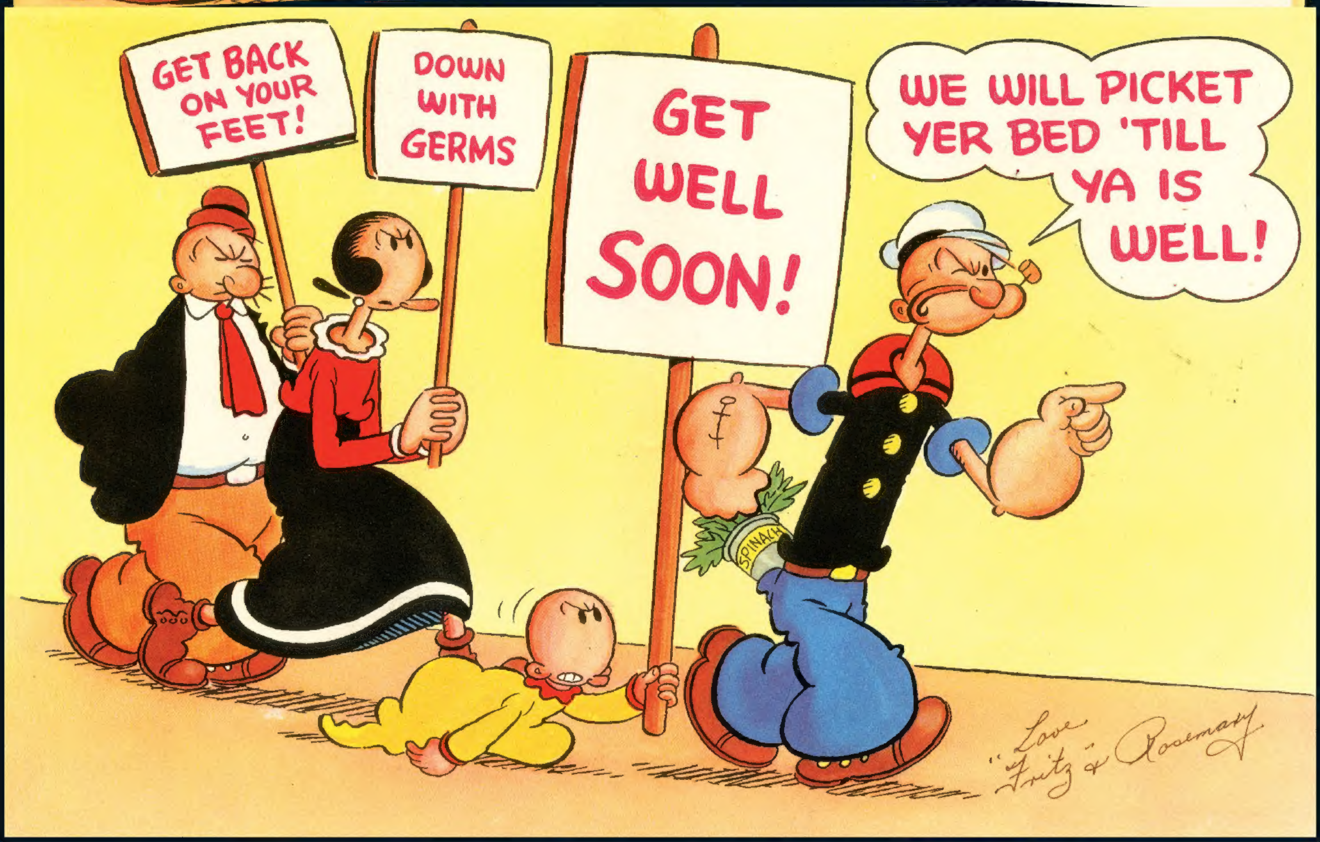
Bud Sagendorf

Mr. Jerome B. Capp
Capp Enterprises
17 East 45th Street
New York 17, New York

BS:ee

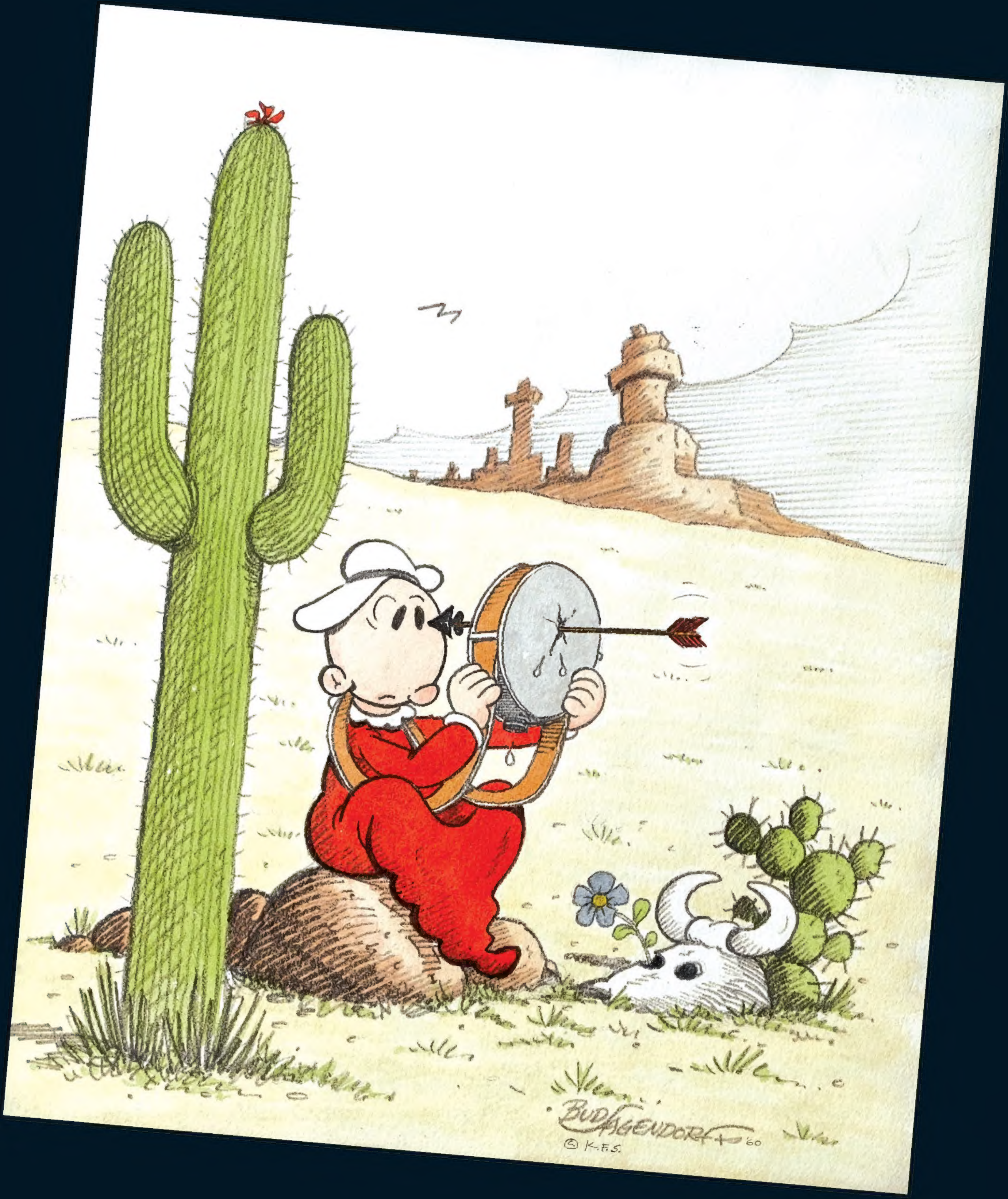
Bud Sagendorf was the art director for the "Famous Cartoonists Course" and this letter was in response to Jerome B. Capp, Al Capp's brother, requesting return of some original artwork. September 16, 1952. From the collection of the author.



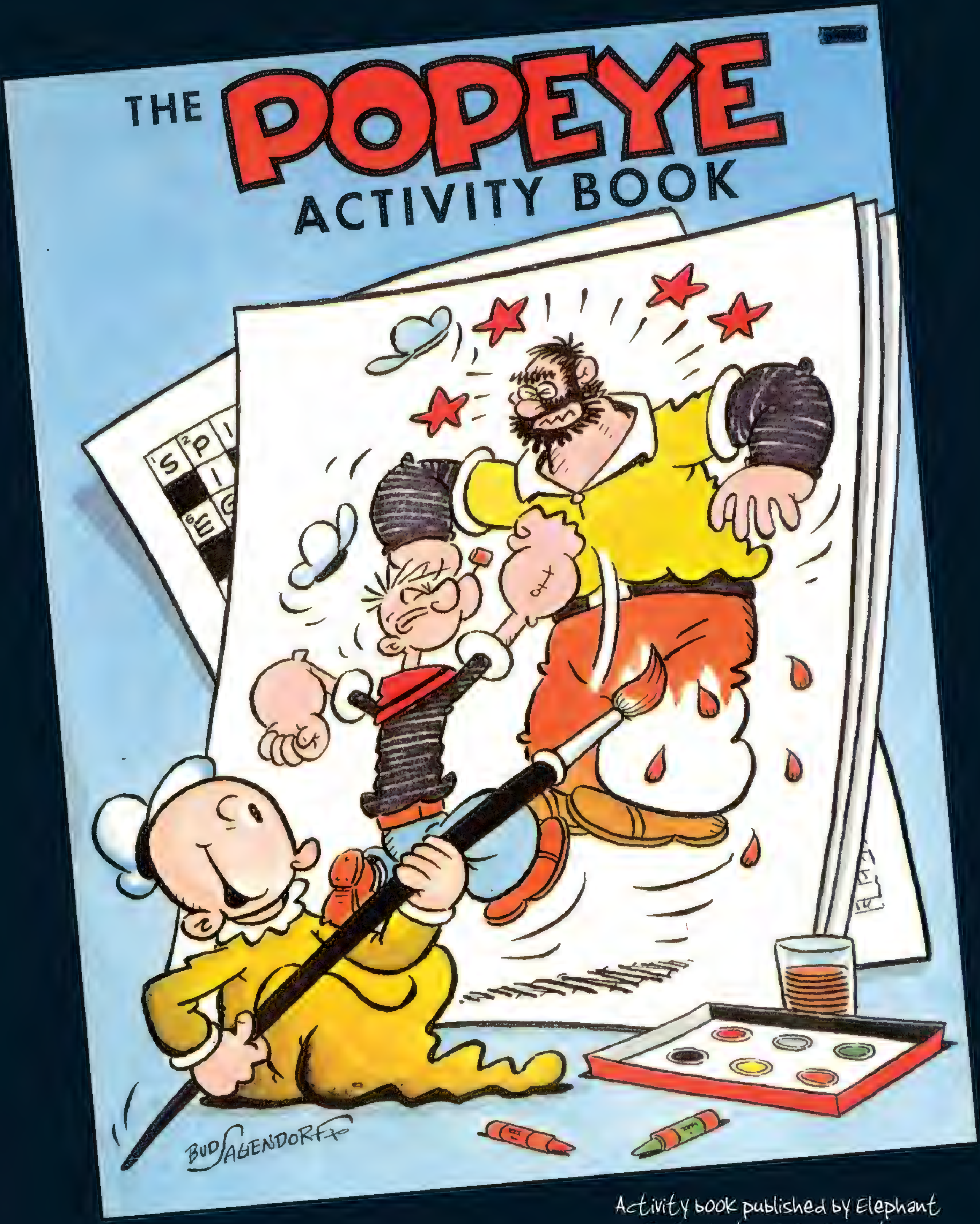


Greeting card by Bud Sagendorf. Date unknown.
From the collection of the author.

The original art of a page from Four Color #127, December 1946. From the collection of Greg Goldstein.



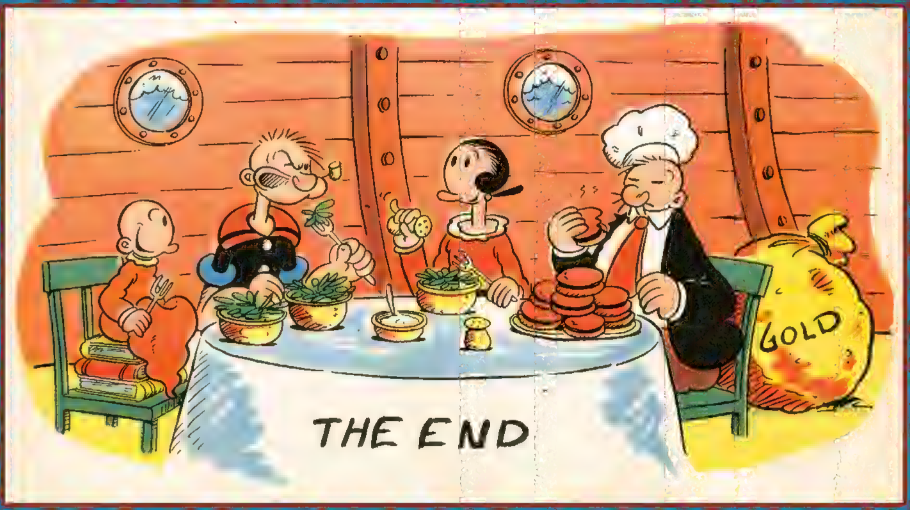
An original painting of Swee'Pea, 1960.
Bud Sagendorf reported that Swee'Pea
was the favorite character from the
Popeye cast among college students.

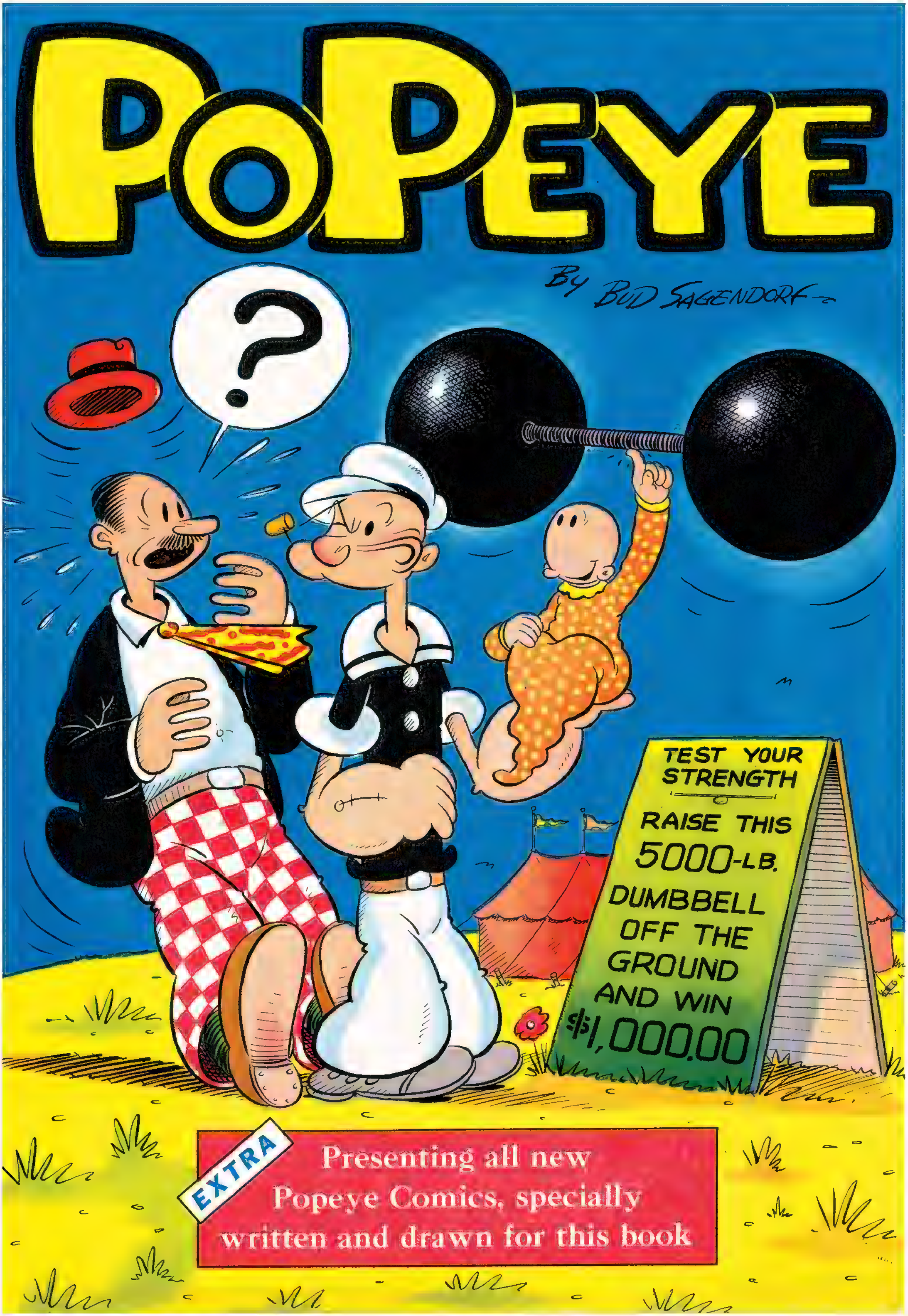


Activity book published by Elephant Books. Late 1970s. From the collection of Fred Grandinetti.

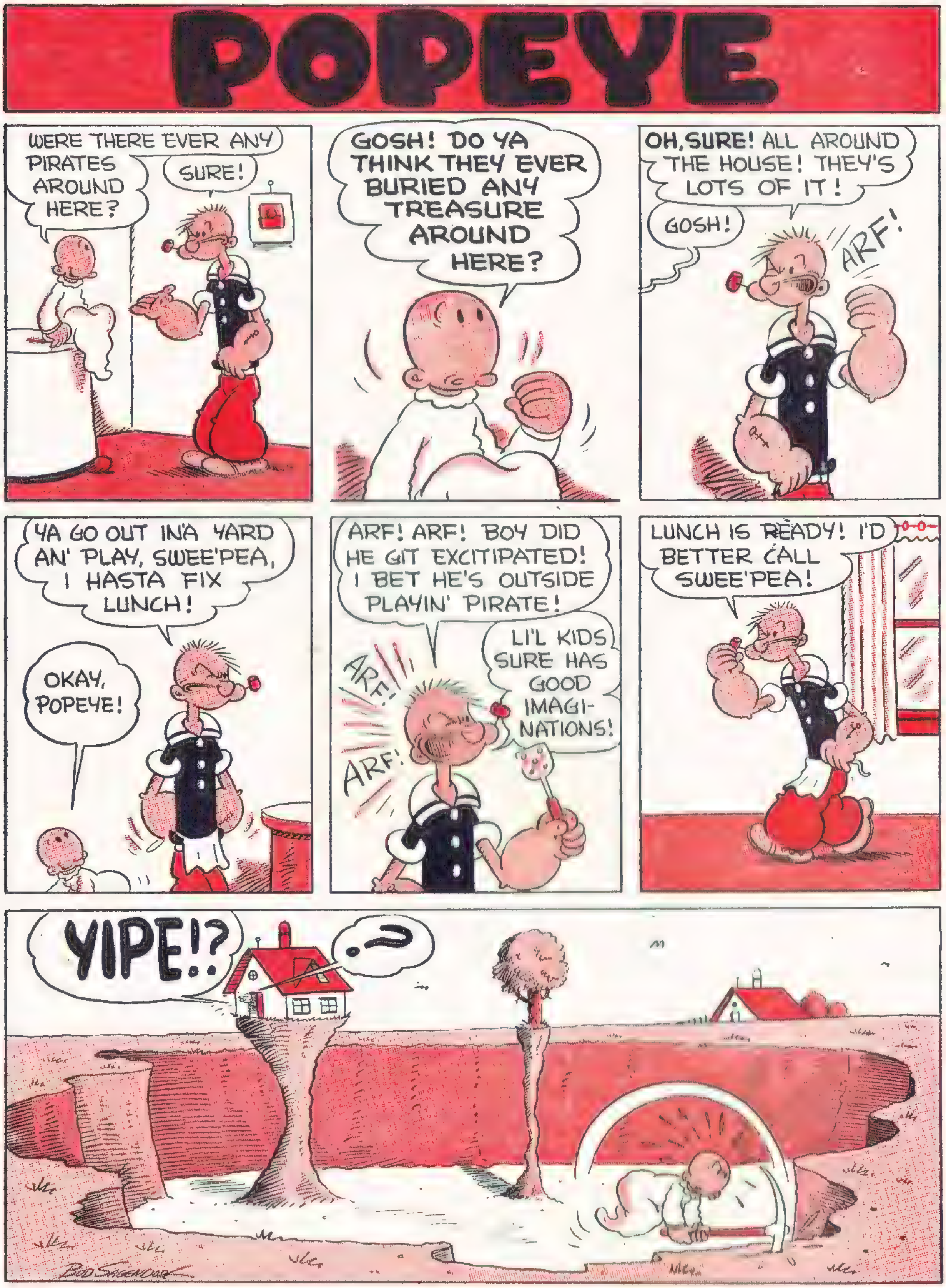
Above: A proof of Sagendorf's first comic strip dailies, starting on August 10, 1959.
From the collection of Fred Grandinetti.

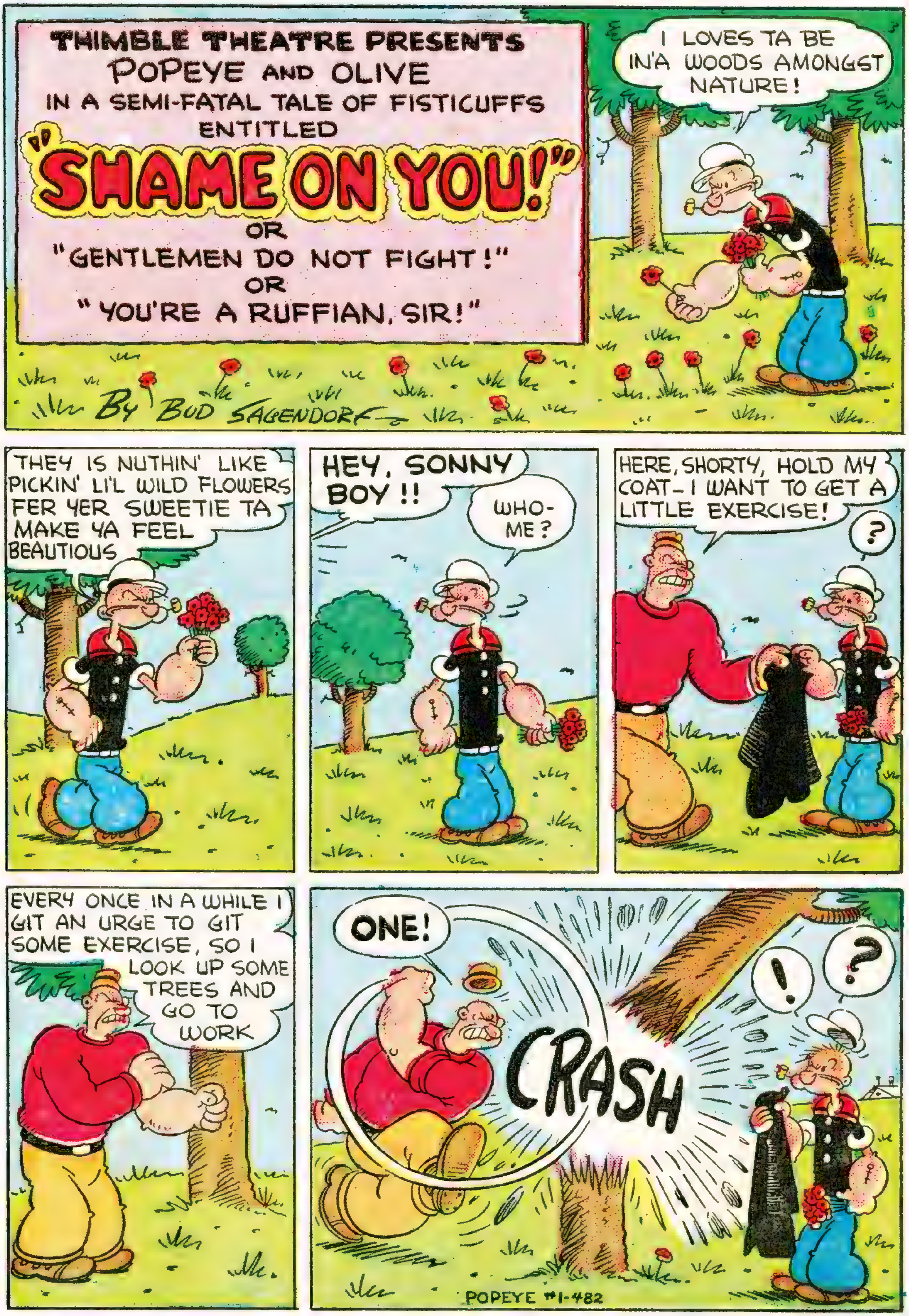
Overleaf: From the book "Popeye and the Pirates," Duenewald Printing Corp., 1945.
From the collection of Mykal Banta.

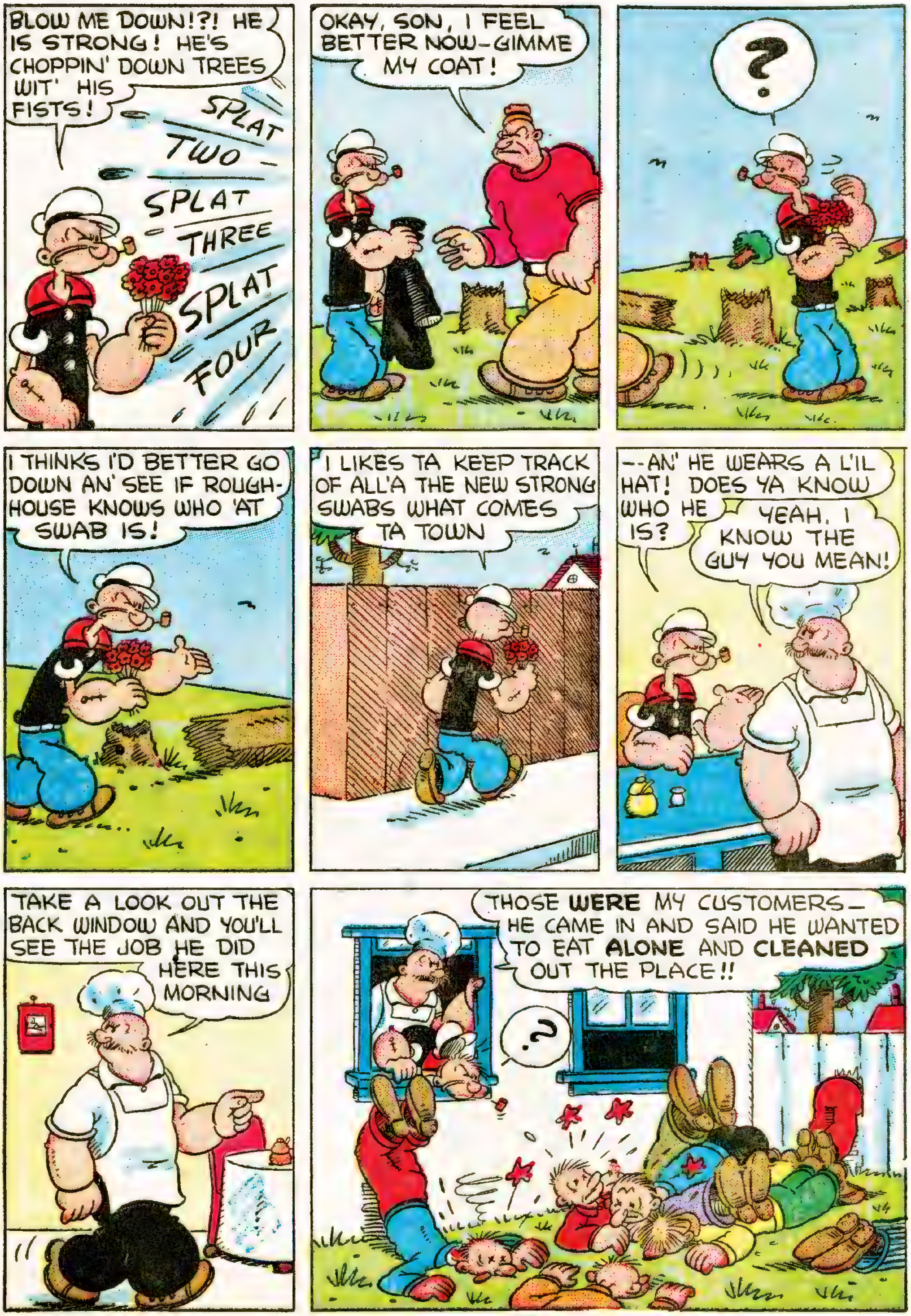

THE END
GOLD

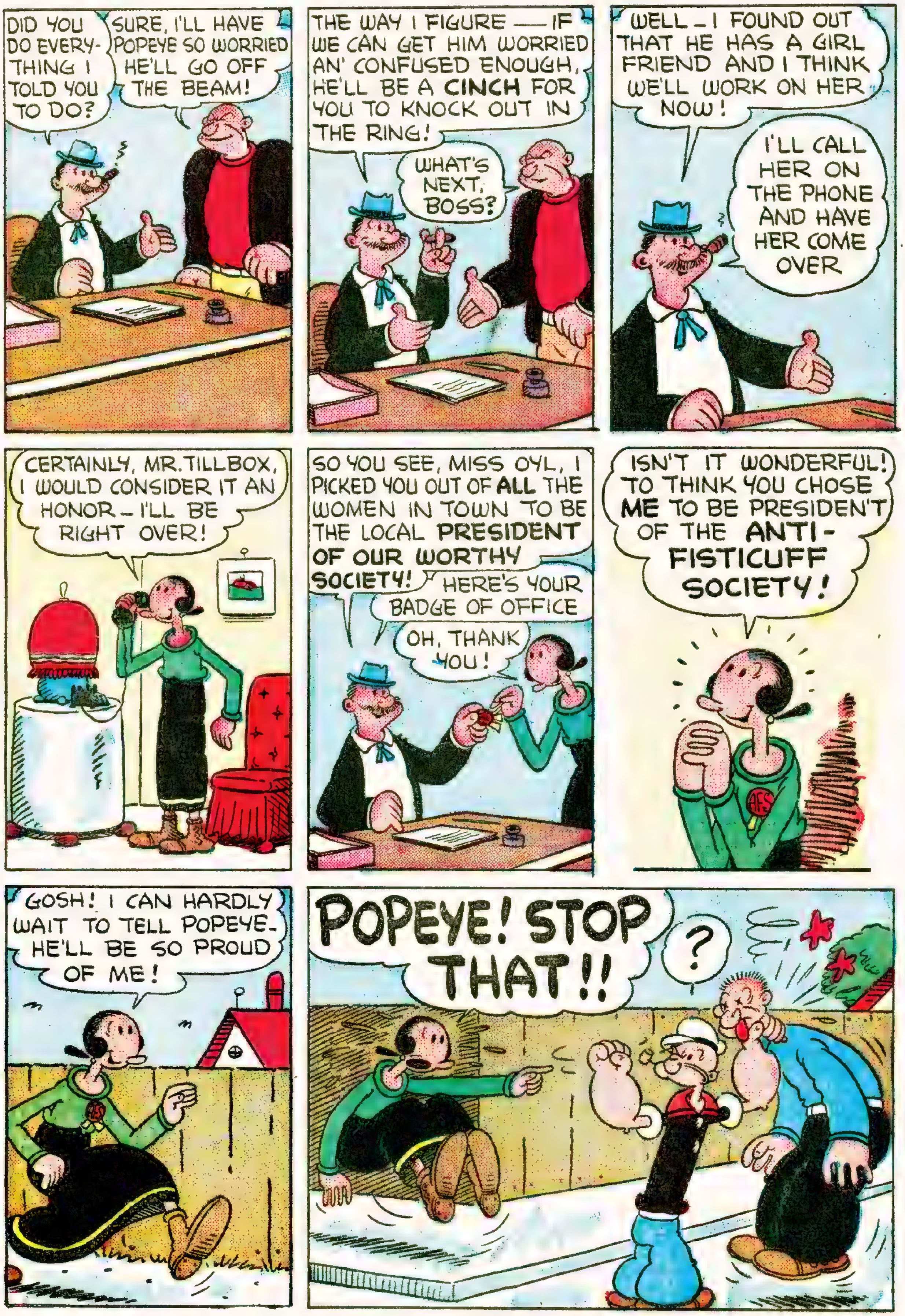


Popeye #1, February-April 1948

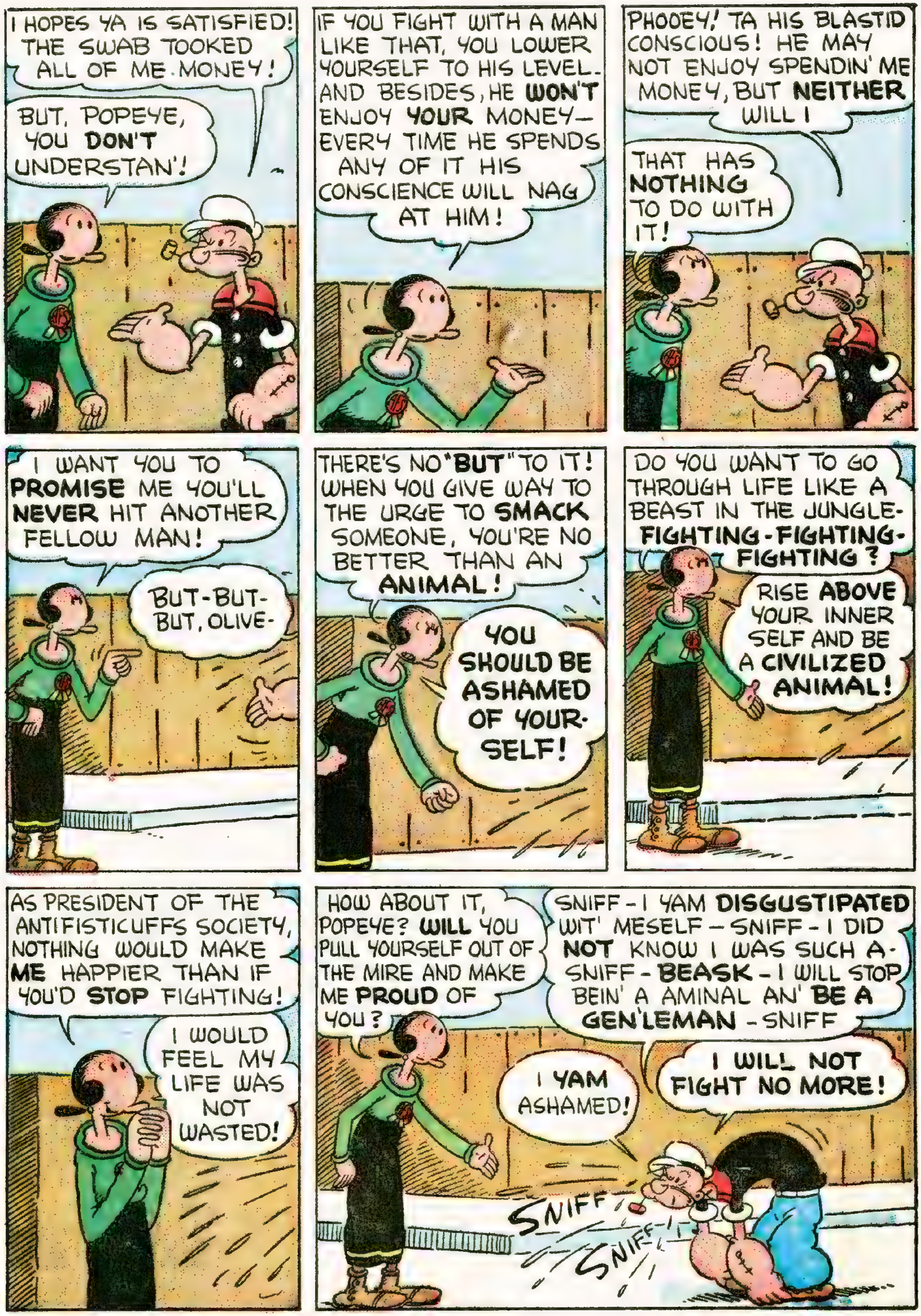

POPEYE
WERE THERE EVER ANY PIRATES AROUND HERE?
SURE!
GOSH! DO YA THINK THEY EVER BURIED ANY TREASURE AROUND HERE?
OH, SURE! ALL AROUND THE HOUSE! THEY'S LOTS OF IT!
GOSH!
ARF!
YA GO OUT IN'A YARD AN' PLAY, SWEE'PEA, I HASTA FIX LUNCH!
OKAY, POPEYE!
ARF! ARF! BOY DID HE GIT EXCITIPATED! I BET HE'S OUTSIDE PLAYIN' PIRATE!
LI'L KIDS SURE HAS GOOD IMAGI-NATIONS!
ARF!
ARF!
LUNCH IS READY! I'D BETTER CALL SWEE'PEA!
YIPE!?
BUD SAGENDORF

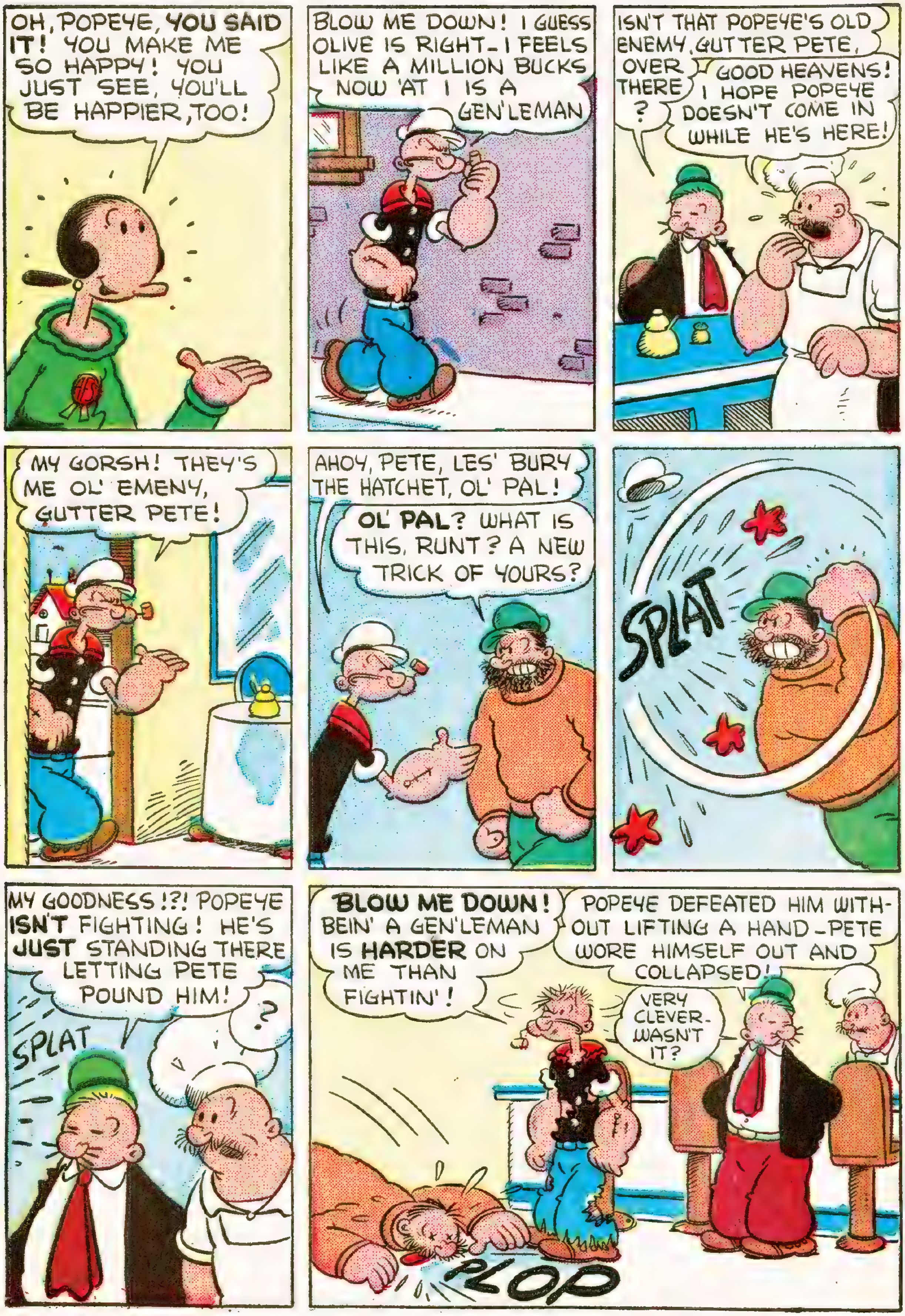

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE AND OLIVE
IN A SEMI-FATAL TALE OF FISTICUFFS
ENTITLED
"SHAME ON YOU!"
OR
"GENTLEMEN DO NOT FIGHT!"
OR
"YOU'RE A RUFFIAN, SIR!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
I LOVES TA BE IN'A WOODS AMONGST NATURE!
THEY IS NUTHIN' LIKE PICKIN' LI'L WILD FLOWERS FER YER SWEETIE TA MAKE YA FEEL BEAUTIOUS
HEY, SONNY BOY!!
WHO-ME?
HERE, SHORTY, HOLD MY COAT– I WANT TO GET A LITTLE EXERCISE!
?
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I GIT AN URGE TO GIT SOME EXERCISE, SO I LOOK UP SOME TREES AND GO TO WORK
ONE!
CRASH
!
?
POPEYE #1-482

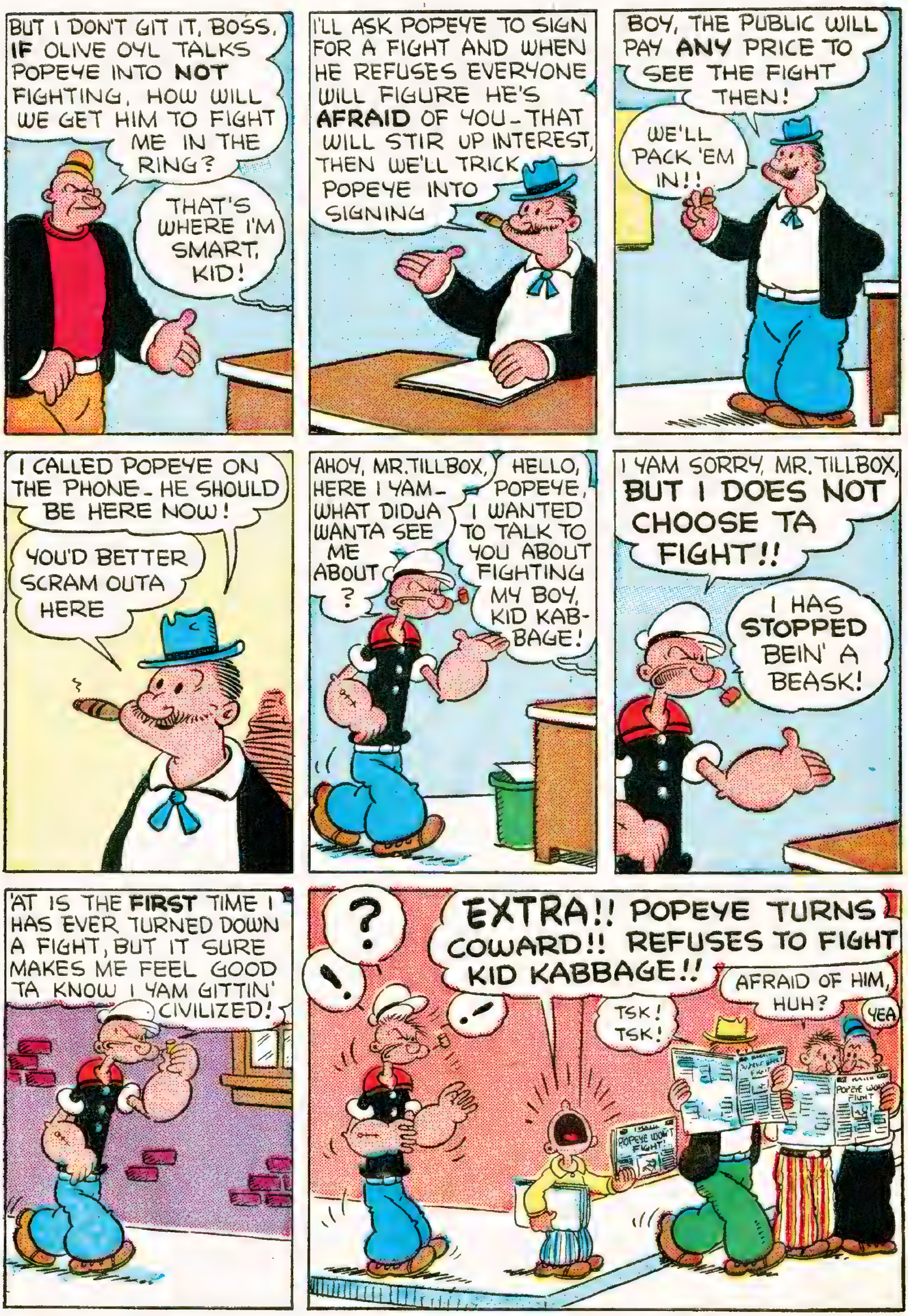

BLOW ME DOWN!?! HE IS STRONG! HE'S CHOPPIN' DOWN TREES WIT' HIS FISTS!
SPLAT
TWO
SPLAT
THREE
SPLAT
FOUR
OKAY, SON, I FEEL BETTER NOW-GIMME MY COAT!
?
I THINKS I'D BETTER GO DOWN AN' SEE IF ROUGH-HOUSE KNOWS WHO 'AT SWAB IS!
I LIKES TA KEEP TRACK OF ALL'A THE NEW STRONG SWABS WHAT COMES TA TOWN
--AN' HE WEARS A L'IL HAT! DOES YA KNOW WHO HE IS?
YEAH, I KNOW THE GUY YOU MEAN!
TAKE A LOOK OUT THE BACK WINDOW AND YOU'LL SEE THE JOB HE DID HERE THIS MORNING
THOSE **WERE** MY CUSTOMERS—HE CAME IN AND SAID HE WANTED TO EAT **ALONE** AND **CLEANED** OUT THE PLACE!!
?


DID YOU DO EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU TO DO?
SURE, I'LL HAVE POPEYE SO WORRIED HE'LL GO OFF THE BEAM!
THE WAY I FIGURE — IF WE CAN GET HIM WORRIED AN' CONFUSED ENOUGH, HE'LL BE A CINCH FOR YOU TO KNOCK OUT IN THE RING!
WHAT'S NEXT, BOSS?
WELL – I FOUND OUT THAT HE HAS A GIRL FRIEND AND I THINK WE'LL WORK ON HER NOW!
I'LL CALL HER ON THE PHONE AND HAVE HER COME OVER
CERTAINLY, MR. TILLBOX, I WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOR – I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
SO YOU SEE, MISS OYL, I PICKED YOU OUT OF ALL THE WOMEN IN TOWN TO BE THE LOCAL PRESIDENT OF OUR WORTHY SOCIETY!
HERE'S YOUR BADGE OF OFFICE
OH, THANK YOU!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! TO THINK YOU CHOSE ME TO BE PRESIDEN'T OF THE ANTI-FISTICUFF SOCIETY!
AFS
GOSH! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TELL POPEYE. HE'LL BE SO PROUD OF ME!
POPEYE! STOP THAT!!
?

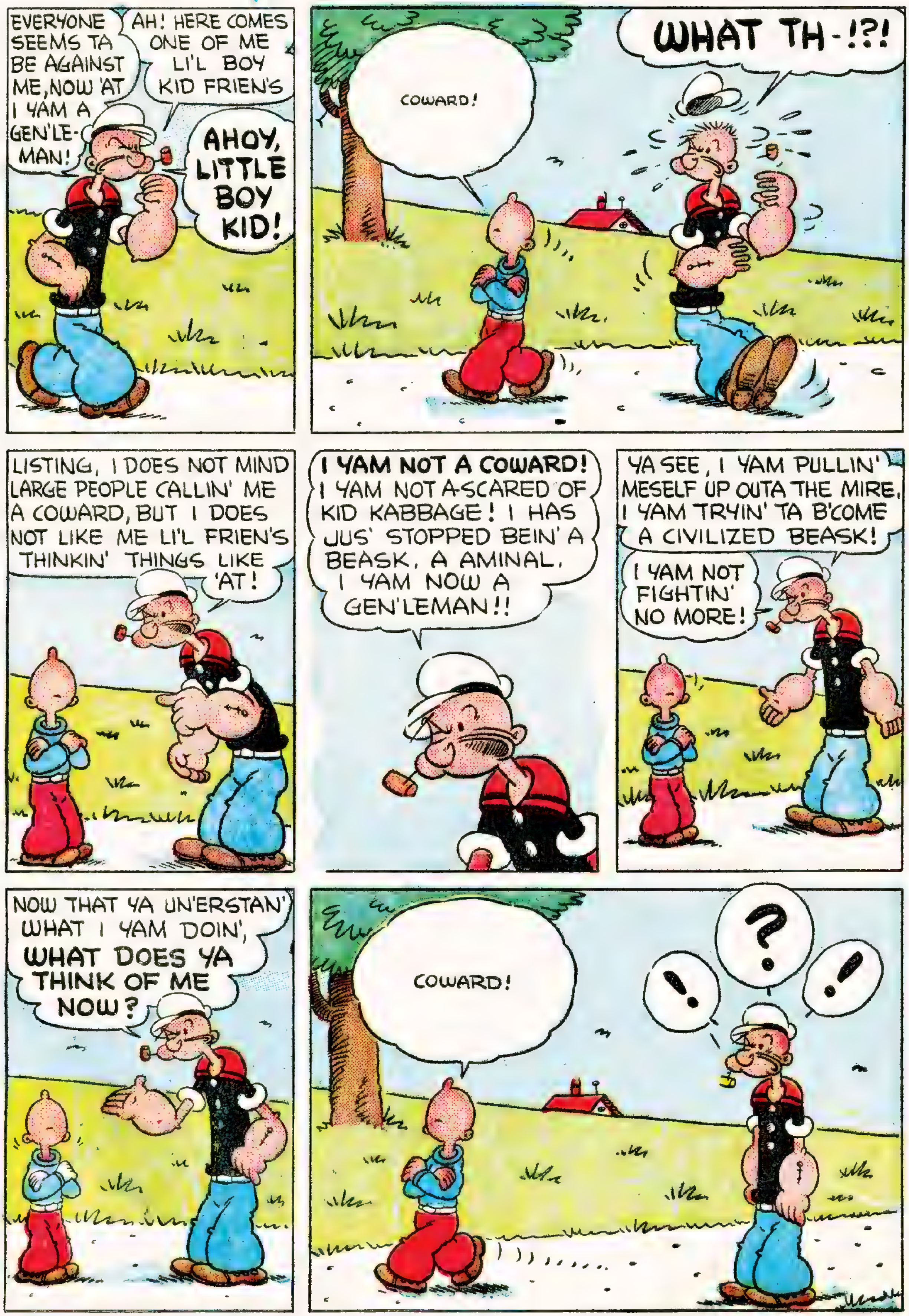
POPEYE, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP FIGHTING!
SHUCKS, OLIVE, IT WEREN'T MUCH OF A FIGHT!
THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT— FIGHTING IS EVIL AND BARBARIC. AS PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-FISTICUFF SOCIETY, I WANT YOU TO PROMISE TO NEVER FIGHT AGAIN!
BUT, GORSH, OLIVE, THIS SWAB STUCK A GUN INTA ME BACK AND DEMANDID ME MONEY
HE'S A BANDICK!
YOU SHOULD'VE REASONED WITH HIM— SHOWN HIM THE EVILS OF HIS WAYS— YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE RESORTED TO BRUTALITY!
?
POPEYE, I INSIST THAT YOU LET GO OF THAT POOR MAN!
OKAY, OLIVE
PLOP
NOW, DON'T YOU FEEL BETTER?
OKAY, STICK 'EM UP!!
?
WELL--?

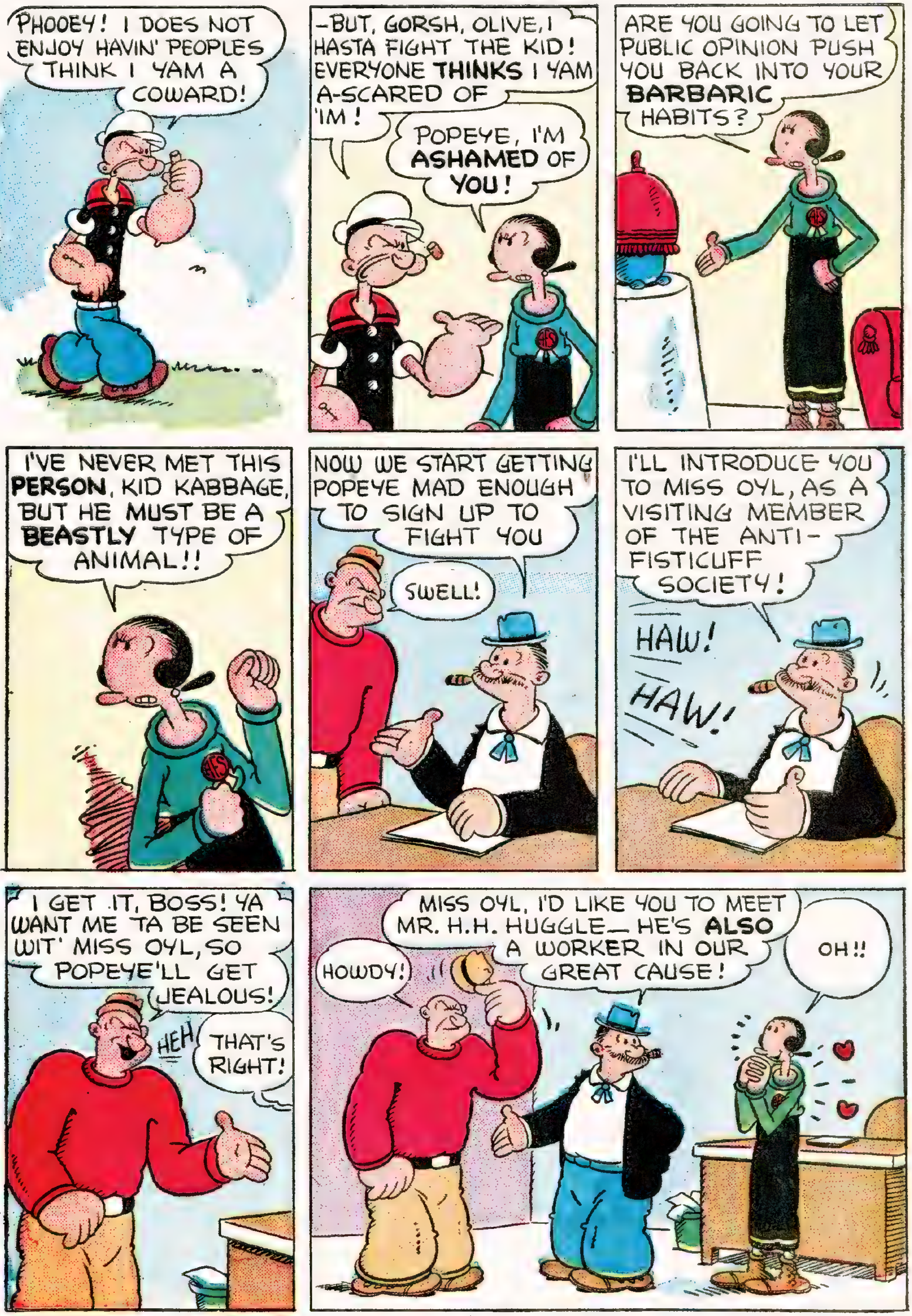

I HOPES YA IS SATISFIED! THE SWAB TOOKED ALL OF ME MONEY!
BUT, POPEYE, YOU **DON'T** UNDERSTAN'!
IF YOU FIGHT WITH A MAN LIKE THAT, YOU LOWER YOURSELF TO HIS LEVEL. AND BESIDES, HE **WON'T** ENJOY **YOUR** MONEY— EVERY TIME HE SPENDS ANY OF IT HIS CONSCIENCE WILL NAG AT HIM!
PHOOEY! TA HIS BLASTID CONSCIOUS! HE MAY NOT ENJOY SPENDIN' ME MONEY, BUT **NEITHER** WILL I
THAT HAS **NOTHING** TO DO WITH IT!
I WANT YOU TO **PROMISE** ME YOU'LL **NEVER** HIT ANOTHER FELLOW MAN!
BUT-BUT-BUT, OLIVE-
THERE'S NO "**BUT**" TO IT! WHEN YOU GIVE WAY TO THE URGE TO **SMACK** SOMEONE, YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN AN **ANIMAL**!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
DO YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH LIFE LIKE A BEAST IN THE JUNGLE- **FIGHTING - FIGHTING - FIGHTING**?
RISE **ABOVE** YOUR INNER SELF AND BE A **CIVILIZED ANIMAL**!
AS PRESIDENT OF THE ANTIFISTICUFFS SOCIETY, NOTHING WOULD MAKE **ME** HAPPIER THAN IF YOU'D **STOP** FIGHTING!
I WOULD FEEL MY LIFE WAS NOT WASTED!
HOW ABOUT IT, POPEYE? **WILL** YOU PULL YOURSELF OUT OF THE MIRE AND MAKE ME **PROUD** OF YOU?
SNIFF - I YAM **DISGUSTIPATED** WIT' MESELF - SNIFF - I DID **NOT** KNOW I WAS SUCH A - SNIFF - **BEASK** - I WILL STOP BEIN' A AMINAL AN' **BE A GEN'LEMAN** - SNIFF
I **YAM** ASHAMED!
I WILL NOT FIGHT NO MORE!
SNIFF
SNIFF

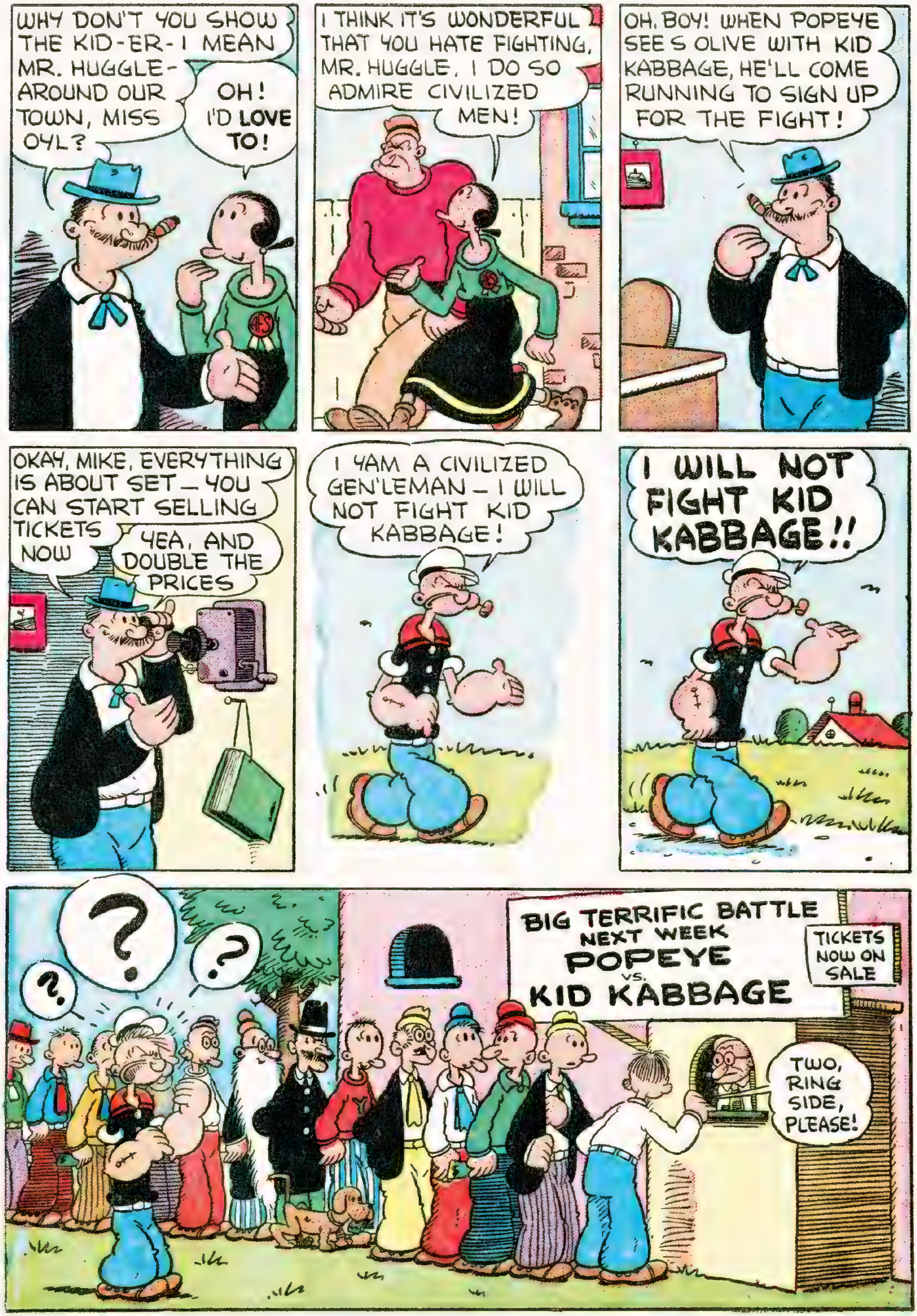

OH, POPEYE, **YOU SAID IT!** YOU MAKE ME SO HAPPY! YOU JUST SEE, YOU'LL BE HAPPIER, TOO!
BLOW ME DOWN! I GUESS OLIVE IS RIGHT - I FEELS LIKE A MILLION BUCKS NOW 'AT I IS A GEN'LEMAN
ISN'T THAT POPEYE'S OLD ENEMY, GUTTER PETE, OVER THERE ?
GOOD HEAVENS! I HOPE POPEYE DOESN'T COME IN WHILE HE'S HERE!
MY GORSH! THEY'S ME OL' EMENY, GUTTER PETE!
AHOY, PETE, LES' BURY THE HATCHET, OL' PAL!
OL' PAL? WHAT IS THIS, RUNT? A NEW TRICK OF YOURS?
SPLAT
MY GOODNESS !?! POPEYE **ISN'T** FIGHTING! HE'S **JUST** STANDING THERE LETTING PETE POUND HIM!
SPLAT
?
BLOW ME DOWN! BEIN' A GEN'LEMAN IS **HARDER** ON ME THAN FIGHTIN'!
POPEYE DEFEATED HIM WITHOUT LIFTING A HAND - PETE WORE HIMSELF OUT AND COLLAPSED!
VERY CLEVER - WASN'T IT?
PLOP

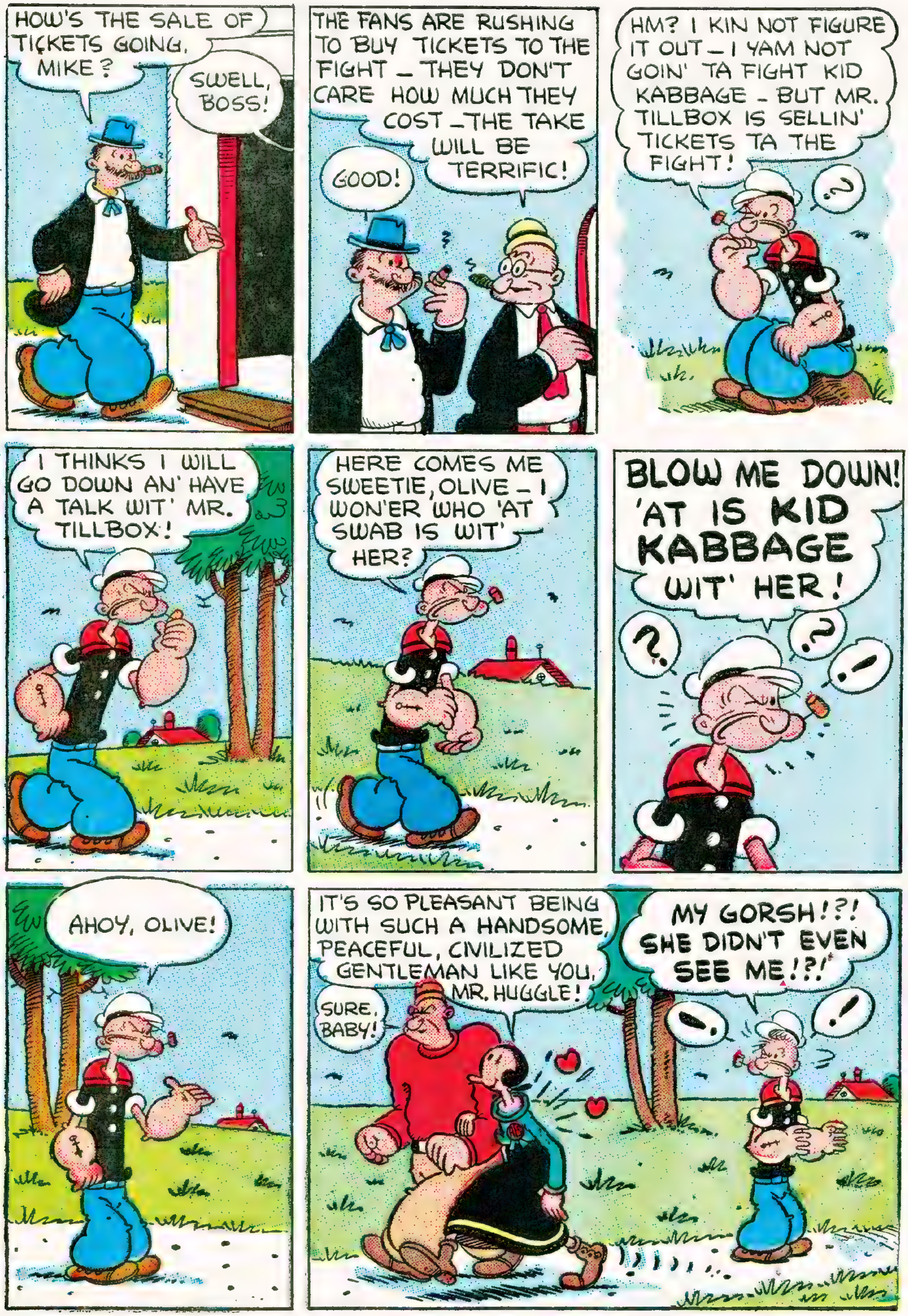

BUT I DON'T GIT IT, BOSS, IF OLIVE OYL TALKS POPEYE INTO NOT FIGHTING, HOW WILL WE GET HIM TO FIGHT ME IN THE RING?
THAT'S WHERE I'M SMART, KID!
I'LL ASK POPEYE TO SIGN FOR A FIGHT AND WHEN HE REFUSES EVERYONE WILL FIGURE HE'S AFRAID OF YOU - THAT WILL STIR UP INTEREST, THEN WE'LL TRICK POPEYE INTO SIGNING
BOY, THE PUBLIC WILL PAY ANY PRICE TO SEE THE FIGHT THEN!
WE'LL PACK 'EM IN!!
I CALLED POPEYE ON THE PHONE - HE SHOULD BE HERE NOW!
YOU'D BETTER SCRAM OUTA HERE
AHOY, MR. TILLBOX, HERE I YAM - WHAT DIDJA WANTA SEE ME ABOUT?
HELLO, POPEYE, I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT FIGHTING MY BOY, KID KABBAGE!
I YAM SORRY, MR. TILLBOX, BUT I DOES NOT CHOOSE TA FIGHT!!
I HAS STOPPED BEIN' A BEASK!
'AT IS THE FIRST TIME I HAS EVER TURNED DOWN A FIGHT, BUT IT SURE MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TA KNOW I YAM GITTIN' CIVILIZED!
?
!
EXTRA!! POPEYE TURNS COWARD!! REFUSES TO FIGHT KID KABBAGE!!
TSK! TSK!
AFRAID OF HIM, HUH?
YEA
POPEYE WON'T FIGHT!

MY GOOD MAN, I REPEAT - HE **WILL NOT** FIGHT KID KABBAGE!
PHOOEY, WIMPY, POPEYE'S NOT AFRAID OF ANYONE!
HERE COMES POPEYE NOW - I'LL BET YOU FIVE HAMBURGERS THAT I CAN PROVE HE HAS TURNED INTO A **MOUSE!**
THAT'S A BET!
ISN'T IT TRUE, OL' PAL, THAT **YOU REFUSED** TO SIGN TO FIGHT THE KID?
CERTINGLY! I YAM THROUGH FIGHTIN'!
SEE! I TOLD YOU HE HAD CHANGED!
PHOOEY! THAT'S NO PROOF THAT HE'S AFRAID TO FIGHT!
?
VERY WELL, START THE HAMBURGERS. I SHALL GIVE YOU POSITIVE PROOF!
POPEYE, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?
CERTINGLY, WIMPY
I WOULD LIKE TO PROVE A POINT TO MR. ROUGH-HOUSE
?
SPLAT
FLAP
COULD I BUY YA SUMPIN' TA EAT, WIMPY?
SEE, ROUGH-HOUSE, HE IGNORES MY INSULT - HE **REFUSES** TO FIGHT!
WOW! I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!
HE **IS** A COWARD!

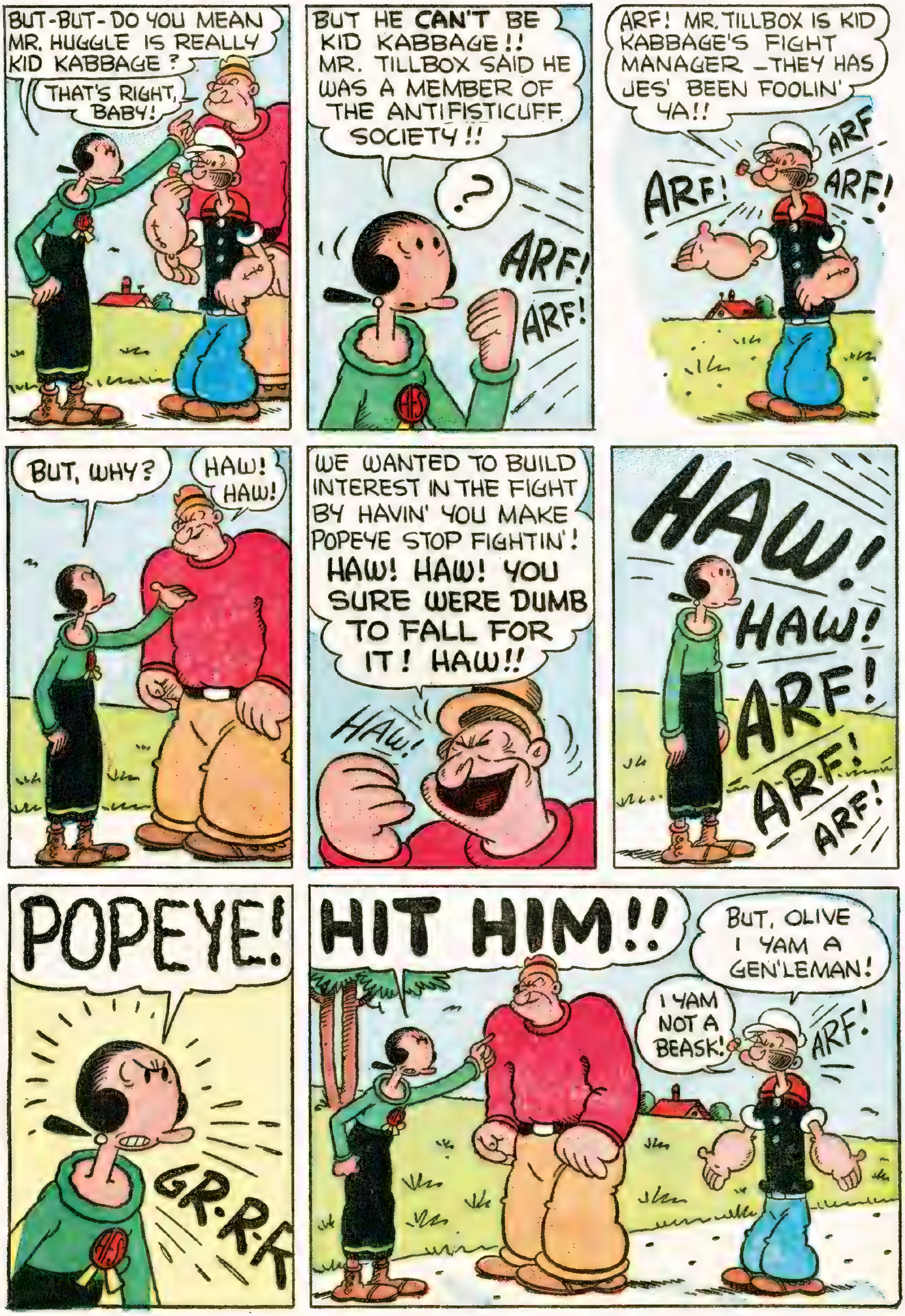

EVERYONE SEEMS TA BE AGAINST ME, NOW 'AT I YAM A GEN'LE-MAN!
AH! HERE COMES ONE OF ME LI'L BOY KID FRIEN'S
AHOY, LITTLE BOY KID!
COWARD!
WHAT TH-!?!
LISTING, I DOES NOT MIND LARGE PEOPLE CALLIN' ME A COWARD, BUT I DOES NOT LIKE ME LI'L FRIEN'S THINKIN' THINGS LIKE 'AT!
I YAM NOT A COWARD! I YAM NOT A-SCARED OF KID KABBAGE! I HAS JUS' STOPPED BEIN' A BEASK, A AMINAL, I YAM NOW A GEN'LEMAN!!
YA SEE, I YAM PULLIN' MESELF UP OUTA THE MIRE, I YAM TRYIN' TA B'COME A CIVILIZED BEASK!
I YAM NOT FIGHTIN' NO MORE!
NOW THAT YA UN'ERSTAN' WHAT I YAM DOIN', WHAT DOES YA THINK OF ME NOW?
COWARD!
!
?
!

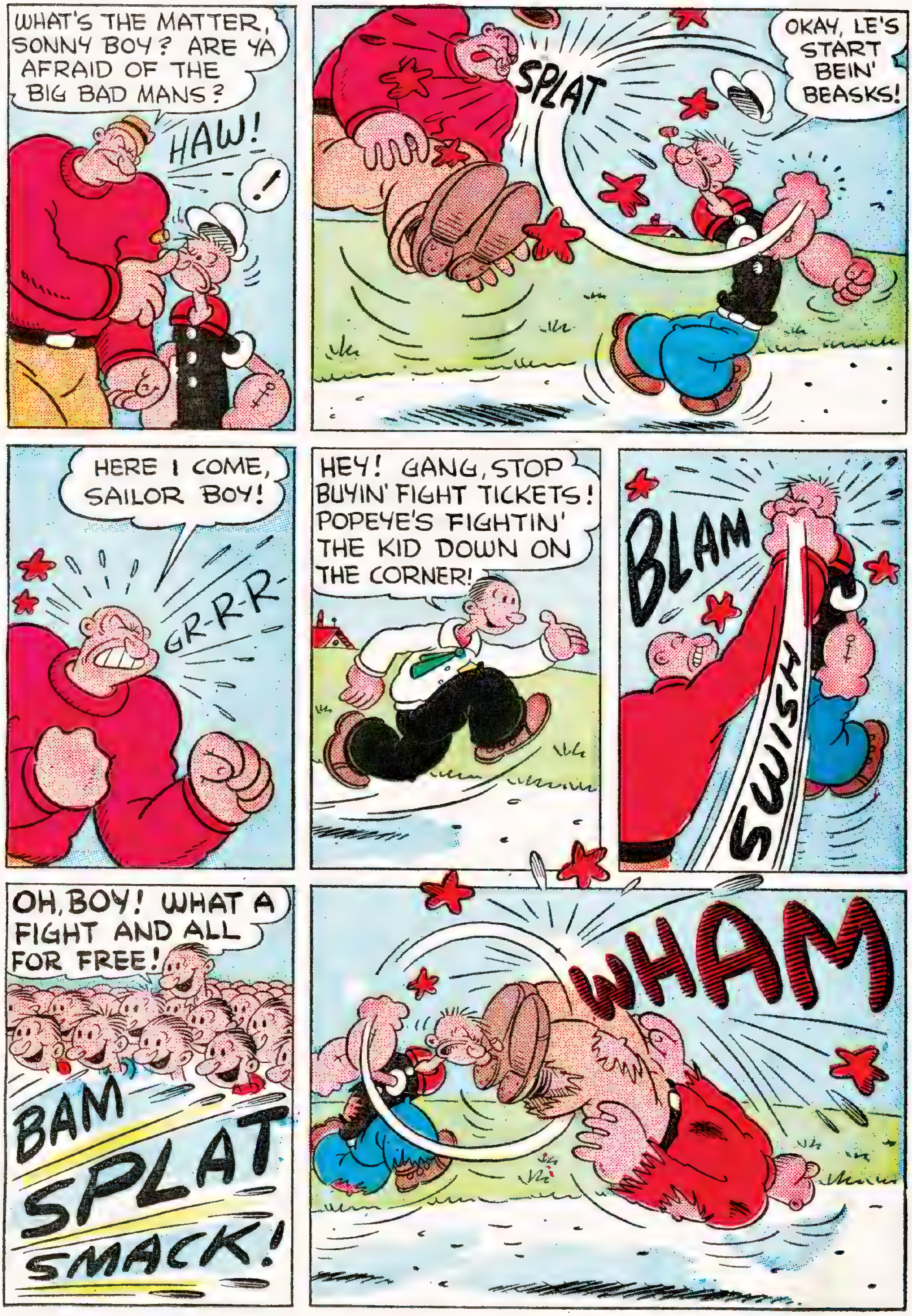

PHOOEY! I DOES NOT ENJOY HAVIN' PEOPLES THINK I YAM A COWARD!
-BUT, GORSH, OLIVE, I HASTA FIGHT THE KID! EVERYONE THINKS I YAM A-SCARED OF 'IM!
POPEYE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!
ARE YOU GOING TO LET PUBLIC OPINION PUSH YOU BACK INTO YOUR BARBARIC HABITS?
I'VE NEVER MET THIS PERSON, KID KABBAGE, BUT HE MUST BE A BEASTLY TYPE OF ANIMAL!!
NOW WE START GETTING POPEYE MAD ENOUGH TO SIGN UP TO FIGHT YOU
SWELL!
I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS OYL, AS A VISITING MEMBER OF THE ANTI-FISTICUFF SOCIETY!
HAW!
HAW!
I GET IT, BOSS! YA WANT ME TA BE SEEN WIT' MISS OYL, SO POPEYE'LL GET JEALOUS!
HEH
THAT'S RIGHT!
MISS OYL, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. H.H. HUGGLE— HE'S ALSO A WORKER IN OUR GREAT CAUSE!
HOWDY!
OH!!


WHY DON'T YOU SHOW THE KID-ER-I MEAN MR. HUGGLE- AROUND OUR TOWN, MISS OYL?
OH! I'D LOVE TO!
I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL THAT YOU HATE FIGHTING, MR. HUGGLE. I DO SO ADMIRE CIVILIZED MEN!
OH, BOY! WHEN POPEYE SEES OLIVE WITH KID KABBAGE, HE'LL COME RUNNING TO SIGN UP FOR THE FIGHT!
OKAY, MIKE, EVERYTHING IS ABOUT SET — YOU CAN START SELLING TICKETS NOW
YEA, AND DOUBLE THE PRICES
I YAM A CIVILIZED GEN'LEMAN — I WILL NOT FIGHT KID KABBAGE!
I WILL NOT FIGHT KID KABBAGE!!
?
?
?
BIG TERRIFIC BATTLE NEXT WEEK POPEYE VS. KID KABBAGE
TICKETS NOW ON SALE
TWO, RING SIDE, PLEASE!

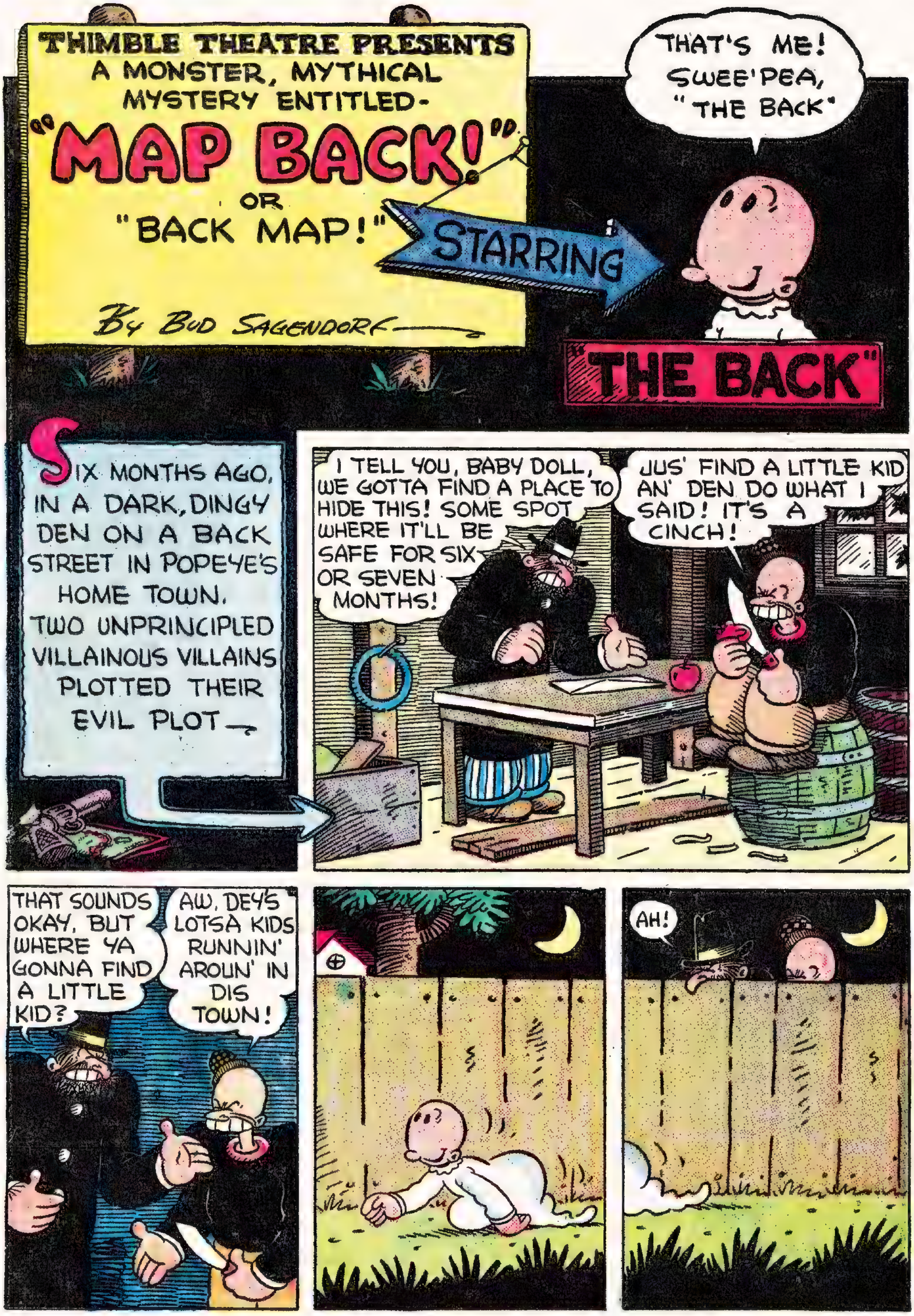

HOW'S THE SALE OF TICKETS GOING, MIKE?
SWELL, BOSS!
THE FANS ARE RUSHING TO BUY TICKETS TO THE FIGHT — THEY DON'T CARE HOW MUCH THEY COST — THE TAKE WILL BE TERRIFIC!
GOOD!
HM? I KIN NOT FIGURE IT OUT — I YAM NOT GOIN' TA FIGHT KID KABBAGE — BUT MR. TILLBOX IS SELLIN' TICKETS TA THE FIGHT!
?
I THINKS I WILL GO DOWN AN' HAVE A TALK WIT' MR. TILLBOX!
HERE COMES ME SWEETIE, OLIVE — I WON'ER WHO 'AT SWAB IS WIT' HER?
BLOW ME DOWN! 'AT IS KID KABBAGE WIT' HER!
?
?
!
AHOY, OLIVE!
IT'S SO PLEASANT BEING WITH SUCH A HANDSOME, PEACEFUL, CIVILIZED GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, MR. HUGGLE!
SURE, BABY!
MY GORSH!?! SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEE ME!?!
!
!

?
AHOY, OLIVE, I JUS' SAID "HELLO" TA YA!!
OH, HELLO, POPEYE!
WHASA BIG IDEA OF YA WALKIN' WIT' 'AT BIG SWAB?
OH, YOU MEAN MR. HUGGLE? ISN'T HE NICE!
HE'S SO MUCH A GENTLEMAN! HE'S A REAL CIVILIZED MAN — HE HATES EVERY TYPE OF FIGHTING AND EVEN HIS EYES ARE SO SWEET AND PEACEFUL!
AND, OH, HE HAS SUCH A NICE VOICE!
ARF! OLIVE, ER YA TALKIN' ABOUT THIS BLASTID SWAB?
ARF! ARF!
YES! ISN'T HE HANDSOME?
AHEM!
AND SO PEACE-LOVING!
?
?
HAW!
ARF
ARF!
THIS SWAB AIN'T MR. HUGGLE - ARF! ARF! HE'S KID KABBAGE!
!
AWK!
ARF!
ARF!

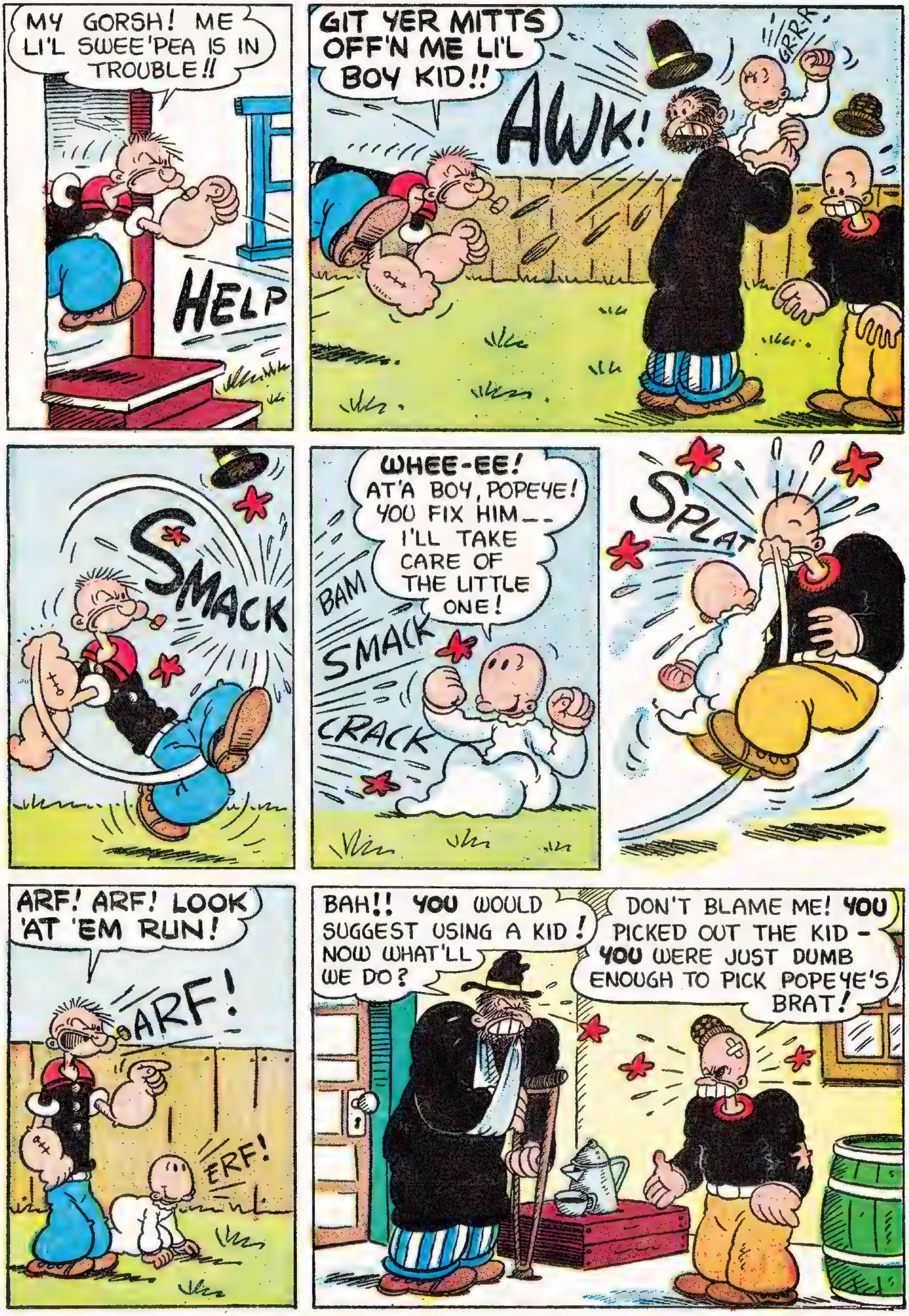

BUT-BUT- DO YOU MEAN MR. HUGGLE IS REALLY KID KABBAGE?
THAT'S RIGHT, BABY!
BUT HE **CAN'T** BE KID KABBAGE!! MR. TILLBOX SAID HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE ANTIFISTICUFF SOCIETY!!
?
ARF! ARF!
ARF! MR. TILLBOX IS KID KABBAGE'S FIGHT MANAGER —THEY HAS JES' BEEN FOOLIN' YA!!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
BUT, WHY?
HAW! HAW!
WE WANTED TO BUILD INTEREST IN THE FIGHT BY HAVIN' YOU MAKE POPEYE STOP FIGHTIN'! HAW! HAW! YOU SURE WERE DUMB TO FALL FOR IT! HAW!!
HAW!
HAW! HAW! ARF! ARF! ARF!
POPEYE!
GR-R-K
HIT HIM!!
BUT, OLIVE I YAM A GEN'LEMAN!
I YAM NOT A BEASK!
ARF!

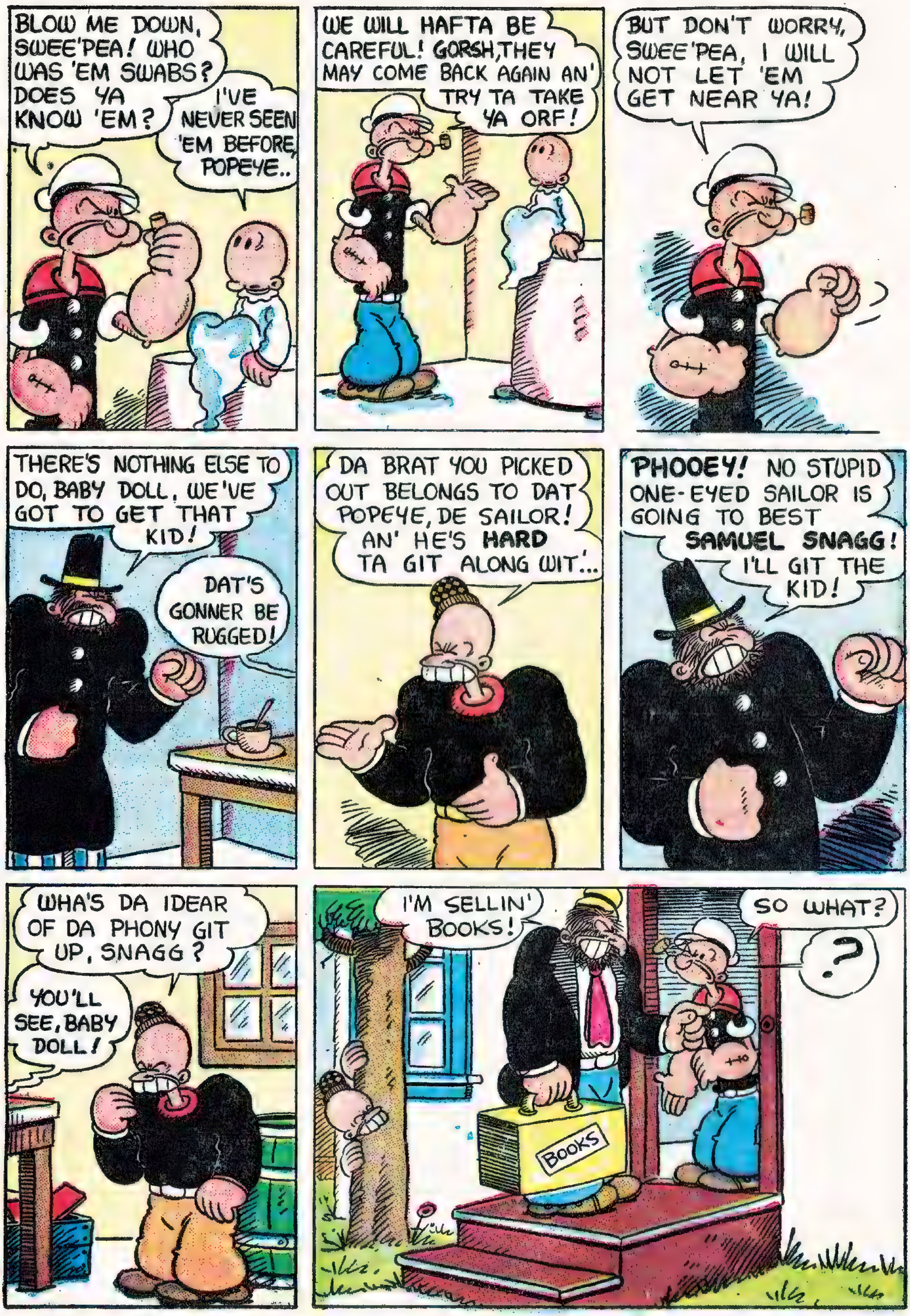

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SONNY BOY? ARE YA AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD MANS?
HAW!
!
OKAY, LE'S START BEIN' BEASKS!
SPLAT
HERE I COME, SAILOR BOY!
GR-R-R-
HEY! GANG, STOP BUYIN' FIGHT TICKETS! POPEYE'S FIGHTIN' THE KID DOWN ON THE CORNER!
BLAM
SWISH
OH, BOY! WHAT A FIGHT AND ALL FOR FREE!
BAM
SPLAT
SMACK!
WHAM

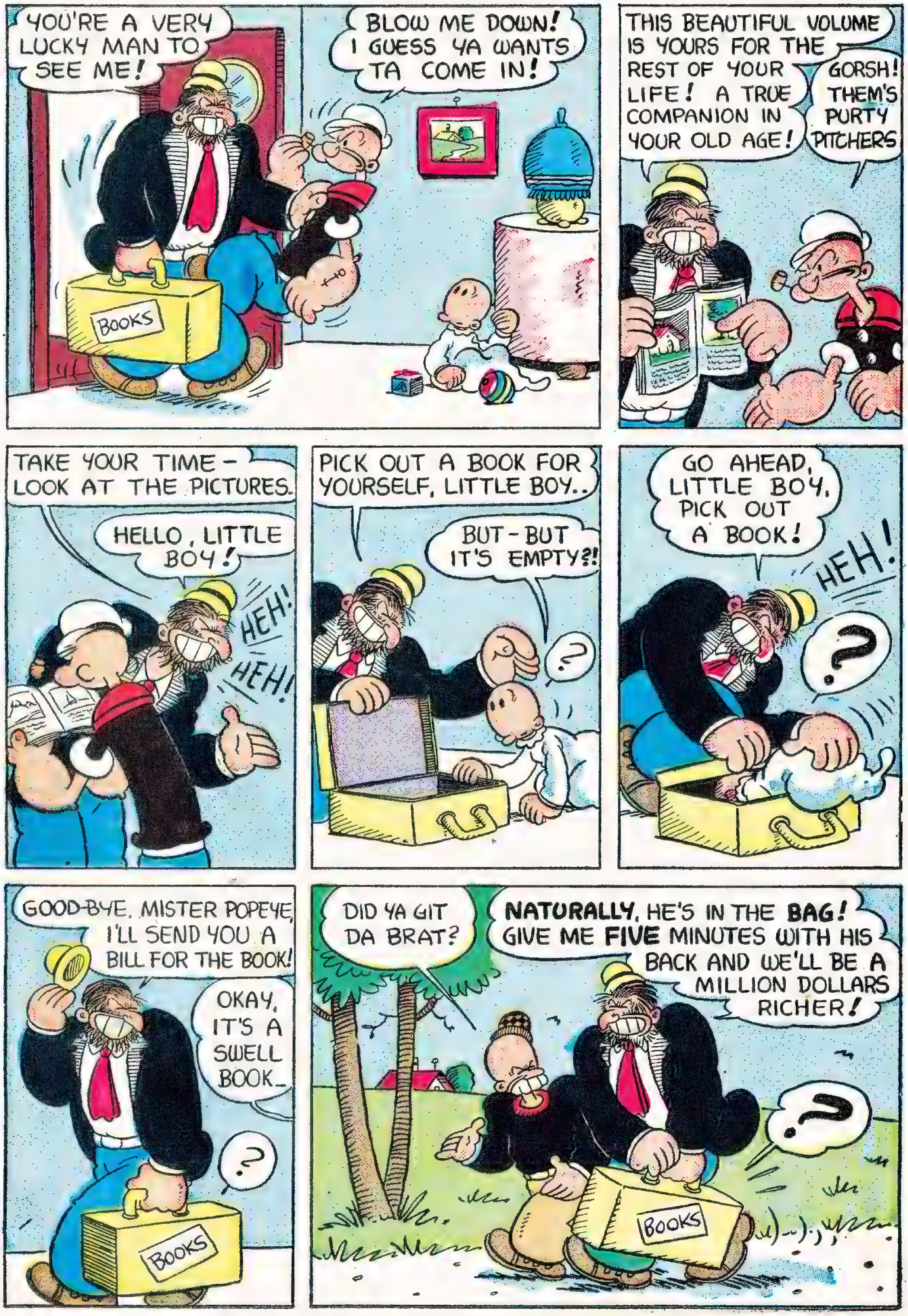
WHERE DID OLIVE GO?
SHE WENT DOWN TOWARDS TILLBOX'S TICKET OFFICE
MR. TILLBOX, I'D LIKE TO TENDER MY RESIGNATION FROM YOUR ANTIFISTICUFF SOCIETY!
?
TICKET OFFICE
YOU WEAR THE BADGE!
OUWwwW!
AND THIS MAKES MY RESIGNATION OFFICIAL!
SPLIT! SPLAT!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, YA SURE HAS RESIGNED!
WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!!
AHOY, MR. TILLBOX, YA HAD BETTER BUY BACK 'EM TICKETS B'FORE THEY'S A RIOT — THEY HAS ALREADY SEEN THE FIGHT!
ARF ARF
DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU HAVE A LOVELY LEFT JAB?
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! YA HAS A NICE LEFT, YERSELF!
SNIFF!! ALL OF THIS BEAUTIFUL MONEY - SNIFF - I THOUGHT YOU COULD FIGHT!
BAH!
SNIFF
BUD SAGENDORF
THE END


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
A MONSTER, MYTHICAL MYSTERY ENTITLED-
"MAP BACK!"
OR
"BACK MAP!"
STARRING
By Bud Sagendorf
THAT'S ME! SWEE'PEA, "THE BACK"
"THE BACK"
SIX MONTHS AGO, IN A DARK, DINGY DEN ON A BACK STREET IN POPEYE'S HOME TOWN. TWO UNPRINCIPLED VILLAINOUS VILLAINS PLOTTED THEIR EVIL PLOT—
I TELL YOU, BABY DOLL, WE GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HIDE THIS! SOME SPOT WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE FOR SIX OR SEVEN MONTHS!
JUS' FIND A LITTLE KID AN' DEN DO WHAT I SAID! IT'S A CINCH!
THAT SOUNDS OKAY, BUT WHERE YA GONNA FIND A LITTLE KID?
AW, DEY'S LOTSA KIDS RUNNIN' AROUN' IN DIS TOWN!
AH!

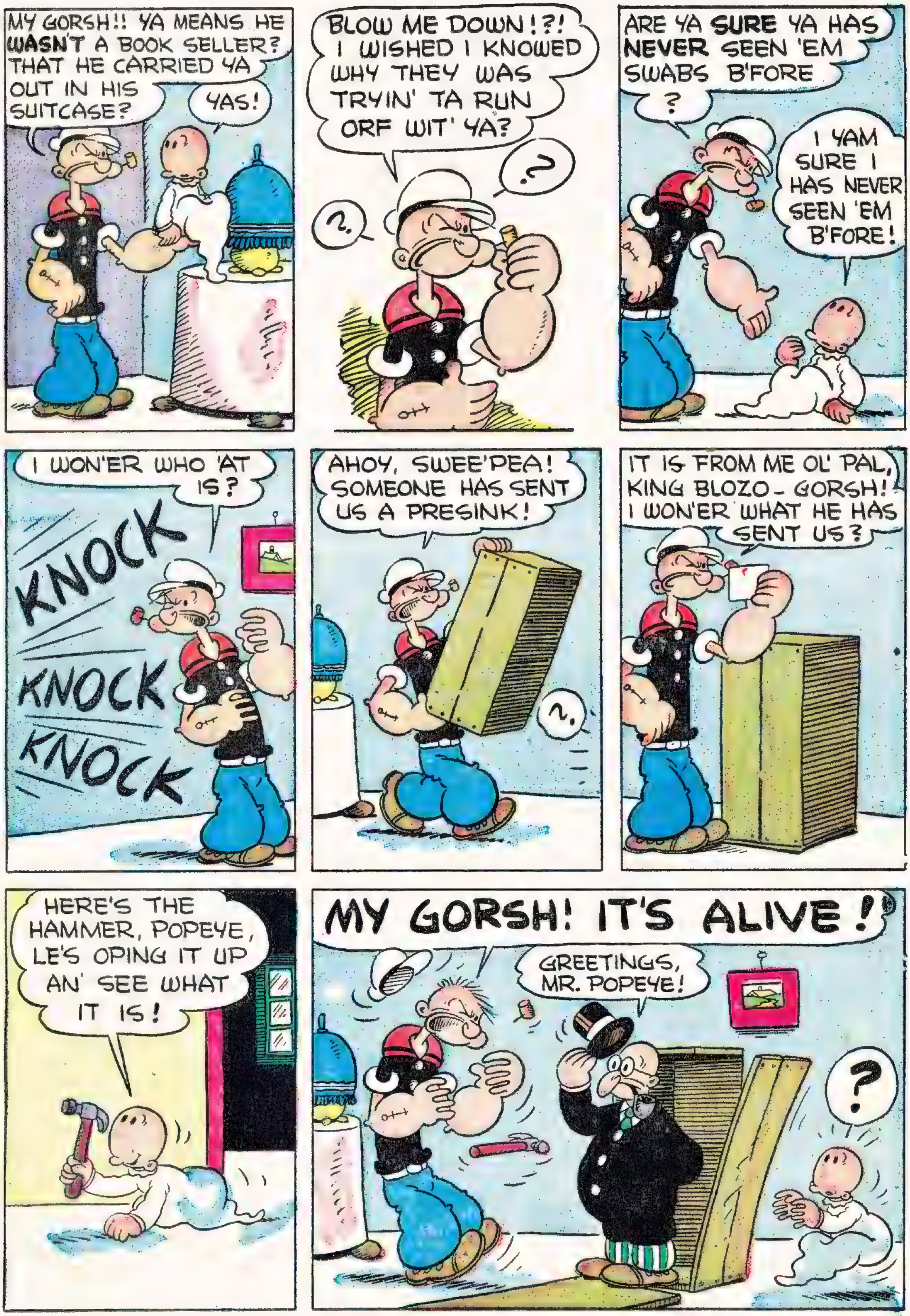
SIX MONTHS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE TWO PLOTTING VILLAINS FOUND A LITTLE BOY TO FURTHER THEIR EVIL SCHEME—
BLOW ME DOWN!! IT SURE HAS BEEN NICE AN' PEACEFUL AROUN' HERE!
ME LI'L ADOPTIT BOY KID IS OUT IN'A YARD, PLAYIN'! HE IS WELL AN' HAPPY! YES, EVERY-THING IS NICE AN' QUIET!
I THINK WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! LET'S CARRY ON WITH OUR SCHEME!
OKAY, SNAGG LE'S PICK UP DAT KID!
DAT'S HIM!
YEAH!
PLOP
OKAY, BABY DOLL, LET'S GIT IT OVER WITH!
IT'S TOO BLASTID QUIET AROUN' HERE! WISH SUMPIN' EXCITIN' WOULD HAPPING!
HELP!
SWEE'PEA!

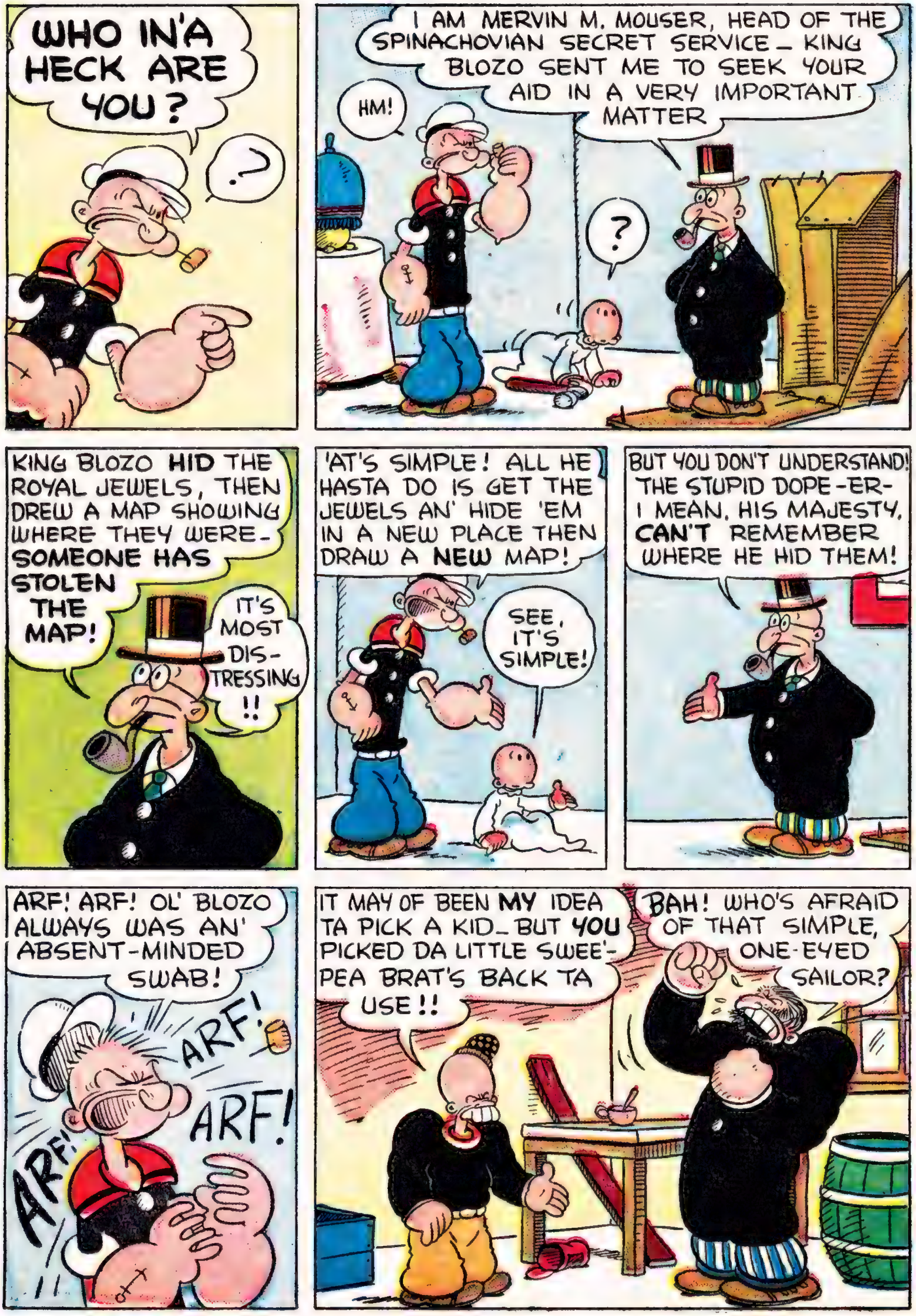

MY GORSH! ME LI'L SWEE'PEA IS IN TROUBLE!!
HELP
GIT YER MITTS OFF'N ME LI'L BOY KID!!
AWK!
GRRR
SMACK
WHEE-EE! AT'A BOY, POPEYE! YOU FIX HIM-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE ONE!
BAM
SMACK
CRACK
SPLAT
ARF! ARF! LOOK 'AT 'EM RUN!
ARF!
ERF!
BAH!! YOU WOULD SUGGEST USING A KID! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
DON'T BLAME ME! YOU PICKED OUT THE KID - YOU WERE JUST DUMB ENOUGH TO PICK POPEYE'S BRAT!


BLOW ME DOWN, SWEE'PEA! WHO WAS 'EM SWABS? DOES YA KNOW 'EM?
I'VE NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE, POPEYE..
WE WILL HAFTA BE CAREFUL! GORSH, THEY MAY COME BACK AGAIN AN' TRY TA TAKE YA ORF!
BUT DON'T WORRY, SWEE'PEA, I WILL NOT LET 'EM GET NEAR YA!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO, BABY DOLL, WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT KID!
DAT'S GONNER BE RUGGED!
DA BRAT YOU PICKED OUT BELONGS TO DAT POPEYE, DE SAILOR! AN' HE'S HARD TA GIT ALONG WIT'...
PHOOEY! NO STUPID ONE-EYED SAILOR IS GOING TO BEST SAMUEL SNAGG! I'LL GIT THE KID!
WHA'S DA IDEAR OF DA PHONY GIT UP, SNAGG?
YOU'LL SEE, BABY DOLL!
I'M SELLIN' BOOKS!
SO WHAT?
?
BOOKS


YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY MAN TO SEE ME!
BOOKS
BLOW ME DOWN! I GUESS YA WANTS TA COME IN!
THIS BEAUTIFUL VOLUME IS YOURS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! A TRUE COMPANION IN YOUR OLD AGE!
GORSH! THEM'S PURTY PITCHERS
TAKE YOUR TIME - LOOK AT THE PICTURES.
HELLO, LITTLE BOY!
HEH! HEH!
PICK OUT A BOOK FOR YOURSELF, LITTLE BOY..
BUT-BUT IT'S EMPTY?!
?
GO AHEAD, LITTLE BOY, PICK OUT A BOOK!
HEH!
?
GOOD-BYE, MISTER POPEYE, I'LL SEND YOU A BILL FOR THE BOOK!
OKAY, IT'S A SWELL BOOK_
?
BOOKS
DID YA GIT DA BRAT?
NATURALLY, HE'S IN THE BAG! GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES WITH HIS BACK AND WE'LL BE A MILLION DOLLARS RICHER!
?
BOOKS

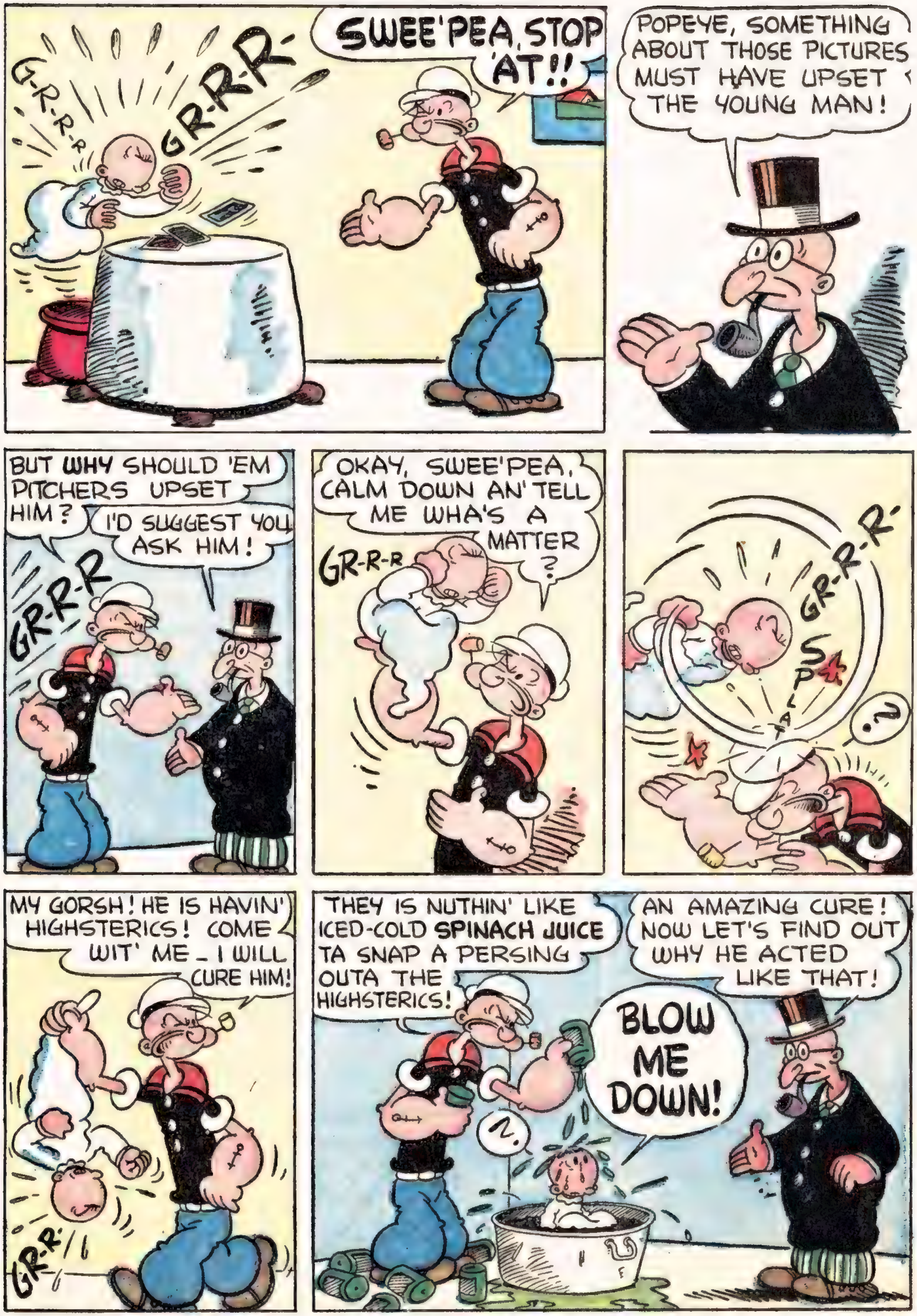
I WON'ER WHERE, SWEE'-PEA IS? I WANTS TA SHOW HIM THESE SWELL PITCHERS
HE, MUSTA GONE OUT TA PLAY
WOW!! DIS KID IS HEAVY!
COME ON, BABY DOLL, YOU CARRY THE BRAT FOR A WHILE
OKAY, SNAGG!
BOOKS
SNAP IT UP! WE GOTTA GIT BACK TO THE SHACK
YA MUS' BE GITTIN' WEAK, SNAGG, DIS KID DON'T WEIGH AS MUCH AS A PAIR OF BRASS KNUCKS!
BOOKS
RIP
!
PLOP
OKAY, PUT THE SUIT-CASE ON THE TABLE! LET'S GIT TO WORK ON THE LITTLE BRAT!
BOOKS
?
?


MY GORSH!! YA MEANS HE WASN'T A BOOK SELLER? THAT HE CARRIED YA OUT IN HIS SUITCASE?
YAS!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I WISHED I KNOWED WHY THEY WAS TRYIN' TA RUN ORF WIT' YA?
?
?
ARE YA SURE YA HAS NEVER SEEN 'EM SWABS B'FORE
?
I YAM SURE I HAS NEVER SEEN 'EM B'FORE!
I WON'ER WHO 'AT IS?
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
AHOY, SWEE'PEA! SOMEONE HAS SENT US A PRESINK!
?
IT IS FROM ME OL' PAL, KING BLOZO - GORSH! I WON'ER WHAT HE HAS SENT US?
HERE'S THE HAMMER, POPEYE, LE'S OPING IT UP AN' SEE WHAT IT IS!
MY GORSH! IT'S ALIVE!
GREETINGS, MR. POPEYE!
?

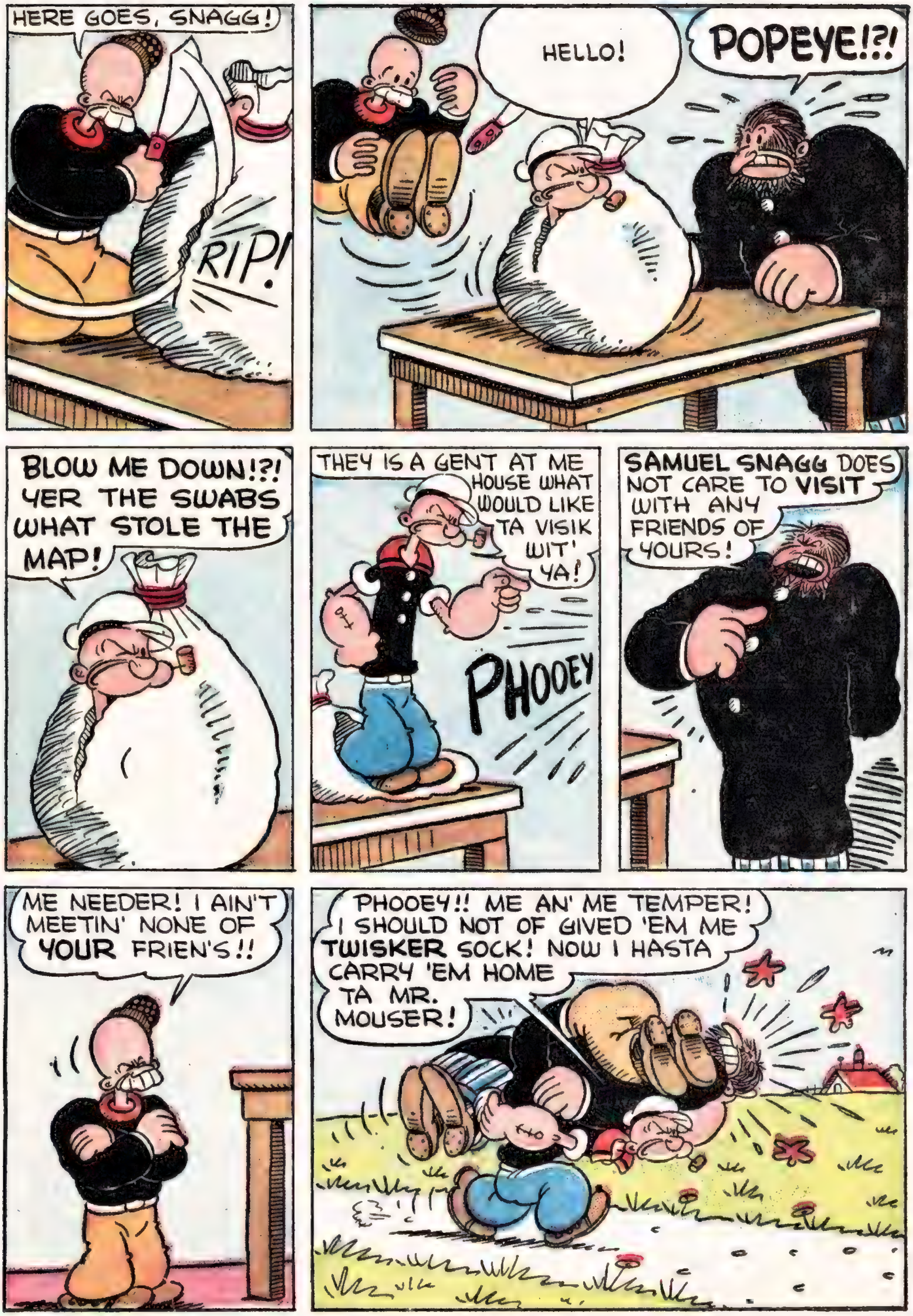

WHO IN'A HECK ARE YOU?
?
I AM MERVIN M. MOUSER, HEAD OF THE SPINACHOVIAN SECRET SERVICE – KING BLOZO SENT ME TO SEEK YOUR AID IN A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER
HM!
?
KING BLOZO HID THE ROYAL JEWELS, THEN DREW A MAP SHOWING WHERE THEY WERE – SOMEONE HAS STOLEN THE MAP!
IT'S MOST DIS-TRESSING !!
'AT'S SIMPLE! ALL HE HASTA DO IS GET THE JEWELS AN' HIDE 'EM IN A NEW PLACE THEN DRAW A NEW MAP!
SEE, IT'S SIMPLE!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE STUPID DOPE – ER – I MEAN, HIS MAJESTY, CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE HE HID THEM!
ARF! ARF! OL' BLOZO ALWAYS WAS AN' ABSENT-MINDED SWAB!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
IT MAY OF BEEN MY IDEA TA PICK A KID – BUT YOU PICKED DA LITTLE SWEE'-PEA BRAT'S BACK TA USE!!
BAH! WHO'S AFRAID OF THAT SIMPLE, ONE-EYED SAILOR?

THAT POPEYE'S JUST A LITTLE SHRIMP! I'LL JUST WALK UP TO HIM AND TAKE HIS LITTLE BRAT AWAY FROM HIM!
MAYBE DA GUY'S A SHRIMP, BUT YA'D BETTER LOOK OUT FER HIM! HE'S A BAD JOE WIT' HIS FISTS!
BAH!
YOU STAY HERE _ NO SAILOR IS TOUGHER THAN SAMUEL SNAGG!
I'LL GIT THE KID!
GO ON OUT INTA THE YARD AN' PLAY, SWEE'PEA, I WANTS TA TALK WIT' MR. MOUSER
OKAY, POPEYE!
DOES YA HAVE ANY IDEA WHO THE SWABS WAS 'AT SWIPED THE MAP?
OH, YES, I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TWO OF THEM
I'M GITTIN' WORRIED- SNAGG'S BEEN GONE FER HOURS. I HOPE POPEYE DIDN'T HURT HIM TOO MUCH!
AH! SOME-ONE'S COMIN'- MUS' BE SNAGG!
MY GOSH!?! SNAGG! I TOLD YA TA LEAVE DAT POPEYE ALONE!
POPEYE! PHOOEY!! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM! I RAN INTO SWEE'PEA AND TRIED TO TALK HIM INTO COMING WITH ME!
HE'S A VERY STUBBORN BRAT!
WOW!! I TOLD JA IT WAS GON'ER BE RUGGED!

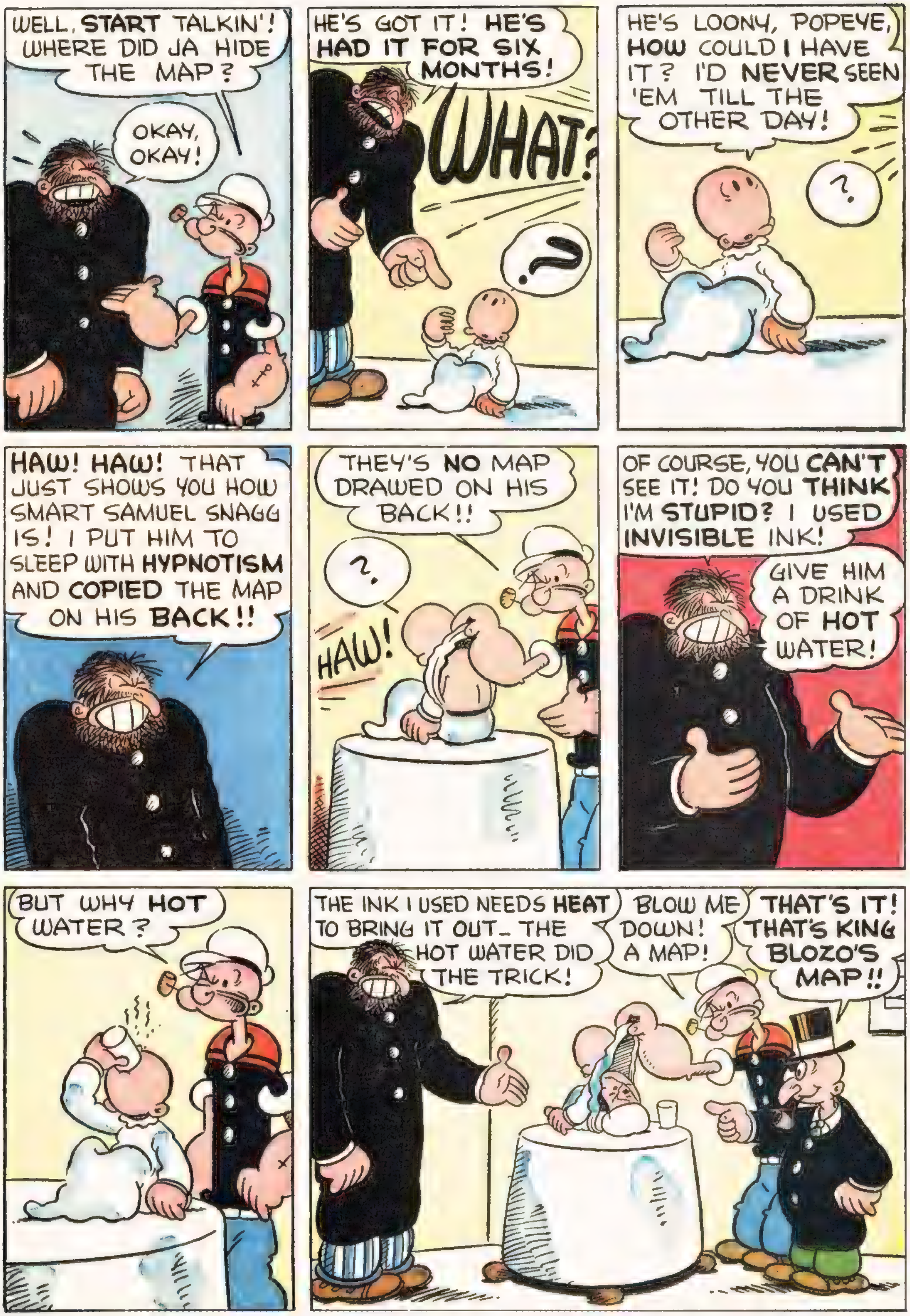
MY GORSH! YA MEANS YA HAS PITCHERS OF THE SWABS 'AT YER AFTER?
CERTAINLY! I'LL SHOW THEM TO YOU - BOTH OF THE MEN ARE WELL-KNOWN IN SPINACH-OVIA!
HM-? THESE SWABS LOOKS FAMILIAR TA ME! I'D SWEAR I'D SEEN 'EM LATELY!
?
?
?
AHOY, POPEYE! WHATCHA DOIN'?
I YAM LOOKIN' AT SOME PITCHERS, SWEE'PEA!
HM!?! PITCHERS
?
?
?
GRRRR
GR-R
STOP 'AT GROWLIN', SWEE'PEA! YA SOUNDS LIKE A MAD DORG!
GR-R
GR-R-R
GR-R
G-R-R

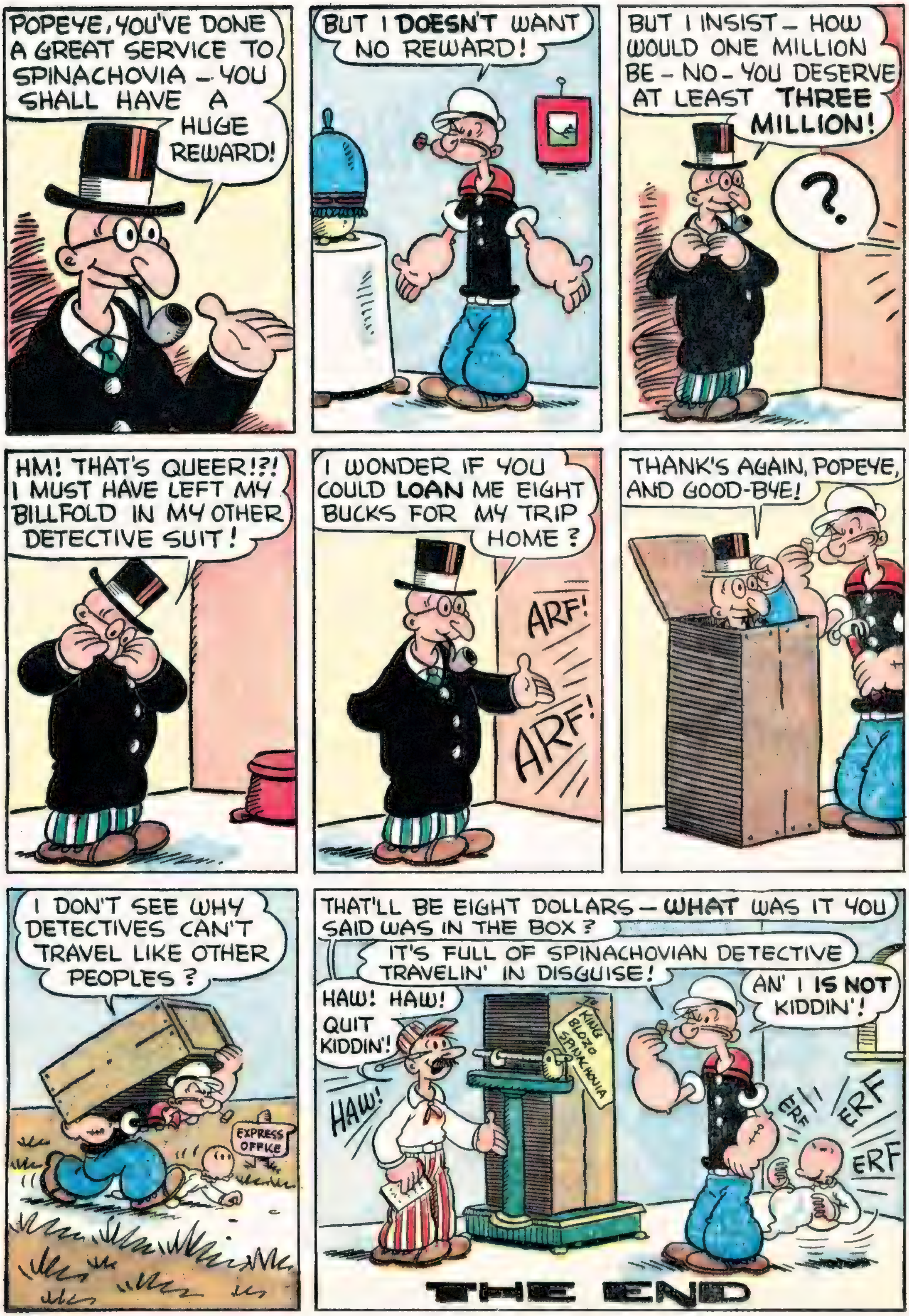

G-R-R-R
GR-R-R-
SWEE'PEA, STOP 'AT!!
POPEYE, SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PICTURES MUST HAVE UPSET THE YOUNG MAN!
BUT WHY SHOULD 'EM PITCHERS UPSET HIM?
I'D SUGGEST YOU ASK HIM!
GR-R-R
OKAY, SWEE'PEA, CALM DOWN AN' TELL ME WHA'S A MATTER?
GR-R-R
GR-R-R-
SPLAT
?
MY GORSH! HE IS HAVIN' HIGHSTERICS! COME WIT' ME – I WILL CURE HIM!
GR-R-
THEY IS NUTHIN' LIKE ICED-COLD SPINACH JUICE TA SNAP A PERSING OUTA THE HIGHSTERICS!
AN AMAZING CURE! NOW LET'S FIND OUT WHY HE ACTED LIKE THAT!
BLOW ME DOWN!
?

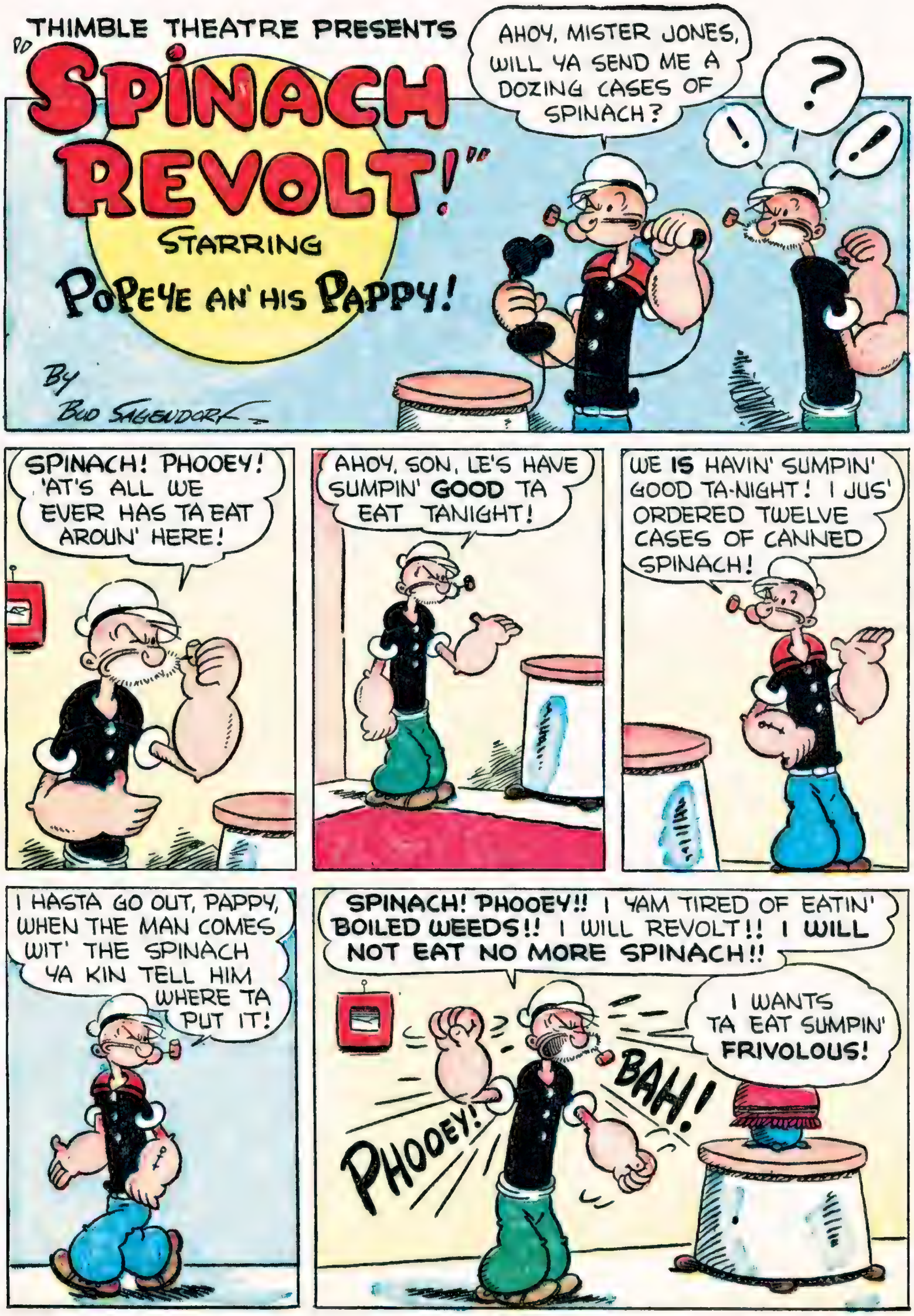
I DON'T GIT IT, SNAGG. WHY DIG A HOLE IN FRONT OF POPEYE'S DOOR?
OL' SNAGG IS ABOUT TO TRAP LITTLE SWEE'PEA. NOW YOU GIT UP ON THE STEPS!
OKAY, BABY DOLL, CALL THE LITTLE BRAT — AS SOON AS HE RUNS OUT, HE'LL FALL INTO THIS SACK AND WE'LL HAVE HIM!
OKAY, SWEE'PEA. WHY DID YA ACT LIKE A MAD DORG WHEN YA SAW 'EM PITCHERS?
WELL, IT WAS B'CAUSE— —
YOU-HOO! SWEE'PEA!
BLOW ME DOWN! ONE OF YER FRIEN'S IS CALLIN' YA!
HE'S COMING, BABY DOLL, GIT OUT OF SIGHT!
I GOTTA HAND IT TA YA, SNAGG. AT LAST WE GOT THE BRAT!
HA!
SHALL I RIP 'ER OPEN, SNAGG?
?
YES-YES! LET'S GET TO WORK ON HIM!

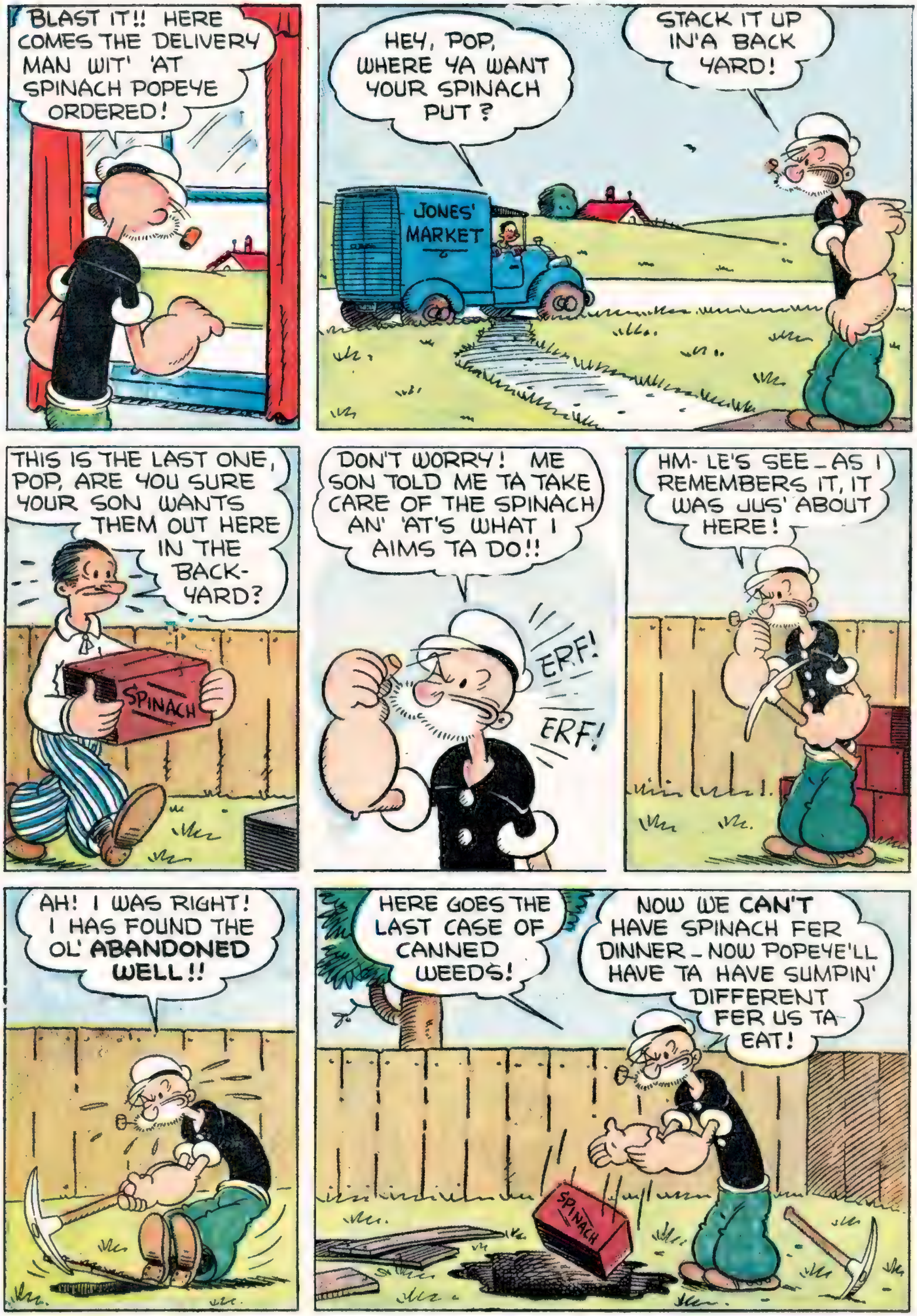

HERE GOES, SNAGG!
RIP!
HELLO!
POPEYE!?!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! YER THE SWABS WHAT STOLE THE MAP!
THEY IS A GENT AT ME HOUSE WHAT WOULD LIKE TA VISIK WIT' YA!
PHOOEY
SAMUEL SNAGG DOES NOT CARE TO VISIT WITH ANY FRIENDS OF YOURS!
ME NEEDER! I AIN'T MEETIN' NONE OF YOUR FRIEN'S!!
PHOOEY!! ME AN' ME TEMPER! I SHOULD NOT OF GIVED 'EM ME TWISKER SOCK! NOW I HASTA CARRY 'EM HOME TA MR. MOUSER!

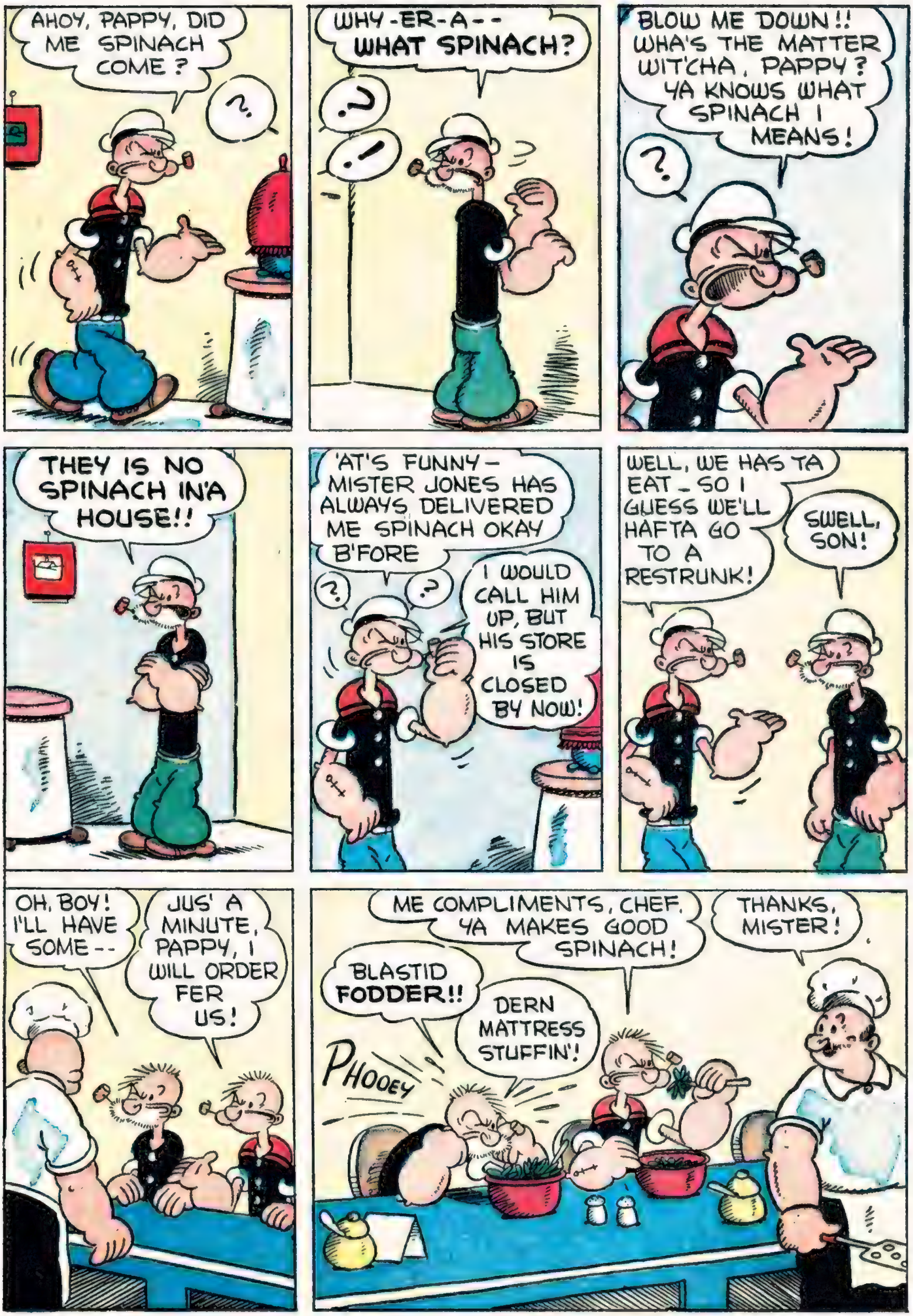
AHOY, MR. MOUSER, HERE'S THE SWABS YA HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FER!
GR-R-R-THEM'S THE MEN WHAT HAS BEEN CHASIN' ME!
THAT'S WHY SWEE'PEA WAS GROWLING AT THE PHOTOS! HE RECOGNIZED THEM!
GR-R-R
OKAY, YA SWABS, WHAT DID JA DO WIT TH' MAP? AN' WHY HAS YA BEEN BOTHERIN' ME SWEE-PEA?
BAH!! WE WILL NEVER TALK!! WE MAY BE THIEVES, BUT WE'RE TRUE TO EACH OTHER!
THAT'S RIGHT! YA KIN BERL US IN ERL, BUT WE'LL NEVER SNITCH ON EACH OTHER!
ARF! ARF! YA THINKS I KIN NOT MAKE YA TALK?
ARF
ARF
SWEE'PEA, COME HERE!!
?
?
SICK 'EM!!
NO!
I'LL TALK!
I'LL TALK!
ARF!
G R-R-R

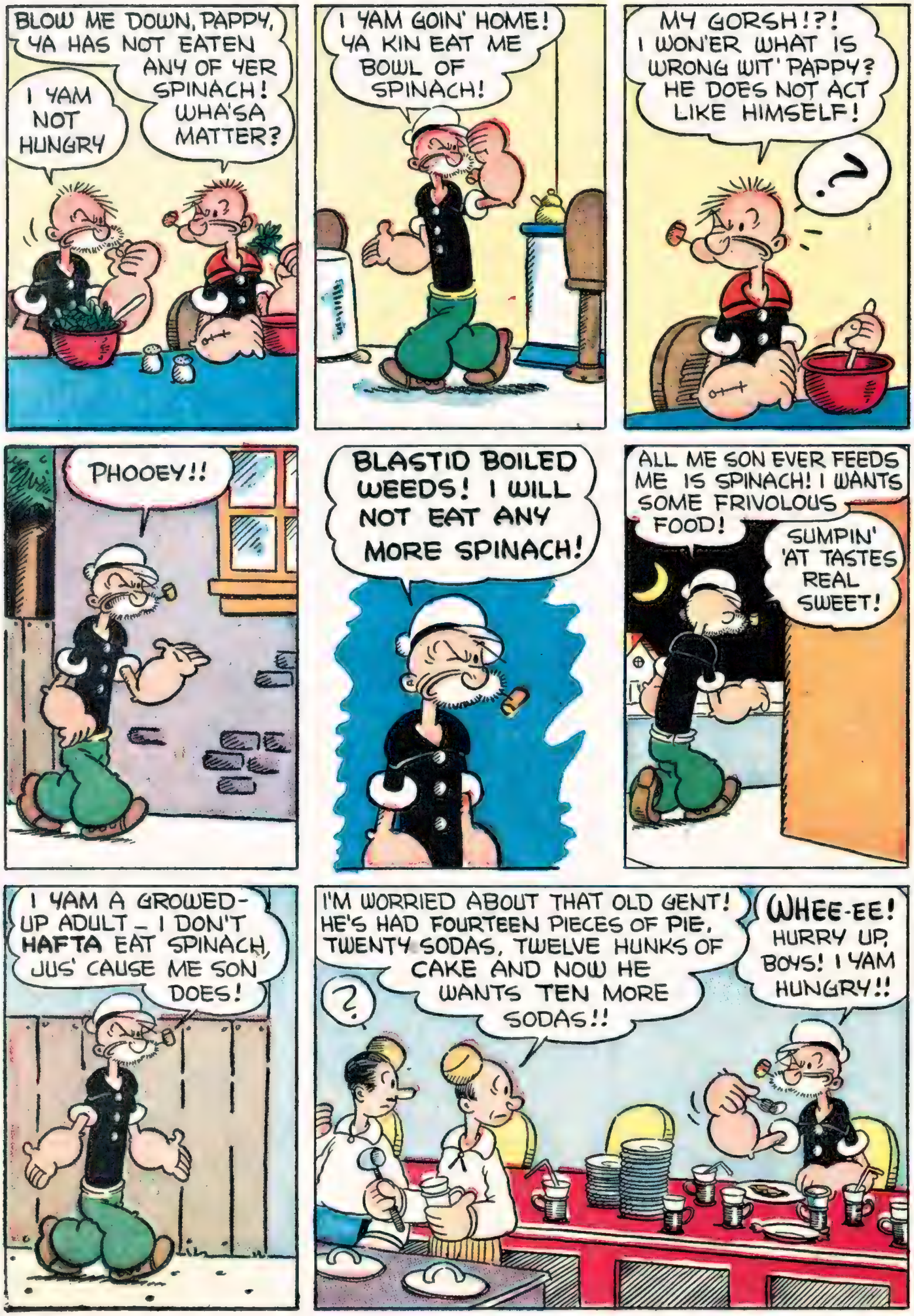

WELL, START TALKIN'! WHERE DID JA HIDE THE MAP?
OKAY, OKAY!
HE'S GOT IT! HE'S HAD IT FOR SIX MONTHS!
WHAT?
?
HE'S LOONY, POPEYE, HOW COULD I HAVE IT? I'D NEVER SEEN 'EM TILL THE OTHER DAY!
?
HAW! HAW! THAT JUST SHOWS YOU HOW SMART SAMUEL SNAGG IS! I PUT HIM TO SLEEP WITH HYPNOTISM AND COPIED THE MAP ON HIS BACK!!
THEY'S NO MAP DRAWED ON HIS BACK!!
?
HAW!
OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T SEE IT! DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID? I USED INVISIBLE INK!
GIVE HIM A DRINK OF HOT WATER!
BUT WHY HOT WATER?
THE INK I USED NEEDS HEAT TO BRING IT OUT– THE HOT WATER DID THE TRICK!
BLOW ME DOWN! A MAP!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S KING BLOZO'S MAP!!


POPEYE, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT SERVICE TO SPINACHOVIA – YOU SHALL HAVE A HUGE REWARD!
BUT I DOESN'T WANT NO REWARD!
BUT I INSIST – HOW WOULD ONE MILLION BE – NO – YOU DESERVE AT LEAST THREE MILLION!
?
HM! THAT'S QUEER!?! I MUST HAVE LEFT MY BILLFOLD IN MY OTHER DETECTIVE SUIT!
I WONDER IF YOU COULD LOAN ME EIGHT BUCKS FOR MY TRIP HOME?
ARF!
ARF!
THANK'S AGAIN, POPEYE, AND GOOD-BYE!
I DON'T SEE WHY DETECTIVES CAN'T TRAVEL LIKE OTHER PEOPLES?
EXPRESS OFFICE
THAT'LL BE EIGHT DOLLARS – WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID WAS IN THE BOX?
IT'S FULL OF SPINACHOVIAN DETECTIVE TRAVELIN' IN DISGUISE!
HAW! HAW! QUIT KIDDIN'!
AN' I IS NOT KIDDIN'!
KING BLOZO SPINACHOVIA
HAW!
ERF
ERF
ERF
THE END

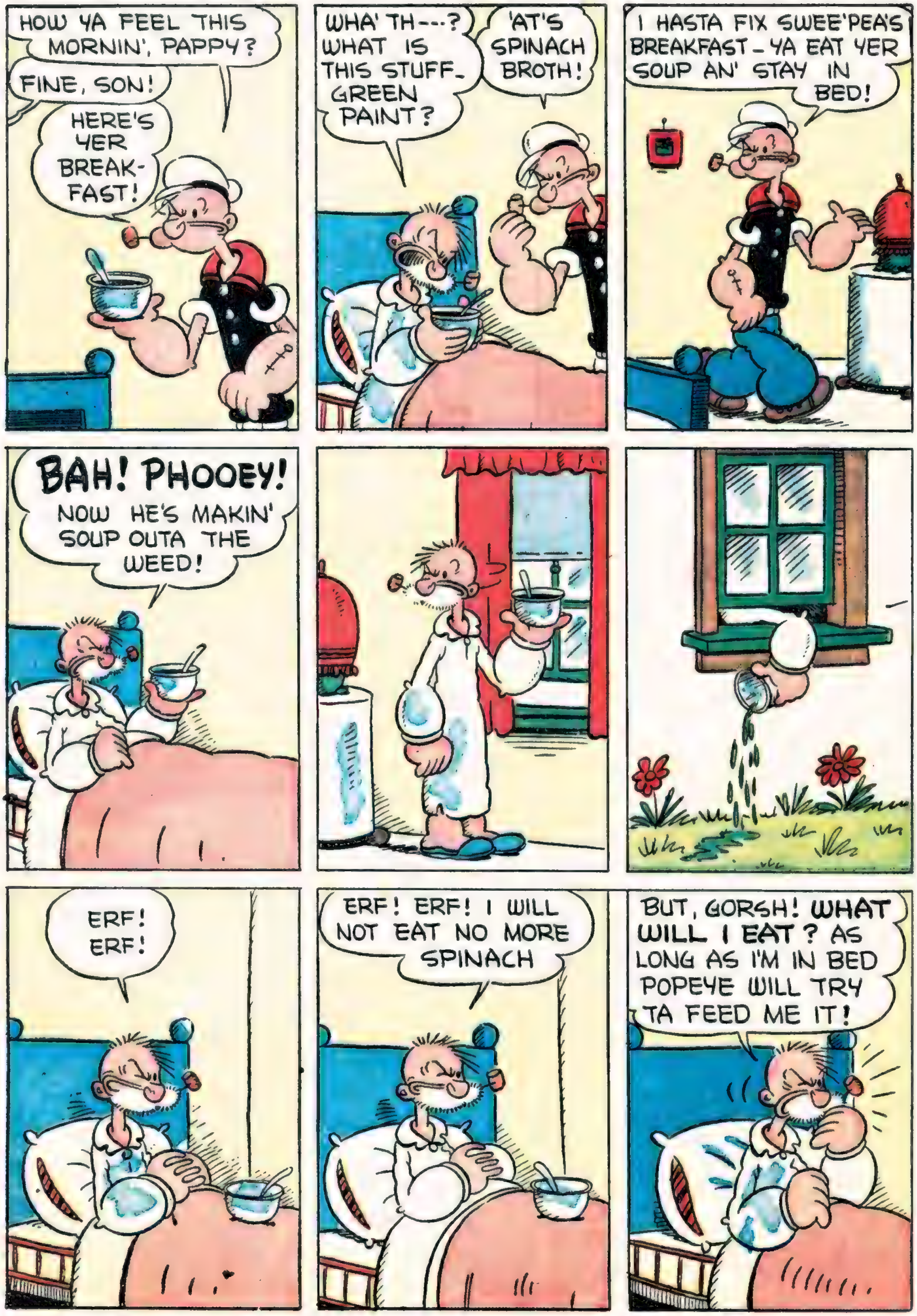

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"SPINACH REVOLT!"
STARRING
POPEYE AN' HIS PAPPY!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
AHOY, MISTER JONES, WILL YA SEND ME A DOZING CASES OF SPINACH?
? ! !
SPINACH! PHOOEY! 'AT'S ALL WE EVER HAS TA EAT AROUN' HERE!
AHOY, SON, LE'S HAVE SUMPIN' GOOD TA EAT TANIGHT!
WE IS HAVIN' SUMPIN' GOOD TA-NIGHT! I JUS' ORDERED TWELVE CASES OF CANNED SPINACH!
I HASTA GO OUT, PAPPY, WHEN THE MAN COMES WIT' THE SPINACH YA KIN TELL HIM WHERE TA PUT IT!
SPINACH! PHOOEY!! I YAM TIRED OF EATIN' BOILED WEEDS!! I WILL REVOLT!! I WILL NOT EAT NO MORE SPINACH!!
I WANTS TA EAT SUMPIN' FRIVOLOUS!
BAH!
PHOOEY!

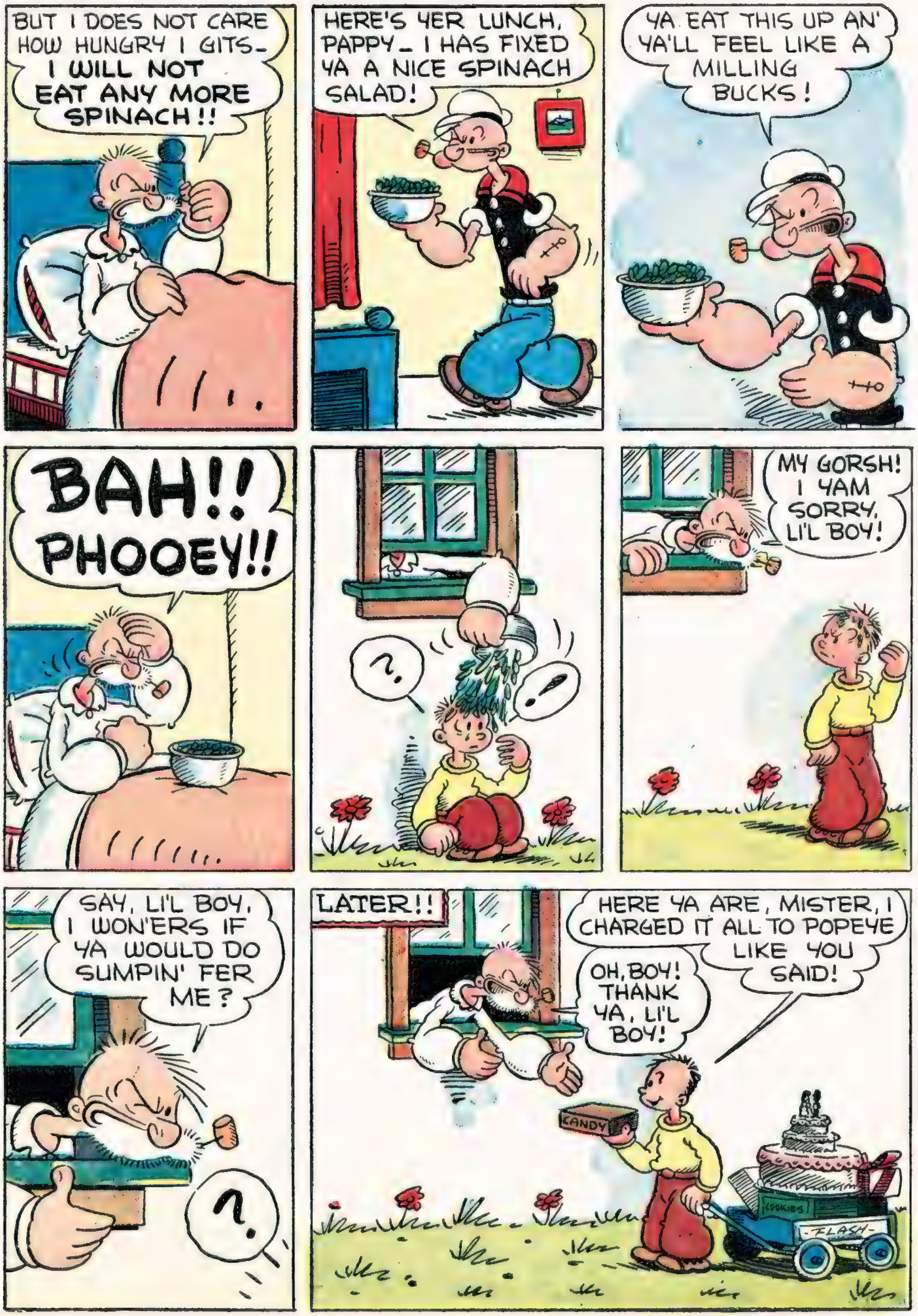

BLAST IT!! HERE COMES THE DELIVERY MAN WIT' 'AT SPINACH POPEYE ORDERED!
HEY, POP, WHERE YA WANT YOUR SPINACH PUT?
JONES' MARKET
STACK IT UP IN'A BACK YARD!
THIS IS THE LAST ONE, POP, ARE YOU SURE YOUR SON WANTS THEM OUT HERE IN THE BACK-YARD?
SPINACH
DON'T WORRY! ME SON TOLD ME TA TAKE CARE OF THE SPINACH AN' 'AT'S WHAT I AIMS TA DO!!
ERF!
ERF!
HM- LE'S SEE _ AS I REMEMBERS IT, IT WAS JUS' ABOUT HERE!
AH! I WAS RIGHT! I HAS FOUND THE OL' **ABANDONED WELL!!**
HERE GOES THE LAST CASE OF CANNED WEEDS!
NOW WE **CAN'T** HAVE SPINACH FER DINNER _ NOW POPEYE'LL HAVE TA HAVE SUMPIN' DIFFERENT FER US TA EAT!
SPINACH

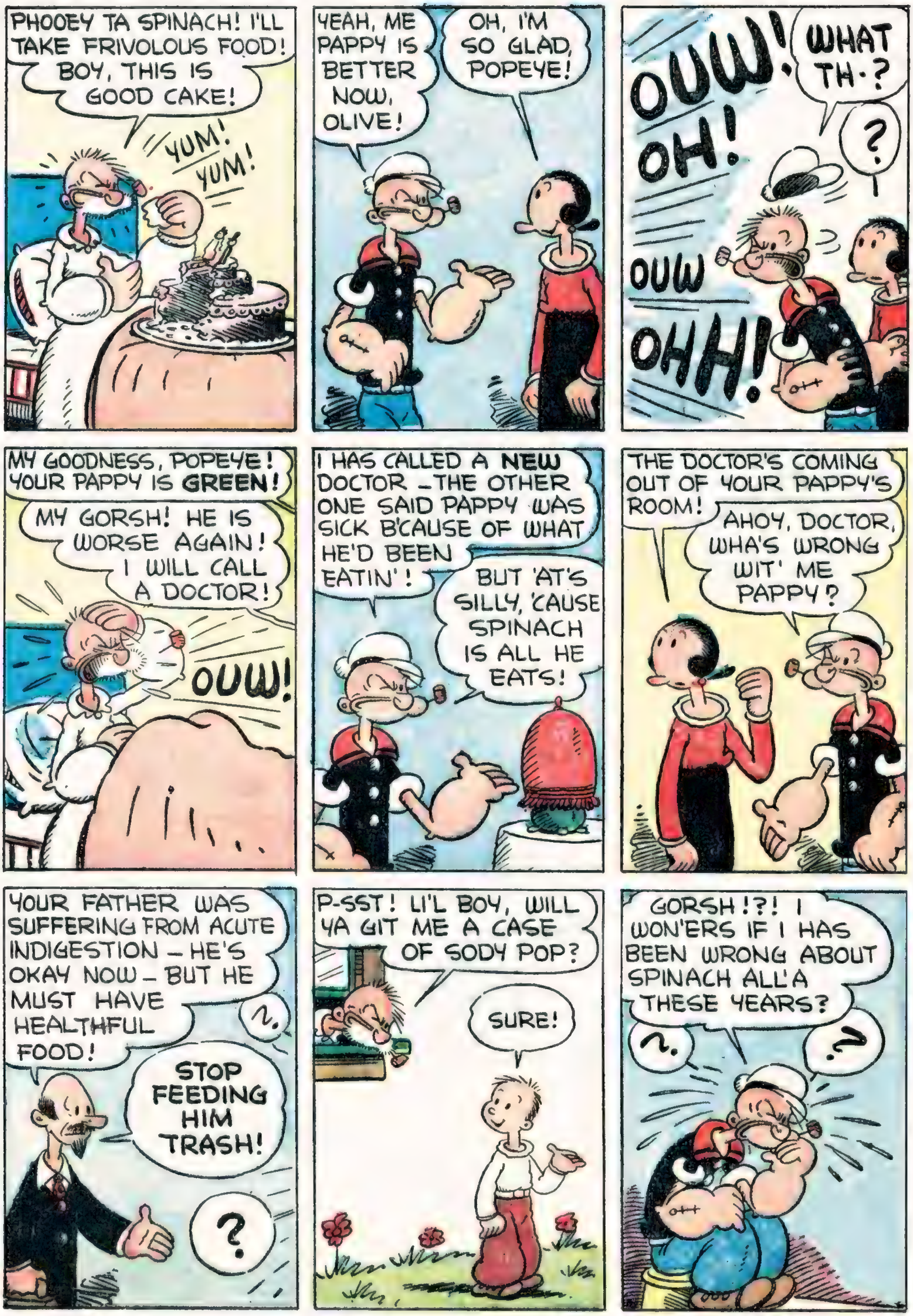

AHOY, PAPPY, DID ME SPINACH COME?
?
WHY-ER-A-- WHAT SPINACH?
?
!
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHA'S THE MATTER WIT'CHA, PAPPY? YA KNOWS WHAT SPINACH I MEANS!
?
THEY IS NO SPINACH IN'A HOUSE!!
'AT'S FUNNY— MISTER JONES HAS ALWAYS DELIVERED ME SPINACH OKAY B'FORE
?
?
I WOULD CALL HIM UP, BUT HIS STORE IS CLOSED BY NOW!
WELL, WE HAS TA EAT_SO I GUESS WE'LL HAFTA GO TO A RESTRUNK!
SWELL, SON!
OH, BOY! I'LL HAVE SOME--
JUS' A MINUTE, PAPPY, I WILL ORDER FER US!
ME COMPLIMENTS, CHEF. YA MAKES GOOD SPINACH!
THANKS, MISTER!
BLASTID FODDER!!
DERN MATTRESS STUFFIN'!
PHOOEY

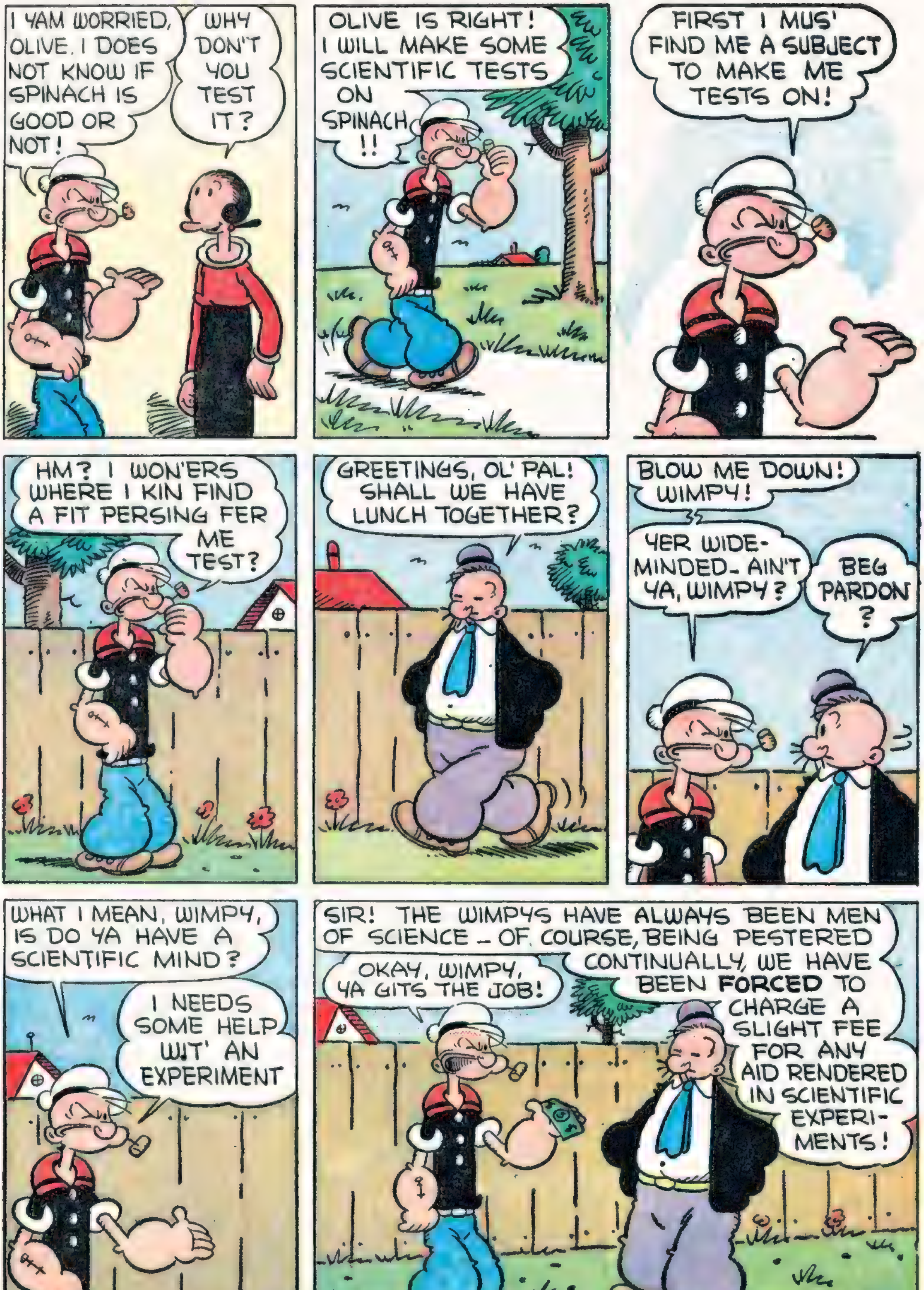

BLOW ME DOWN, PAPPY, YA HAS NOT EATEN ANY OF YER SPINACH! WHA'SA MATTER?
I YAM NOT HUNGRY
I YAM GOIN' HOME! YA KIN EAT ME BOWL OF SPINACH!
MY GORSH!?! I WON'ER WHAT IS WRONG WIT' PAPPY? HE DOES NOT ACT LIKE HIMSELF!
?
PHOOEY!!
BLASTID BOILED WEEDS! I WILL NOT EAT ANY MORE SPINACH!
ALL ME SON EVER FEEDS ME IS SPINACH! I WANTS SOME FRIVOLOUS FOOD!
SUMPIN' 'AT TASTES REAL SWEET!
I YAM A GROWED-UP ADULT – I DON'T HAFTA EAT SPINACH, JUS' CAUSE ME SON DOES!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT OLD GENT! HE'S HAD FOURTEEN PIECES OF PIE, TWENTY SODAS, TWELVE HUNKS OF CAKE AND NOW HE WANTS TEN MORE SODAS!!
?
WHEE-EE! HURRY UP, BOYS! I YAM HUNGRY!!

I GUESS PAPPY WILL BE TA SLEEP WHEN I GETS HOME!
MY GORSH! PAPPY IS NOT IN HIS BED! HE IS NOT HOME YET!
?
I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAN' WHERE PAPPY COULD BE? HE SAID HE WAS COMIN' RIGHT HOME!
SLAM!
AH, THERE HE IS, NOW!
AHOY, PAPPY, WHERE HAS YA BEEN? IT IS LATE!
MY GORSH!?! PAPPY!! WHA'S THE MATTER?
I DOESN'T FEEL SO GOOD!
OUW!
QUICK, SEND A DOCTOR!! ME PAPPY IS SICK!!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT HAS THIS MAN BEEN EATING?
OUW!!
WE NEVER HAS NUTHIN' TA EAT BUT SPINACH! BUT SPINACH WOULD NOT MAKE HIM SICK!!
M.D.

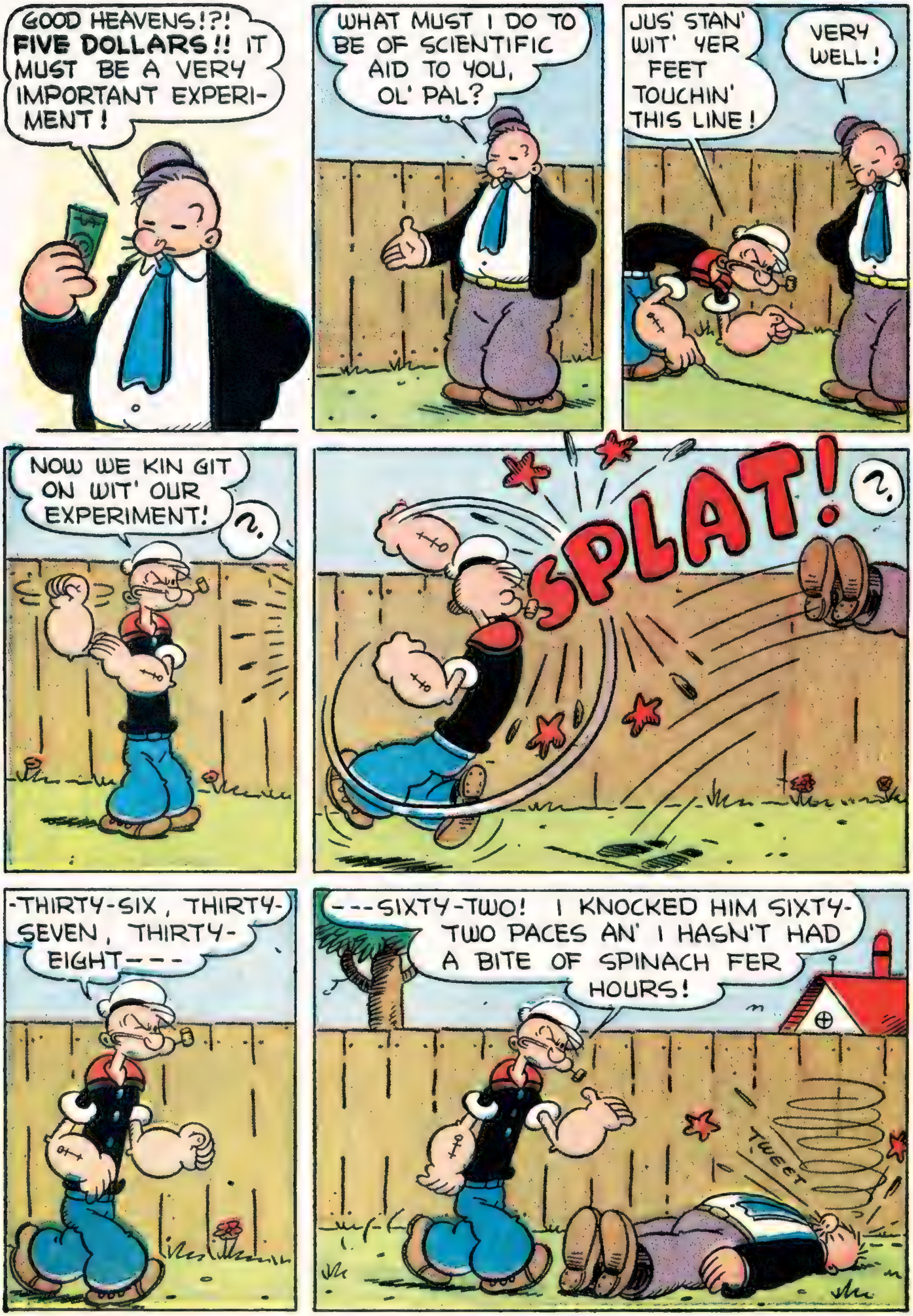

HOW YA FEEL THIS MORNIN', PAPPY?
FINE, SON!
HERE'S YER BREAK-FAST!
WHA' TH---? WHAT IS THIS STUFF_ GREEN PAINT?
'AT'S SPINACH BROTH!
I HASTA FIX SWEE'PEA'S BREAKFAST_YA EAT YER SOUP AN' STAY IN BED!
BAH! PHOOEY! NOW HE'S MAKIN' SOUP OUTA THE WEED!
ERF! ERF!
ERF! ERF! I WILL NOT EAT NO MORE SPINACH
BUT, GORSH! WHAT WILL I EAT? AS LONG AS I'M IN BED POPEYE WILL TRY TA FEED ME IT!

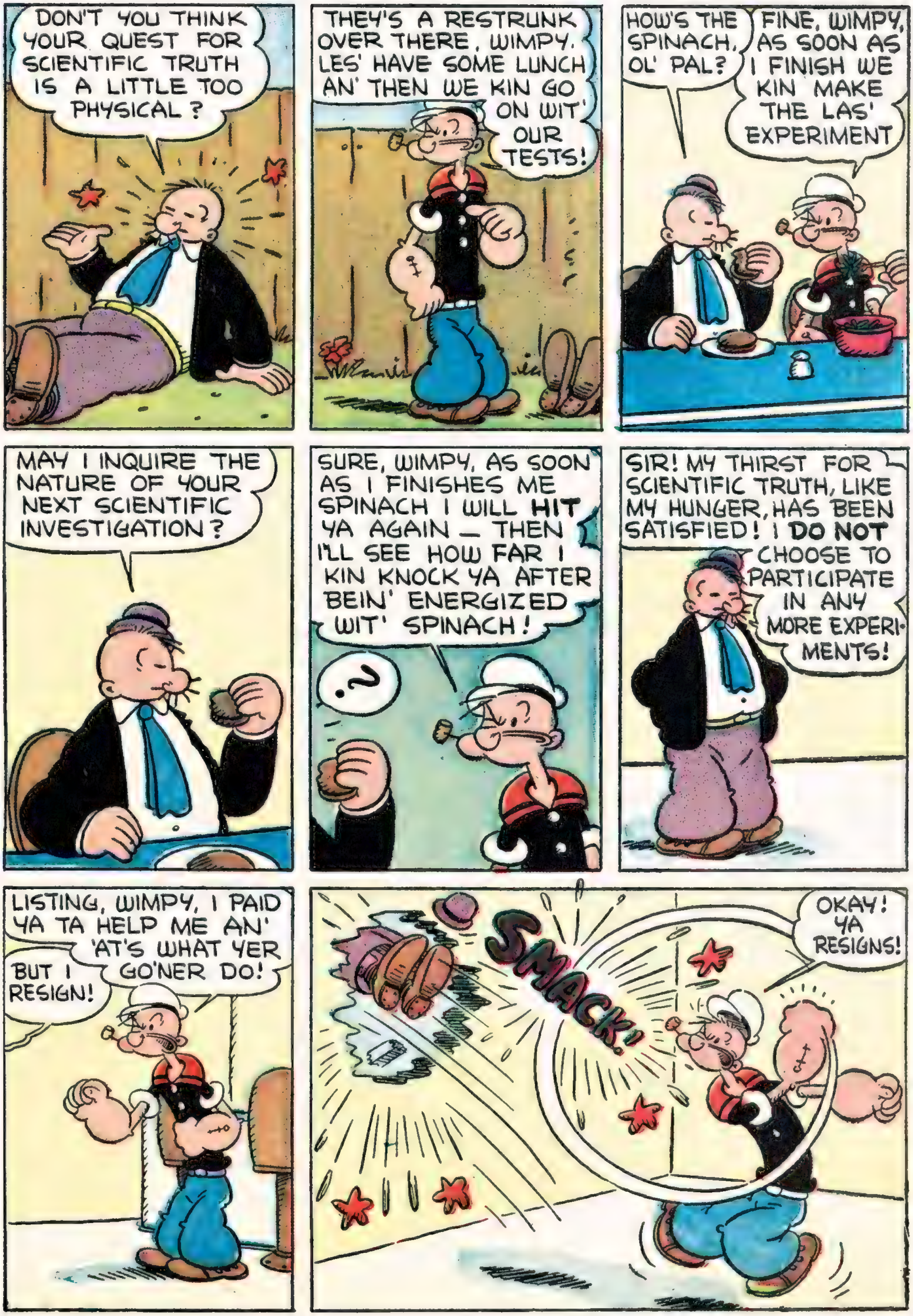

BUT I DOES NOT CARE HOW HUNGRY I GITS_ I WILL NOT EAT ANY MORE SPINACH!!
HERE'S YER LUNCH, PAPPY_ I HAS FIXED YA A NICE SPINACH SALAD!
YA EAT THIS UP AN' YA'LL FEEL LIKE A MILLING BUCKS!
BAH!! PHOOEY!!
?
!
MY GORSH! I YAM SORRY, LI'L BOY!
SAY, LI'L BOY, I WON'ERS IF YA WOULD DO SUMPIN' FER ME?
?
LATER!!
HERE YA ARE, MISTER, I CHARGED IT ALL TO POPEYE LIKE YOU SAID!
OH, BOY! THANK YA, LI'L BOY!
CANDY
COOKIES
FLASH

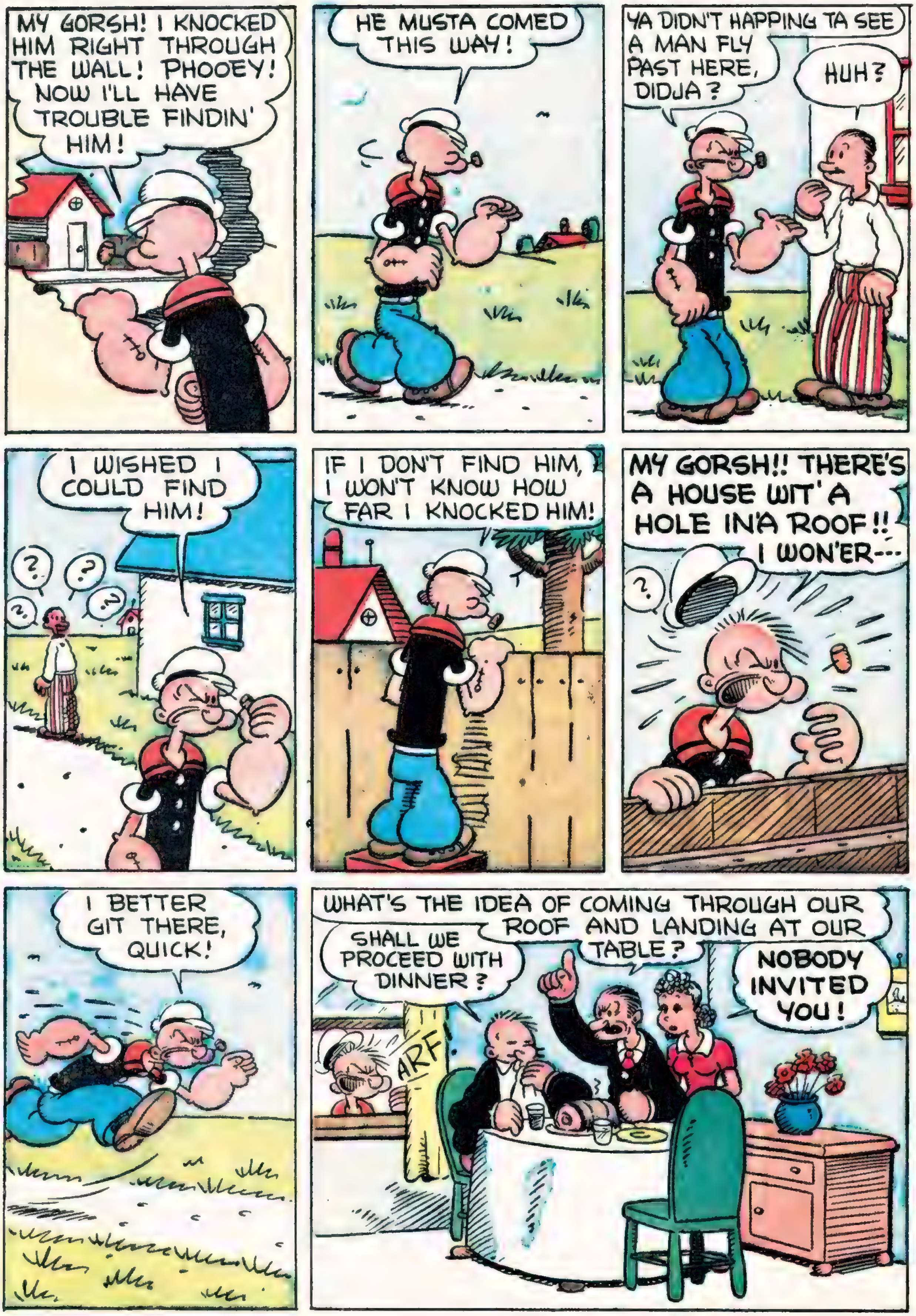

PHOOEY TA SPINACH! I'LL TAKE FRIVOLOUS FOOD! BOY, THIS IS GOOD CAKE!
YUM! YUM!
YEAH, ME PAPPY IS BETTER NOW, OLIVE!
OH, I'M SO GLAD, POPEYE!
OUW! OH!
OUW OHH!
WHAT TH-?
?
MY GOODNESS, POPEYE! YOUR PAPPY IS GREEN!
MY GORSH! HE IS WORSE AGAIN! I WILL CALL A DOCTOR!
OUW!
I HAS CALLED A NEW DOCTOR – THE OTHER ONE SAID PAPPY WAS SICK B'CAUSE OF WHAT HE'D BEEN EATIN'!
BUT 'AT'S SILLY, 'CAUSE SPINACH IS ALL HE EATS!
THE DOCTOR'S COMING OUT OF YOUR PAPPY'S ROOM!
AHOY, DOCTOR, WHA'S WRONG WIT' ME PAPPY?
YOUR FATHER WAS SUFFERING FROM ACUTE INDIGESTION – HE'S OKAY NOW – BUT HE MUST HAVE HEALTHFUL FOOD!
STOP FEEDING HIM TRASH!
?
P-SST! LI'L BOY, WILL YA GIT ME A CASE OF SODY POP?
SURE!
GORSH!?! I WON'ERS IF I HAS BEEN WRONG ABOUT SPINACH ALL'A THESE YEARS?
?
?

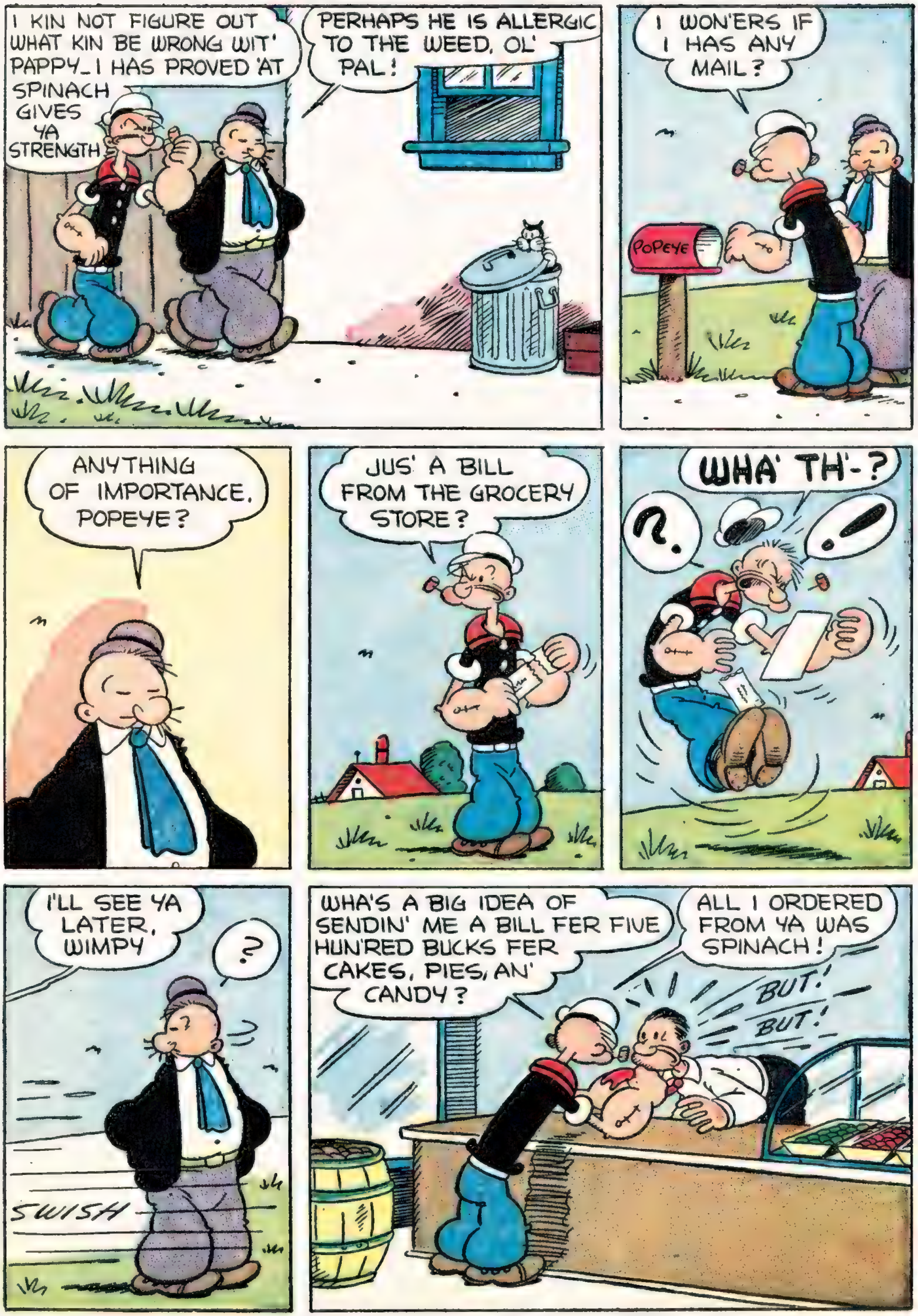


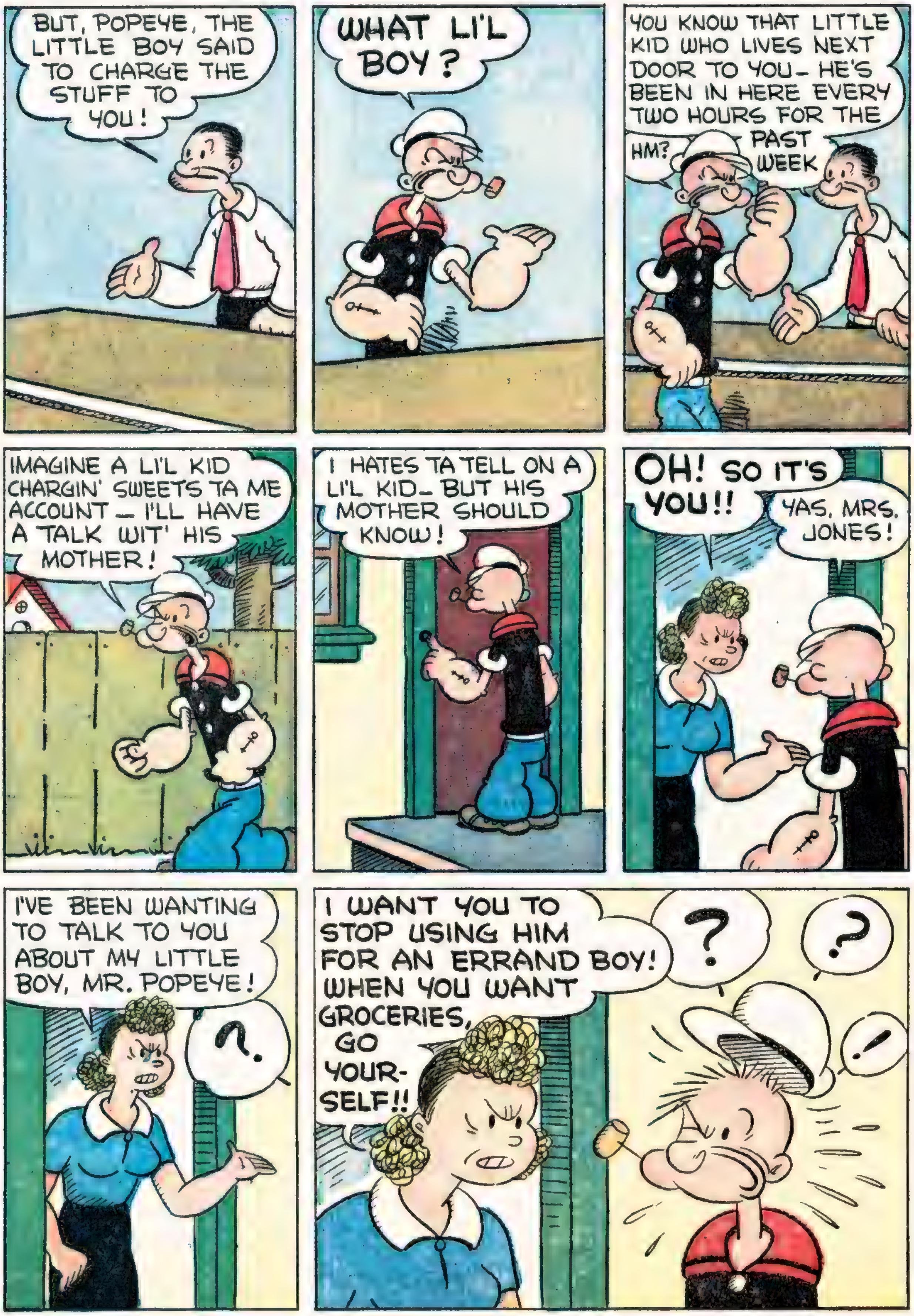
I YAM WORRIED, OLIVE. I DOES NOT KNOW IF SPINACH IS GOOD OR NOT!
WHY DON'T YOU TEST IT?
OLIVE IS RIGHT! I WILL MAKE SOME SCIENTIFIC TESTS ON SPINACH!!
FIRST I MUS' FIND ME A SUBJECT TO MAKE ME TESTS ON!
HM? I WON'ERS WHERE I KIN FIND A FIT PERSING FER ME TEST?
GREETINGS, OL' PAL! SHALL WE HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER?
BLOW ME DOWN! WIMPY!
YER WIDE-MINDED- AIN'T YA, WIMPY?
BEG PARDON?
WHAT I MEAN, WIMPY, IS DO YA HAVE A SCIENTIFIC MIND?
I NEEDS SOME HELP WIT' AN EXPERIMENT
SIR! THE WIMPYS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN OF SCIENCE - OF COURSE, BEING PESTERED CONTINUALLY, WE HAVE BEEN **FORCED** TO CHARGE A SLIGHT FEE FOR ANY AID RENDERED IN SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS!
OKAY, WIMPY, YA GITS THE JOB!

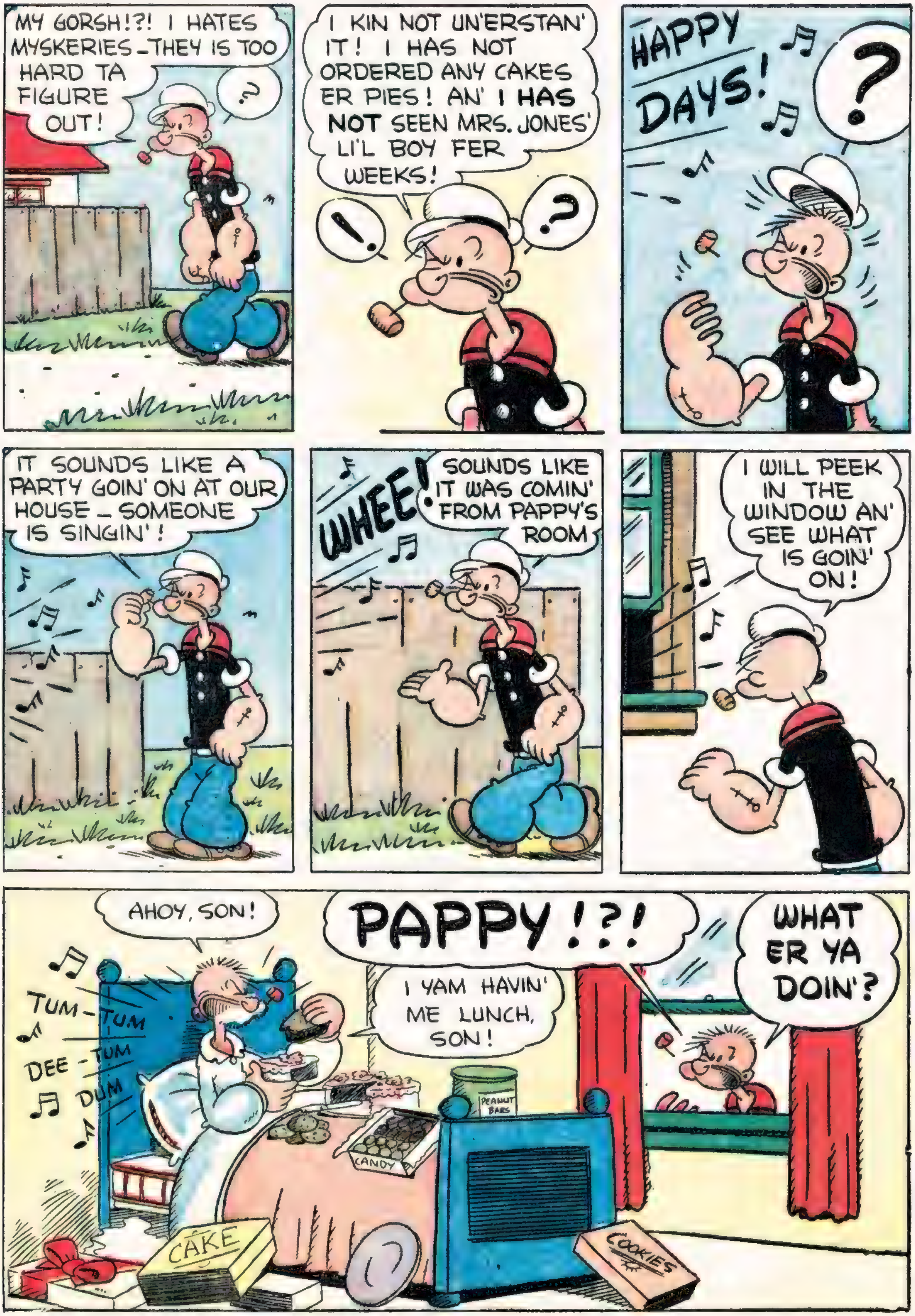

GOOD HEAVENS!?! FIVE DOLLARS!! IT MUST BE A VERY IMPORTANT EXPERI-MENT!
WHAT MUST I DO TO BE OF SCIENTIFIC AID TO YOU, OL' PAL?
JUS' STAN' WIT' YER FEET TOUCHIN' THIS LINE!
VERY WELL!
NOW WE KIN GIT ON WIT' OUR EXPERIMENT!
?
SPLAT!
?
-THIRTY-SIX, THIRTY-SEVEN, THIRTY-EIGHT---
---SIXTY-TWO! I KNOCKED HIM SIXTY-TWO PACES AN' I HASN'T HAD A BITE OF SPINACH FER HOURS!
TWEET

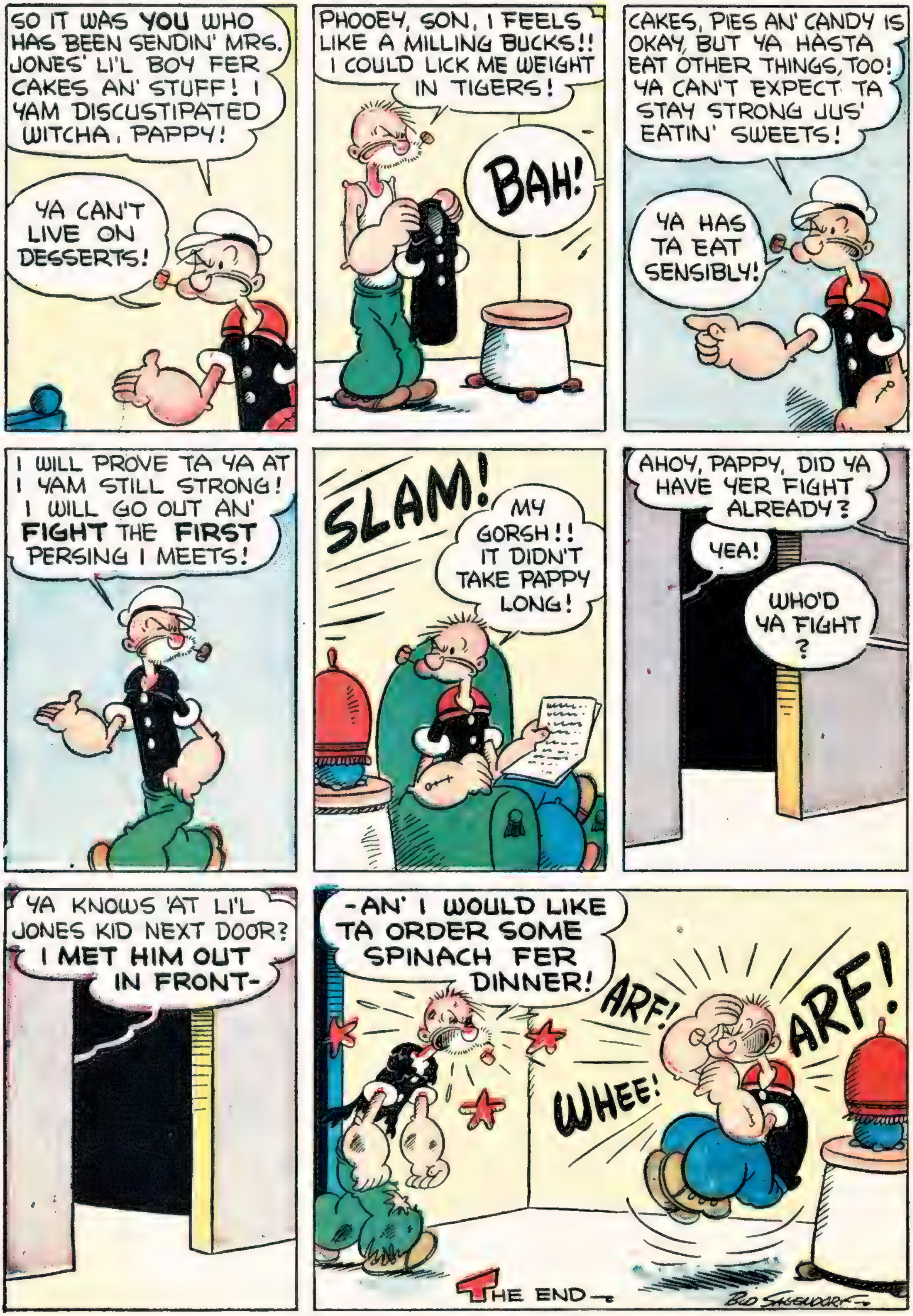

DON'T YOU THINK YOUR QUEST FOR SCIENTIFIC TRUTH IS A LITTLE TOO PHYSICAL ?
THEY'S A RESTRUNK OVER THERE, WIMPY. LES' HAVE SOME LUNCH AN' THEN WE KIN GO ON WIT' OUR TESTS!
HOW'S THE SPINACH, OL' PAL?
FINE, WIMPY, AS SOON AS I FINISH WE KIN MAKE THE LAS' EXPERIMENT
MAY I INQUIRE THE NATURE OF YOUR NEXT SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION ?
SURE, WIMPY, AS SOON AS I FINISHES ME SPINACH I WILL **HIT** YA AGAIN — THEN I'LL SEE HOW FAR I KIN KNOCK YA AFTER BEIN' ENERGIZED WIT' SPINACH!
?
SIR! MY THIRST FOR SCIENTIFIC TRUTH, LIKE MY HUNGER, HAS BEEN SATISFIED! I **DO NOT** CHOOSE TO PARTICIPATE IN ANY MORE EXPERIMENTS!
LISTING, WIMPY, I PAID YA TA HELP ME AN' 'AT'S WHAT YER GO'NER DO!
BUT I RESIGN!
SMACK!
OKAY! YA RESIGNS!


MY GORSH! I KNOCKED HIM RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL! PHOOEY! NOW I'LL HAVE TROUBLE FINDIN' HIM!
HE MUSTA COMED THIS WAY!
YA DIDN'T HAPPING TA SEE A MAN FLY PAST HERE, DIDJA?
HUH?
I WISHED I COULD FIND HIM!
IF I DON'T FIND HIM, I WON'T KNOW HOW FAR I KNOCKED HIM!
MY GORSH!! THERE'S A HOUSE WIT' A HOLE IN'A ROOF!! I WON'ER---
I BETTER GIT THERE, QUICK!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING THROUGH OUR ROOF AND LANDING AT OUR TABLE?
SHALL WE PROCEED WITH DINNER?
NOBODY INVITED YOU!
ARF


I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT KIN BE WRONG WIT' PAPPY_I HAS PROVED 'AT SPINACH GIVES YA STRENGTH
PERHAPS HE IS ALLERGIC TO THE WEED, OL' PAL!
I WON'ERS IF I HAS ANY MAIL?
POPEYE
ANYTHING OF IMPORTANCE, POPEYE?
JUS' A BILL FROM THE GROCERY STORE?
WHA' TH'-?
?
!
I'LL SEE YA LATER, WIMPY
?
SWISH
WHA'S A BIG IDEA OF SENDIN' ME A BILL FER FIVE HUN'RED BUCKS FER CAKES, PIES, AN' CANDY?
ALL I ORDERED FROM YA WAS SPINACH!
BUT!
BUT!


BUT, POPEYE, THE LITTLE BOY SAID TO CHARGE THE STUFF TO YOU!
WHAT LI'L BOY?
YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE KID WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR TO YOU— HE'S BEEN IN HERE EVERY TWO HOURS FOR THE PAST WEEK
HM?
IMAGINE A LI'L KID CHARGIN' SWEETS TA ME ACCOUNT — I'LL HAVE A TALK WIT' HIS MOTHER!
I HATES TA TELL ON A LI'L KID— BUT HIS MOTHER SHOULD KNOW!
OH! SO IT'S YOU!!
YAS, MRS. JONES!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MY LITTLE BOY, MR. POPEYE!
?
I WANT YOU TO STOP USING HIM FOR AN ERRAND BOY! WHEN YOU WANT GROCERIES, GO YOUR-SELF!!
?
?
!

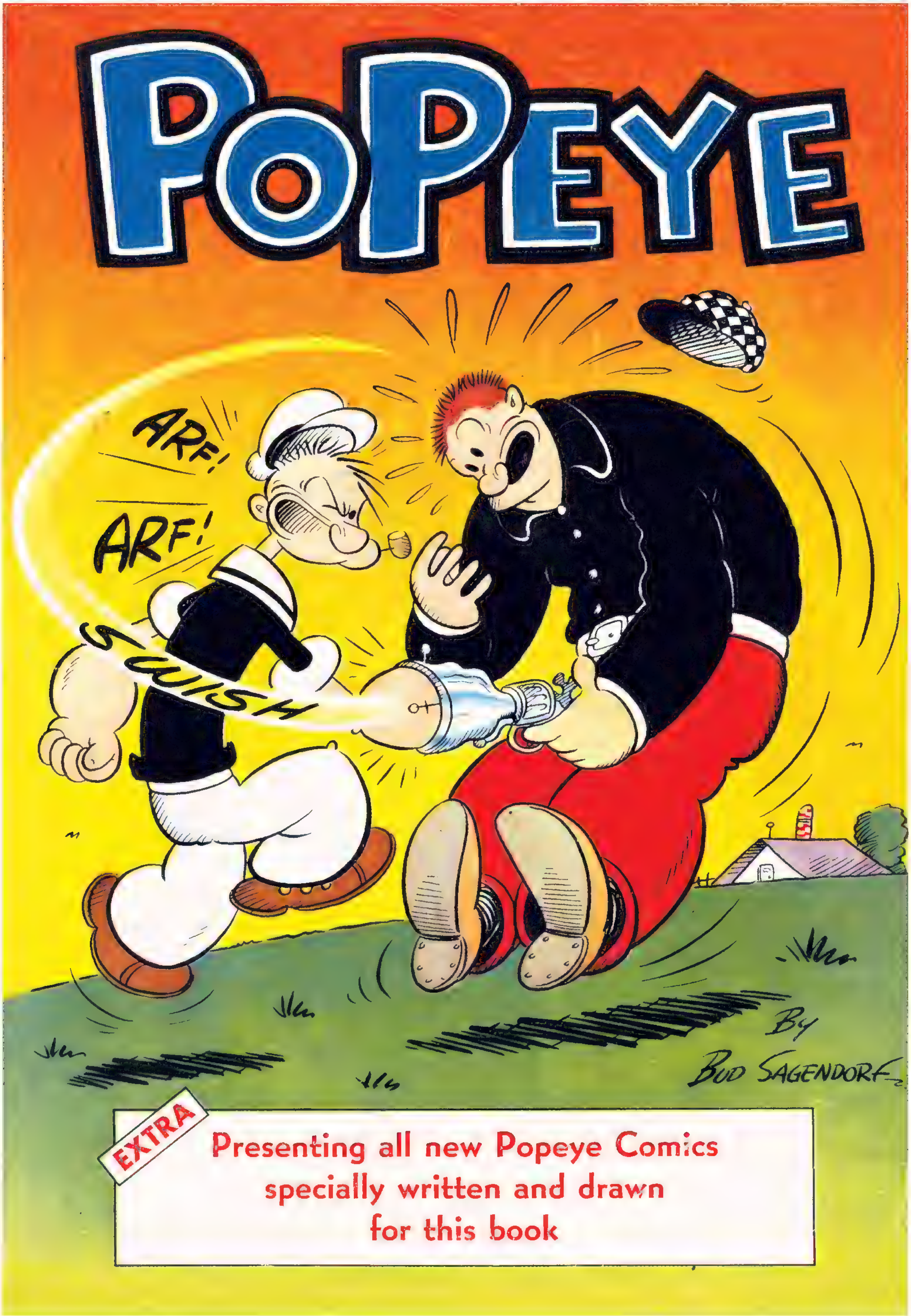

MY GORSH!?! I HATES MYSKERIES – THEY IS TOO HARD TA FIGURE OUT!
?
I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAN' IT! I HAS NOT ORDERED ANY CAKES ER PIES! AN' I HAS NOT SEEN MRS. JONES' LI'L BOY FER WEEKS!
!
?
HAPPY DAYS!
?
IT SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY GOIN' ON AT OUR HOUSE – SOMEONE IS SINGIN'!
WHEE!
SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS COMIN' FROM PAPPY'S ROOM
I WILL PEEK IN THE WINDOW AN' SEE WHAT IS GOIN' ON!
AHOY, SON!
TUM-TUM
DEE-TUM
DUM
PAPPY!?!
I YAM HAVIN' ME LUNCH, SON!
WHAT ER YA DOIN'?
PEANUT BARS
CANDY
CAKE
COOKIES



SO IT WAS **YOU** WHO HAS BEEN SENDIN' MRS. JONES' LI'L BOY FER CAKES AN' STUFF! I YAM DISCUSTIPATED WITCHA, PAPPY!
YA CAN'T LIVE ON DESSERTS!
PHOOEY, SON, I FEELS LIKE A MILLING BUCKS!! I COULD LICK ME WEIGHT IN TIGERS!
BAH!
CAKES, PIES AN' CANDY IS OKAY, BUT YA HASTA EAT OTHER THINGS, TOO! YA CAN'T EXPECT TA STAY STRONG JUS' EATIN' SWEETS!
YA HAS TA EAT SENSIBLY!
I WILL PROVE TA YA AT I YAM STILL STRONG! I WILL GO OUT AN' **FIGHT** THE **FIRST** PERSING I MEETS!
SLAM!
MY GORSH!! IT DIDN'T TAKE PAPPY LONG!
AHOY, PAPPY, DID YA HAVE YER FIGHT ALREADY?
YEA!
WHO'D YA FIGHT ?
YA KNOWS 'AT LI'L JONES KID NEXT DOOR? **I MET HIM OUT IN FRONT-**
-AN' I WOULD LIKE TA ORDER SOME SPINACH FER DINNER!
ARF!
ARF!
WHEE!
THE END
BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE
RING!
?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
ETC.-ETC.- THE GREATEST BOOK EVER PRINTED- ONLY FIVE BUCKS!
?
OH! HELLO, LITTLE GIRL! ISN'T YOUR MOTHER OR FATHER AT HOME?
NAW! I YAM ALONE!
THREE HOURS LATER—
AHOY, SWEE'PEA, I YAM HOME!
MY GORSH!?! SWEE'PEA! WHA'S THE MATTER WITCHA?
?
CAN'T YA SAY, HELLO?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHERE YA GOIN'?
WHA' TH---? HE WENT OUT THE FRONT DOOR! I BETTER FOLLOW HIM!
?
SLAM!
HE'S GOIN' INTA 'AT HOTEL!
?
BUD SAGENDORF
I YAM A BOY!!
?
SPLAT

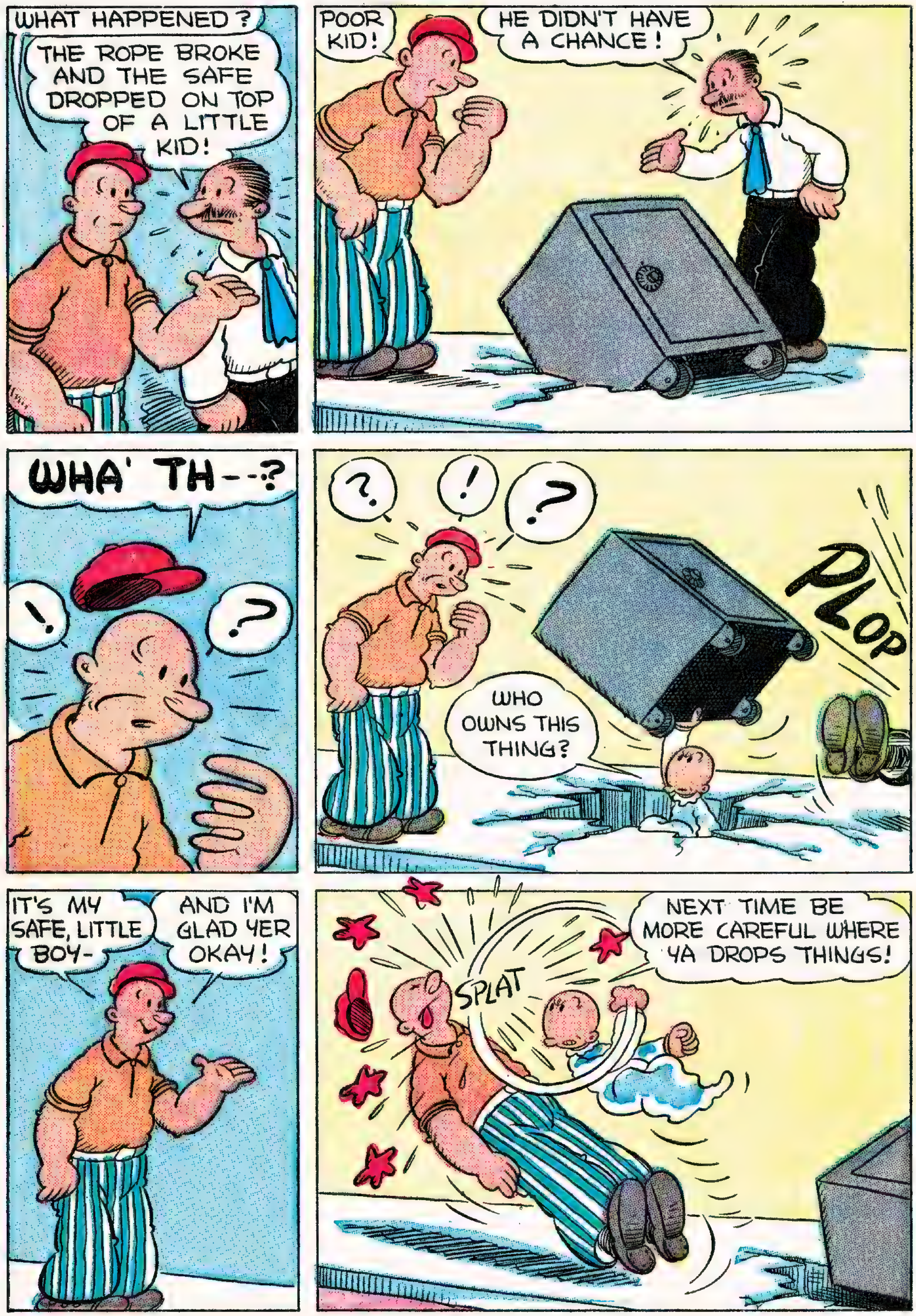
POPEYE
POPEYE, I THINK I'LL GO OVER AND FISH ON THE OTHER SIDE!
OH, BOY! THIS IS A SWELL SPOT — I'M RIGHT ACROSS FROM POPEYE
GOSH! A NIBBLE!
WHEEEE! I HOOKED HIM!
WOW! WHAT A FISH! LOOK AT 'IM PULL!
BZZZ
HERE HE COMES!
OH! HE'S STARTING ANOTHER RUN!
WHEW! I'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' 'IM FER HOURS!
AH, I'VE JUS' ABOUT GOT 'IM IN — BOY! WAIT TILL POPEYE SEES THIS ONE!
WHEW
?
!
BUD SAGENDORF

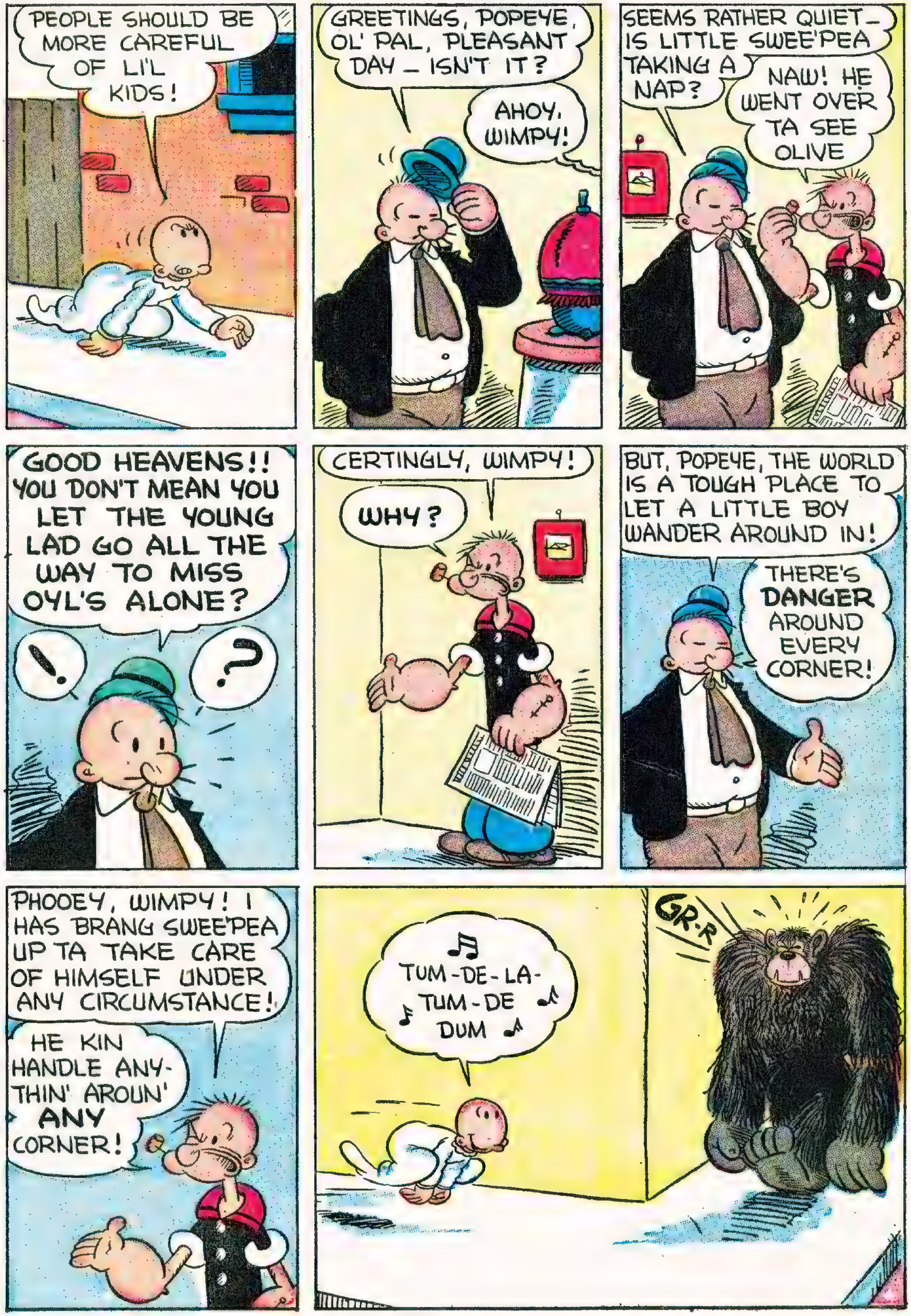


Popeye #2, May-June 1948

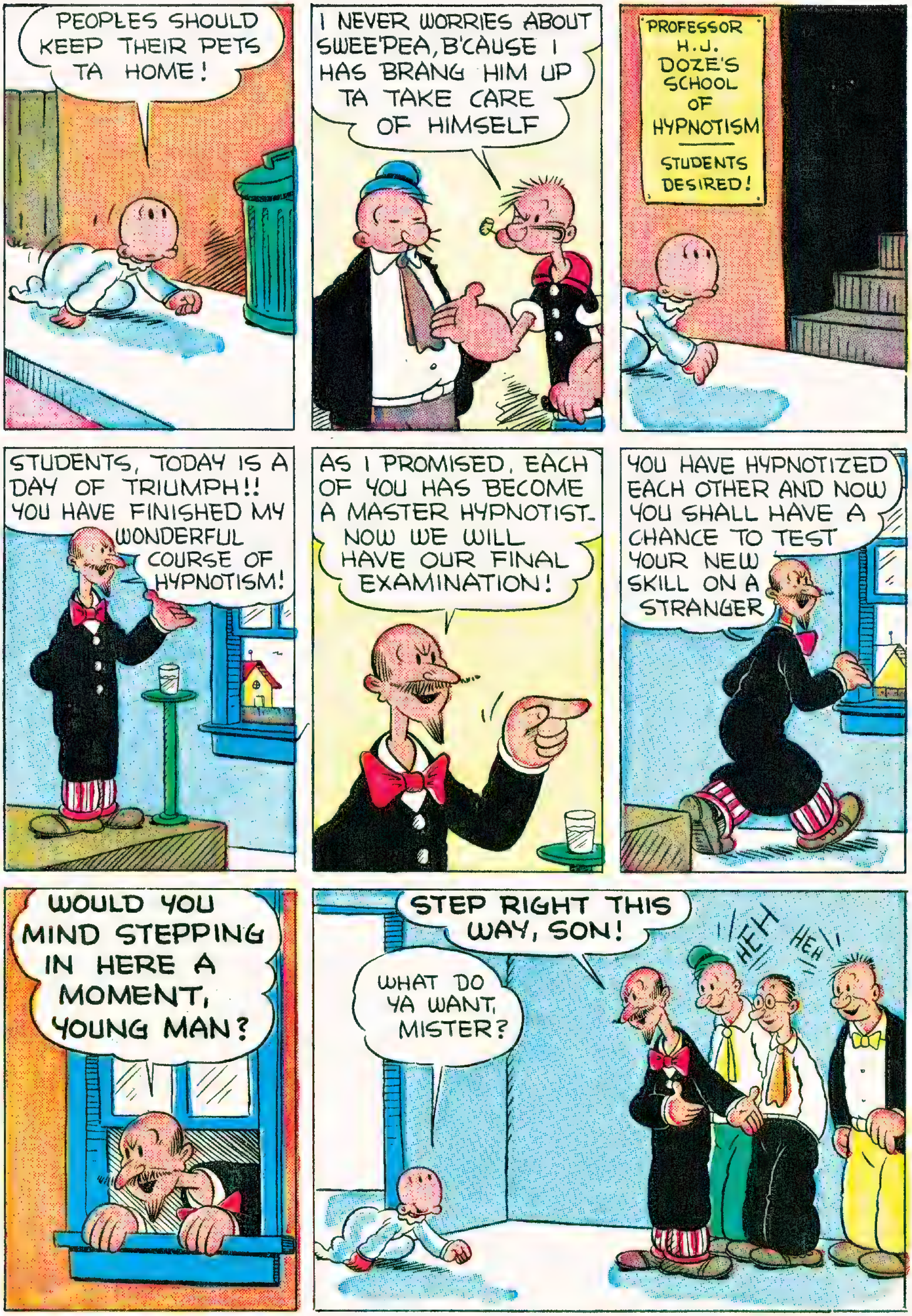
POPEYE
SIR! YOU ARE A CHEAPSKATE!
CONSIDER OUR FRIEND-SHIP AT AN END!
NO NICKEL-NURSING PENNY-PINCHER MAY HAVE THE FRIENDSHIP OF J.W. WIMPY
AND FURTHERMORE-BORROWING A PHRASE FROM MY UNCLE HUGHIE-
I SAY, "PHOOEY TO YOU, SIR"!
THAT'S THAT! NOW I'LL GO FIND MY OL' PAL!
AHOY, WIMPY, HOW'S EVERY-THIN'?
I WONDER, CHUM, IF YOU COULD LOAN ME ONE DIME ?
SURE, WIMPY, HERE, HELP YERSELF—TAKE A HALF BUCK, IF YA NEEDS IT!
GR-R GR-R-R GR-R-R GR-R-R- GR-R-R GR-R-R-R-
WHATCHA MAD ABOUT? YA ASK FER A DIME AN' I GIVES YA A HALF-BUCK!
I'VE BEEN PRACTISING NASTY THINGS TO SAY TO YOU FOR NOT GIVING ME A DIME
SIR!! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!!

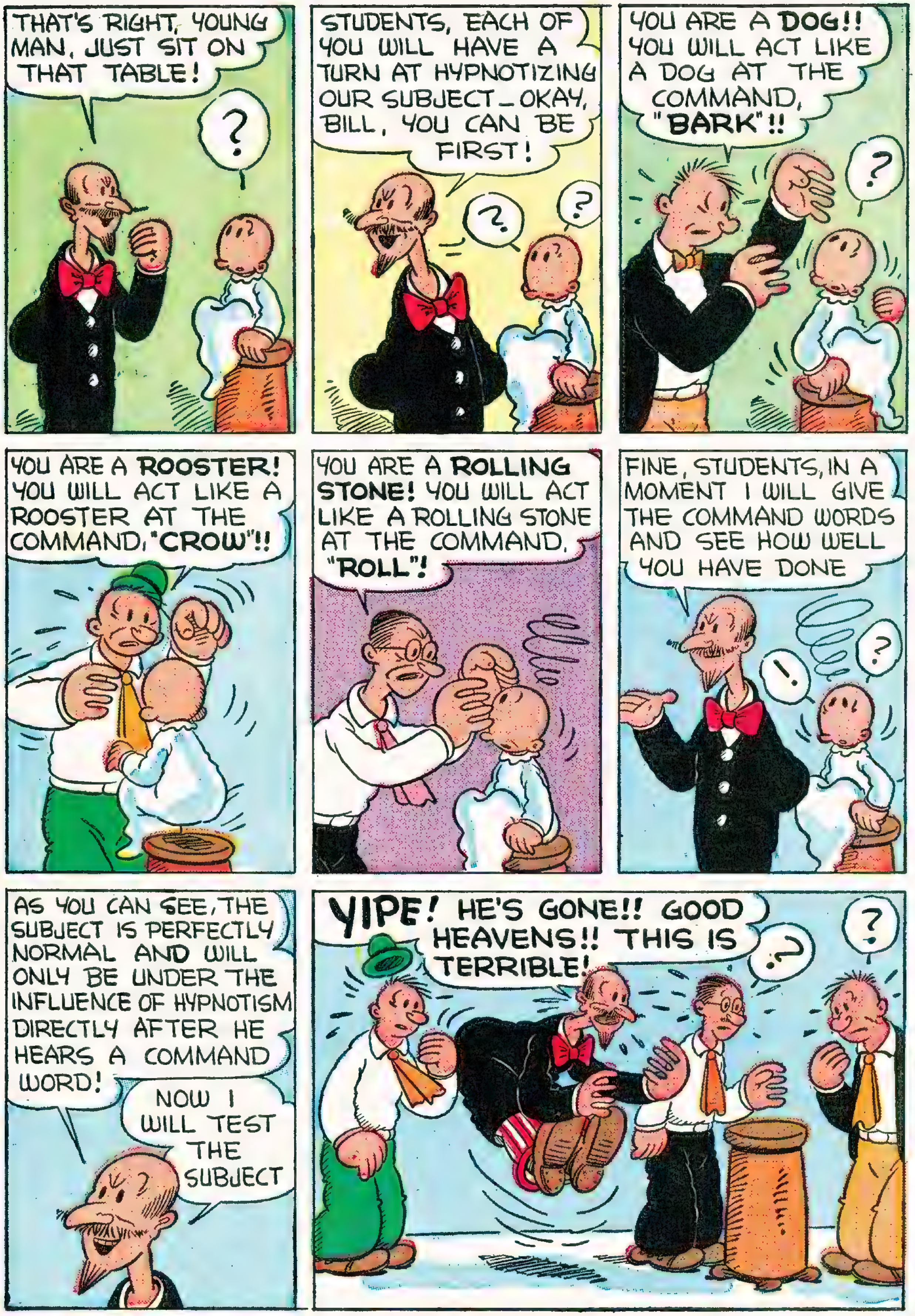
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS–
"THAT'S WHAT I YAM"
OR "I YAM! I YAM!"
STARRING SWEE'PEA AN' POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF
I YAM GOIN' OVER TA SEE OLIVE, POPEYE!
OKAY, BUT DON'T BE GONE TOO LONG!
I HOPES OLIVE HAS SOME COOKIES TADAY!
GOSH! LOOK AT THE BIG SAFE– I WON'ER WHY THEY IS PULLIN' IT UP IN'A AIR?
HEY!! LOOK OUT! THE SAFE IS FALLING!!
OH, GOOD HEAVENS!! THE SAFE LANDED RIGHT ON THAT LITTLE BOY!!
CRASH
POPEYE #2-485


WHAT HAPPENED?
THE ROPE BROKE AND THE SAFE DROPPED ON TOP OF A LITTLE KID!
POOR KID!
HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
WHA' TH--?
!
?
?
!
?
PLOP
WHO OWNS THIS THING?
IT'S MY SAFE, LITTLE BOY-
AND I'M GLAD YER OKAY!
SPLAT
NEXT TIME BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE YA DROPS THINGS!

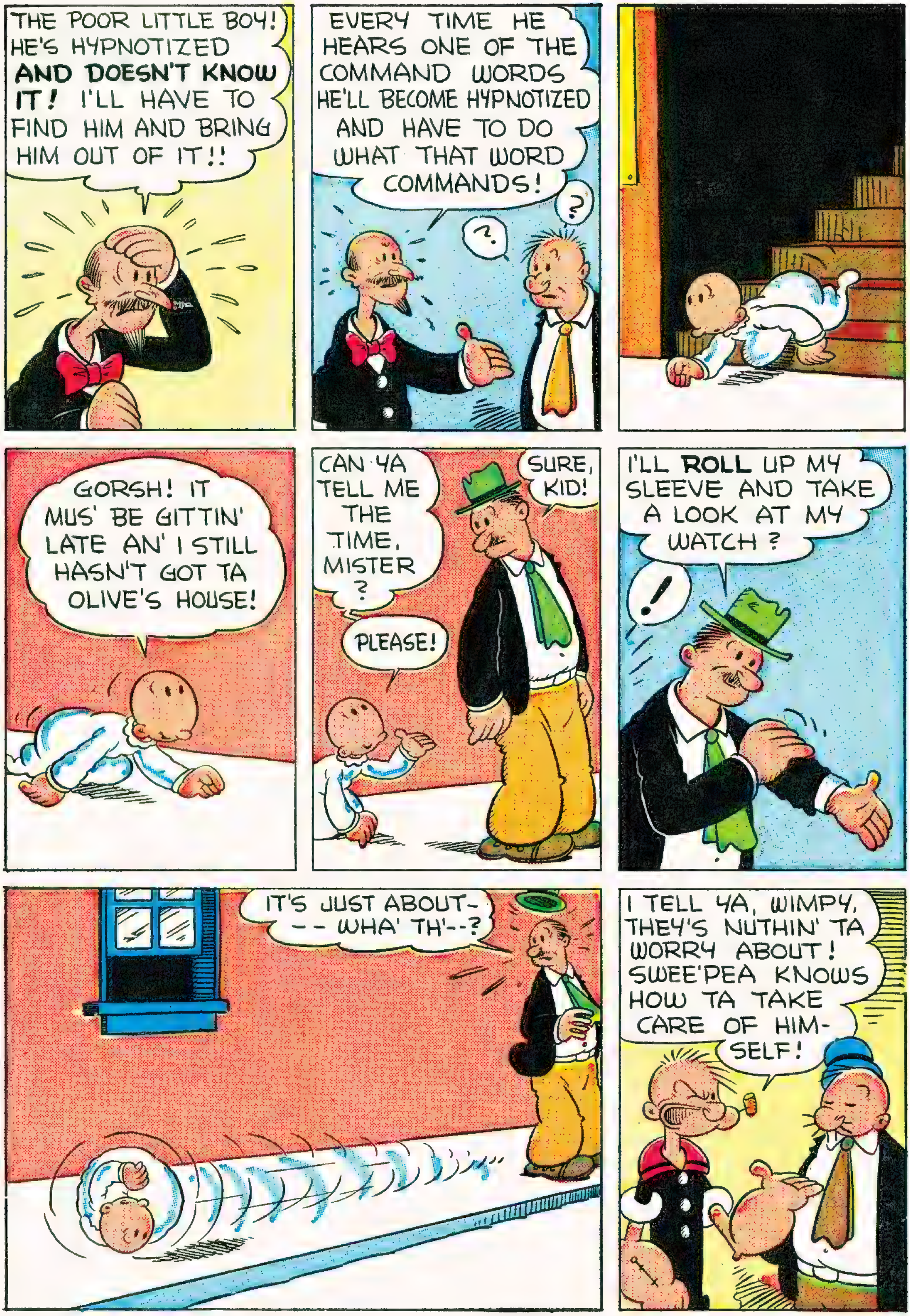

PEOPLE SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL OF LI'L KIDS!
GREETINGS, POPEYE, OL' PAL, PLEASANT DAY — ISN'T IT?
AHOY, WIMPY!
SEEMS RATHER QUIET — IS LITTLE SWEE'PEA TAKING A NAP?
NAW! HE WENT OVER TA SEE OLIVE
GOOD HEAVENS!! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU LET THE YOUNG LAD GO ALL THE WAY TO MISS OYL'S ALONE?
!
?
CERTINGLY, WIMPY!
WHY?
BUT, POPEYE, THE WORLD IS A TOUGH PLACE TO LET A LITTLE BOY WANDER AROUND IN!
THERE'S DANGER AROUND EVERY CORNER!
PHOOEY, WIMPY! I HAS BRANG SWEE'PEA UP TA TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE!
HE KIN HANDLE ANY-THIN' AROUN' ANY CORNER!
TUM-DE-LA-TUM-DE DUM
GR-R

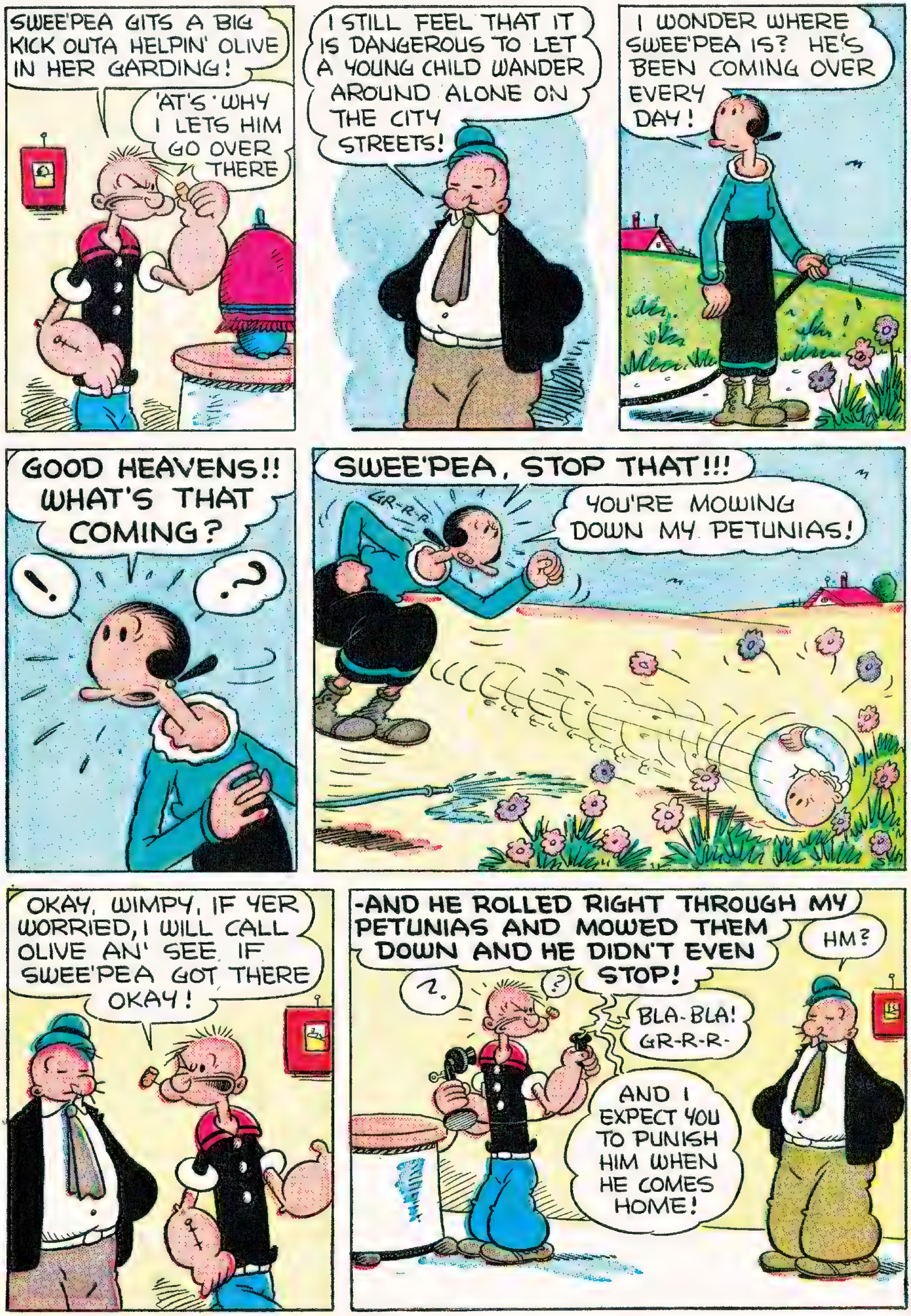
?
!
ULP!
HELLO
SMASH
WHY, YA BIG OVERSTUFFED HAIR MATTRESS, YA SHOULDN'T ORTA BE MEAN TA LI'L KIDS!
YES, SIR, WIMPY! SWEE'PEA KNOWS HOW TA TAKE CARE OF HIM-SELF!
DON'T TEASE STRANGE LI'L KIDS!
SPLAT
?

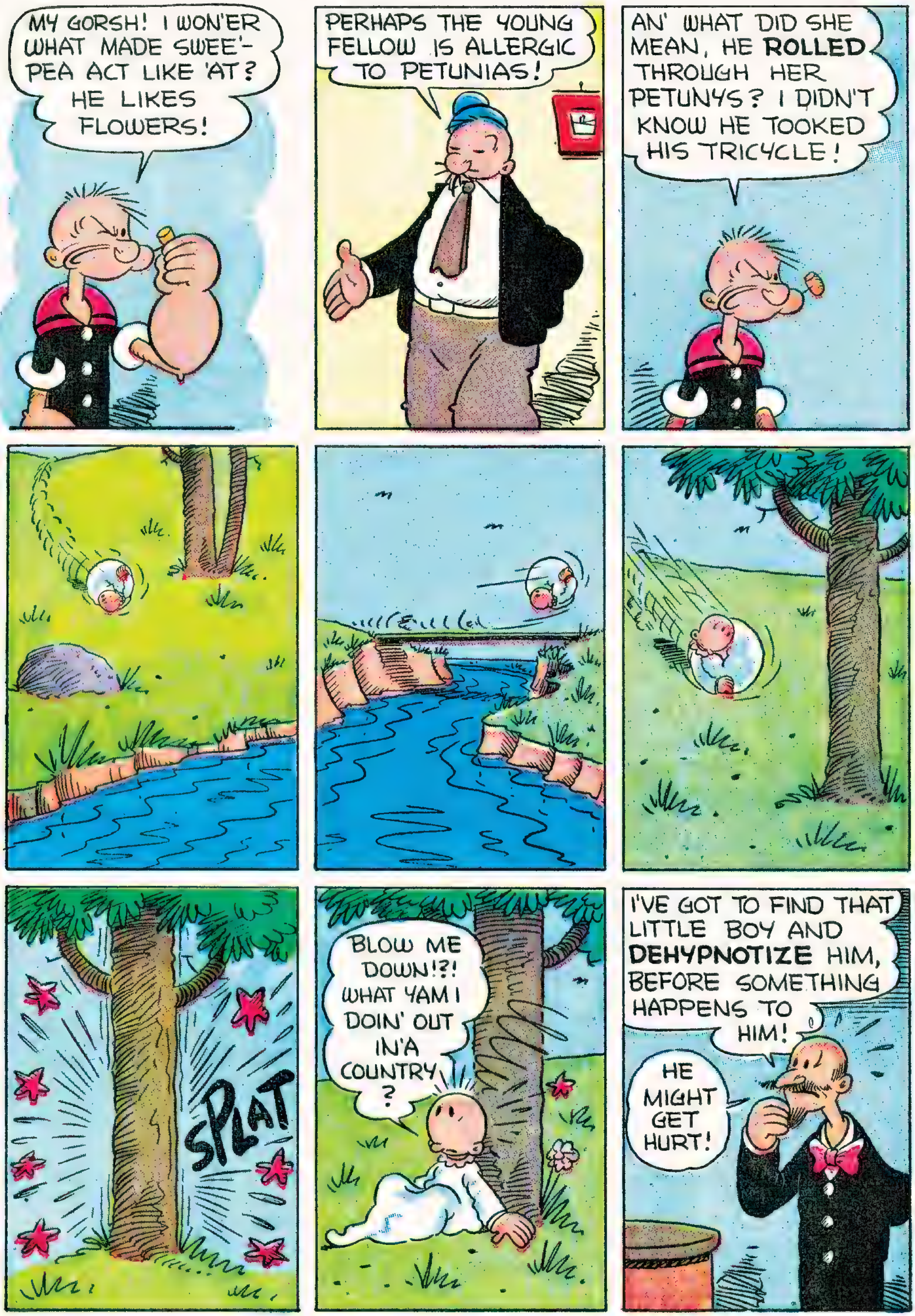

PEOPLES SHOULD KEEP THEIR PETS TA HOME!
I NEVER WORRIES ABOUT SWEE'PEA, B'CAUSE I HAS BRANG HIM UP TA TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF
PROFESSOR H.J. DOZE'S SCHOOL OF HYPNOTISM
STUDENTS DESIRED!
STUDENTS, TODAY IS A DAY OF TRIUMPH!! YOU HAVE FINISHED MY WONDERFUL COURSE OF HYPNOTISM!
AS I PROMISED, EACH OF YOU HAS BECOME A MASTER HYPNOTIST. NOW WE WILL HAVE OUR FINAL EXAMINATION!
YOU HAVE HYPNOTIZED EACH OTHER AND NOW YOU SHALL HAVE A CHANCE TO TEST YOUR NEW SKILL ON A STRANGER
WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING IN HERE A MOMENT, YOUNG MAN?
STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, SON!
WHAT DO YA WANT, MISTER?
HEH
HEH



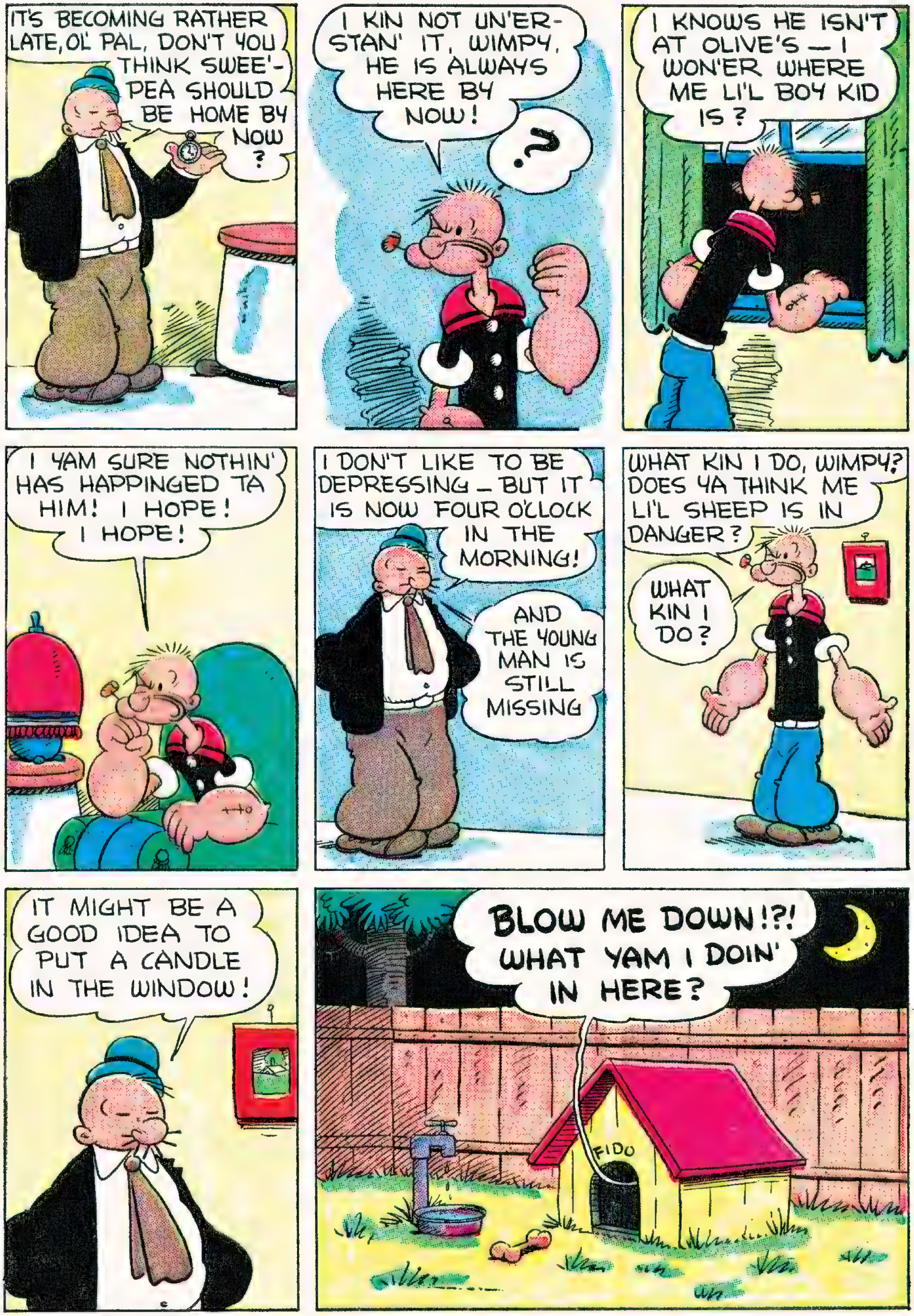
THAT'S RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, JUST SIT ON THAT TABLE!
?
STUDENTS, EACH OF YOU WILL HAVE A TURN AT HYPNOTIZING OUR SUBJECT_OKAY, BILL, YOU CAN BE FIRST!
?
?
YOU ARE A DOG!! YOU WILL ACT LIKE A DOG AT THE COMMAND, "BARK"!!
?
YOU ARE A ROOSTER! YOU WILL ACT LIKE A ROOSTER AT THE COMMAND, "CROW"!!
YOU ARE A ROLLING STONE! YOU WILL ACT LIKE A ROLLING STONE AT THE COMMAND, "ROLL"!
FINE, STUDENTS, IN A MOMENT I WILL GIVE THE COMMAND WORDS AND SEE HOW WELL YOU HAVE DONE
!
?
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE SUBJECT IS PERFECTLY NORMAL AND WILL ONLY BE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HYPNOTISM DIRECTLY AFTER HE HEARS A COMMAND WORD!
NOW I WILL TEST THE SUBJECT
YIPE! HE'S GONE!! GOOD HEAVENS!! THIS IS TERRIBLE!
?
?

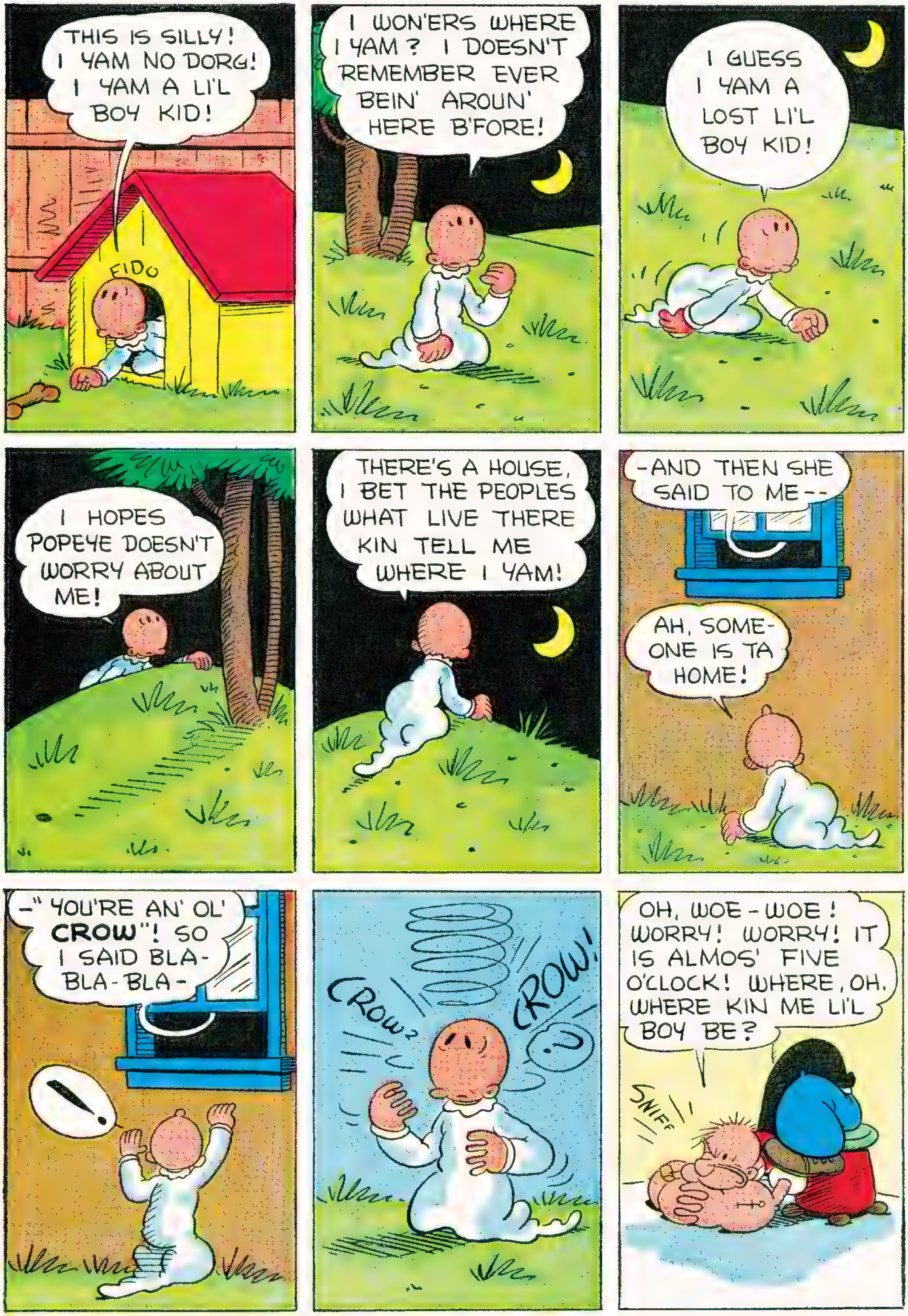

THE POOR LITTLE BOY! HE'S HYPNOTIZED AND DOESN'T KNOW IT! I'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM OUT OF IT!!
EVERY TIME HE HEARS ONE OF THE COMMAND WORDS HE'LL BECOME HYPNOTIZED AND HAVE TO DO WHAT THAT WORD COMMANDS!
?
?
GORSH! IT MUS' BE GITTIN' LATE AN' I STILL HASN'T GOT TA OLIVE'S HOUSE!
CAN YA TELL ME THE TIME, MISTER?
SURE, KID!
PLEASE!
I'LL ROLL UP MY SLEEVE AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY WATCH?
!
IT'S JUST ABOUT- -- WHA' TH'--?
I TELL YA, WIMPY, THEY'S NUTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT! SWEE'PEA KNOWS HOW TA TAKE CARE OF HIM-SELF!


SWEE'PEA GITS A BIG KICK OUTA HELPIN' OLIVE IN HER GARDING!
'AT'S 'WHY I LETS HIM GO OVER THERE
I STILL FEEL THAT IT IS DANGEROUS TO LET A YOUNG CHILD WANDER AROUND ALONE ON THE CITY STREETS!
I WONDER WHERE SWEE'PEA IS? HE'S BEEN COMING OVER EVERY DAY!
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT'S THAT COMING?
!
?
SWEE'PEA, STOP THAT!!!
GR-R-R
YOU'RE MOWING DOWN MY PETUNIAS!
OKAY, WIMPY, IF YER WORRIED, I WILL CALL OLIVE AN' SEE IF SWEE'PEA GOT THERE OKAY!
-AND HE ROLLED RIGHT THROUGH MY PETUNIAS AND MOWED THEM DOWN AND HE DIDN'T EVEN STOP!
HM?
?
?
BLA-BLA! GR-R-R-
AND I EXPECT YOU TO PUNISH HIM WHEN HE COMES HOME!

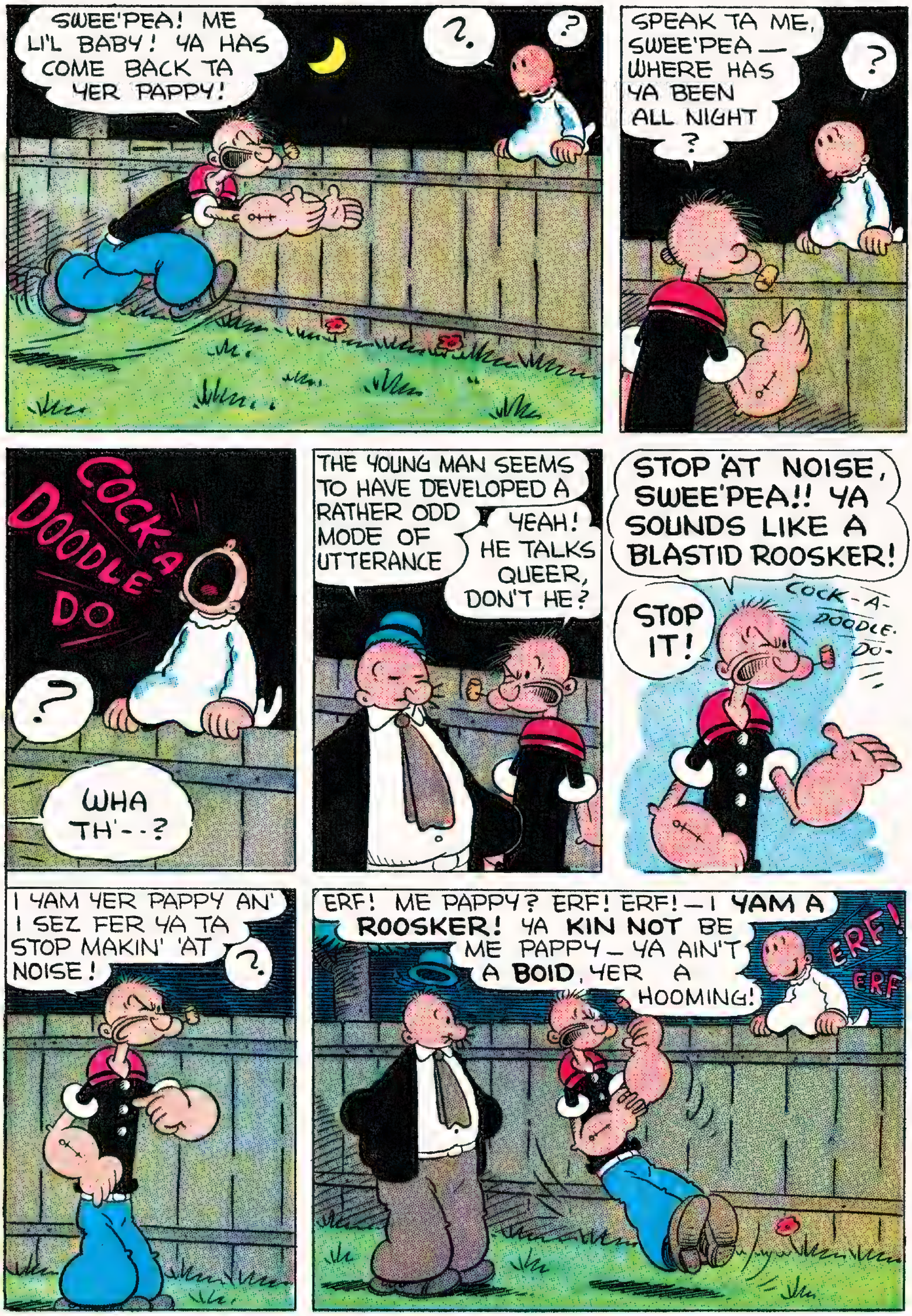

MY GORSH! I WON'ER WHAT MADE SWEE'-PEA ACT LIKE 'AT? HE LIKES FLOWERS!
PERHAPS THE YOUNG FELLOW IS ALLERGIC TO PETUNIAS!
AN' WHAT DID SHE MEAN, HE **ROLLED** THROUGH HER PETUNYS? I DIDN'T KNOW HE TOOKED HIS TRICYCLE!
SPLAT
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT YAM I DOIN' OUT IN'A COUNTRY ?
I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT LITTLE BOY AND **DEHYPNOTIZE** HIM, BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIM!
HE MIGHT GET HURT!

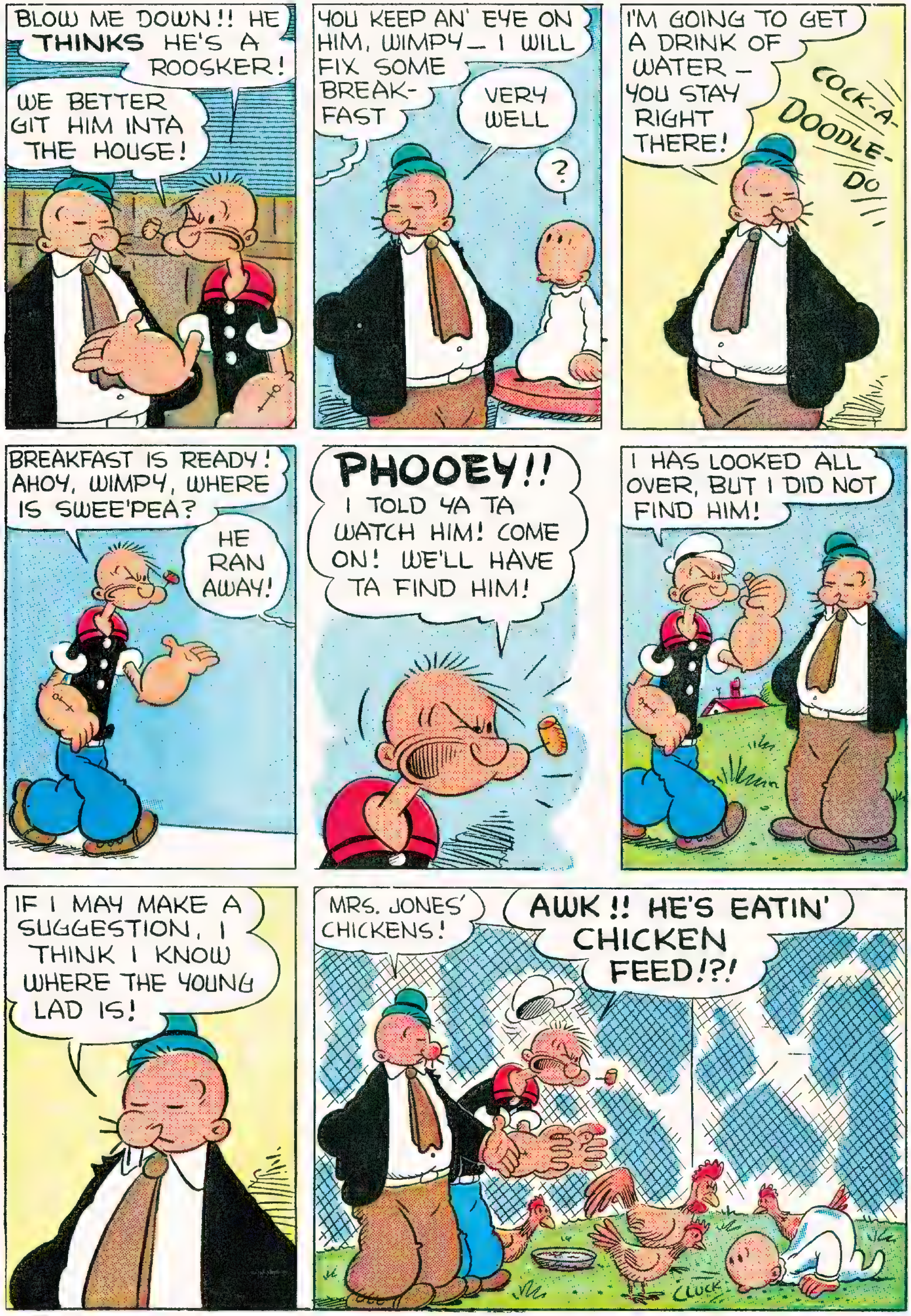
GORSH! I'D BETTER GIT HOME, B'FORE POPEYE STARTS WORRYIN' ABOUT ME!
I WISHED I KNEW HOW I GOT OUT HERE?
OUCH!
CHOP!
?
I'M SORRY, LITTLE BOY! DID A PIECE OF THE **BARK** HIT YOU?
BARK?
BARK?
WOOF
GR-R-R
GR-R
?

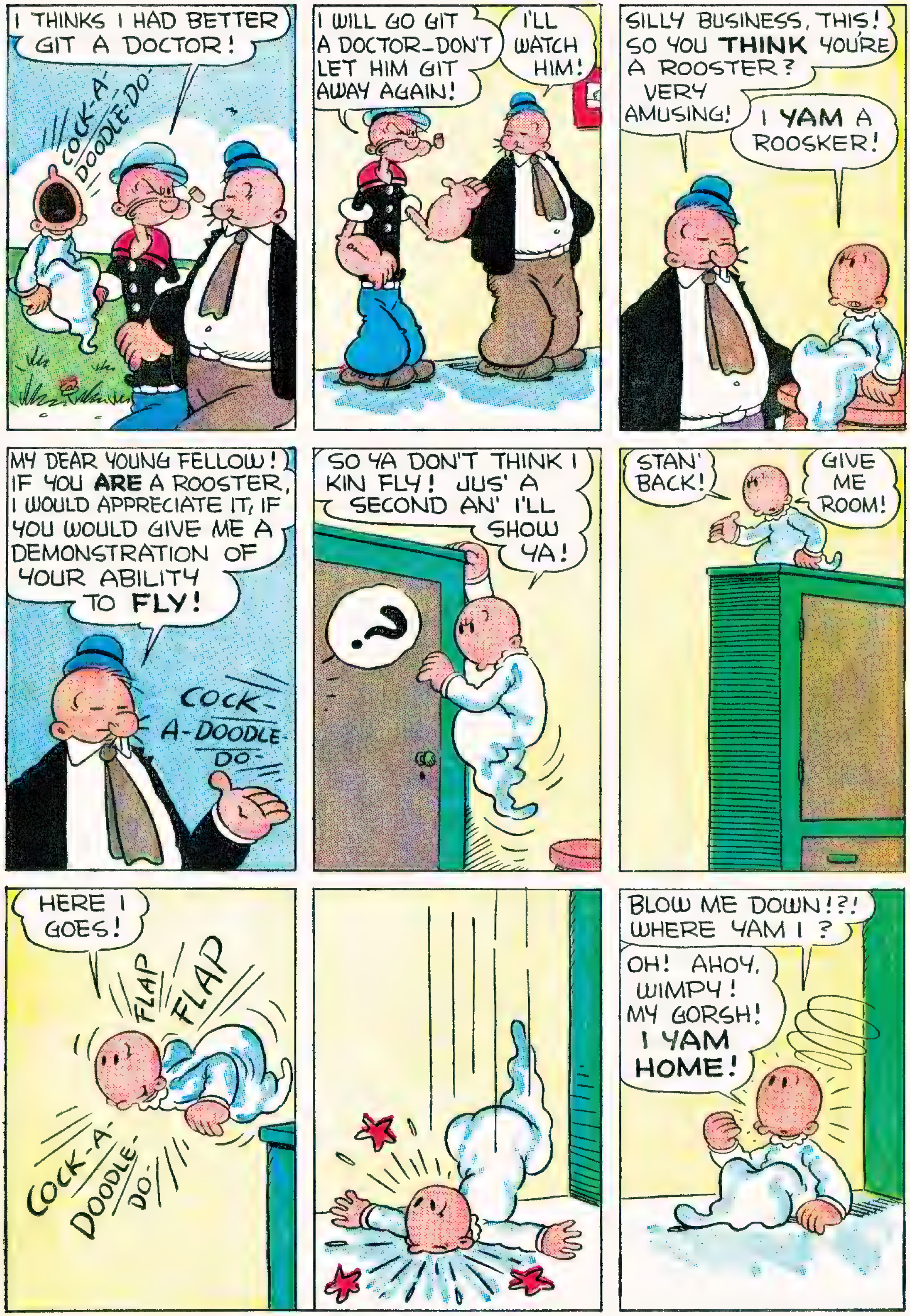

IT'S BECOMING RATHER LATE, OL' PAL, DON'T YOU THINK SWEE'-PEA SHOULD BE HOME BY NOW ?
I KIN NOT UN'ER-STAN' IT, WIMPY, HE IS ALWAYS HERE BY NOW!
?
I KNOWS HE ISN'T AT OLIVE'S — I WON'ER WHERE ME LI'L BOY KID IS ?
I YAM SURE NOTHIN' HAS HAPPINGED TA HIM! I HOPE! I HOPE!
I DON'T LIKE TO BE DEPRESSING — BUT IT IS NOW FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!
AND THE YOUNG MAN IS STILL MISSING
WHAT KIN I DO, WIMPY? DOES YA THINK ME LI'L SHEEP IS IN DANGER ?
WHAT KIN I DO ?
IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO PUT A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT YAM I DOIN' IN HERE?
FIDO

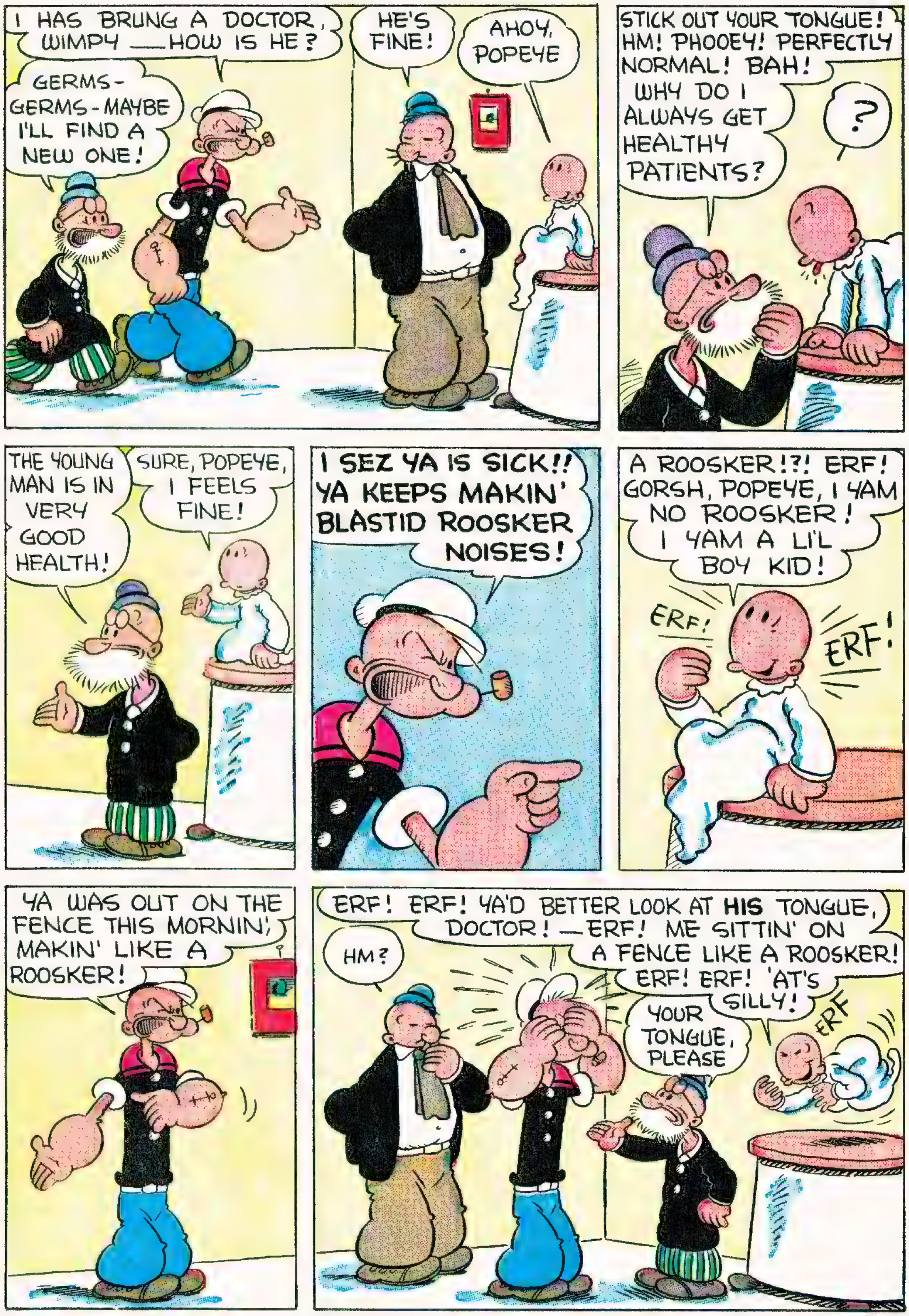

THIS IS SILLY! I YAM NO DORG! I YAM A LI'L BOY KID!
FIDO
I WON'ERS WHERE I YAM? I DOESN'T REMEMBER EVER BEIN' AROUN' HERE B'FORE!
I GUESS I YAM A LOST LI'L BOY KID!
I HOPES POPEYE DOESN'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
THERE'S A HOUSE, I BET THE PEOPLES WHAT LIVE THERE KIN TELL ME WHERE I YAM!
-AND THEN SHE SAID TO ME--
AH, SOME-ONE IS TA HOME!
-"YOU'RE AN' OL' CROW"! SO I SAID BLA-BLA-BLA-
!
CROW?
CROW!
?
OH, WOE-WOE! WORRY! WORRY! IT IS ALMOS' FIVE O'CLOCK! WHERE, OH, WHERE KIN ME LI'L BOY BE?
SNIFF

MY GORSH, WIMPY, WHA' KIN I DO? IT'S AL-MOS' DAYLIGHT AN' ME LI'L BABY BOY KID AIN'T HOME YET!
SNIFF!
I SUGGEST, OL' PAL, THAT AS THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT— THAT YOU GIT A LITTLE SLEEP!
SLEEP!?! SLEEP!
HOW KIN I SLEEP?
SNIFF
SNIFF
HOW KIN I SLEEP? ME LI'L ADOPTIT BABY BOY KID IS LORST OUT IN'A BIG WORLD AN' IT IS ALL ME FAULT!
AS A MOMMA, I YAM A FAILURE!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO-
LISTING, A ROOSKER CROWIN'— IT IS ALMOST DAWN
SNIFF
SNIFF!
I KIN NOT STAN' 'AT CROWIN'— I WILL SHOO 'AT ROOSKER AWAY!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO-
SNIFF
WHA' TH'—??
SWEE'PEA?
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO


SWEE'PEA! ME LI'L BABY! YA HAS COME BACK TA YER PAPPY!
?
?
SPEAK TA ME, SWEE'PEA — WHERE HAS YA BEEN ALL NIGHT ?
?
COCK-A DOODLE DO
?
WHA TH'--?
THE YOUNG MAN SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A RATHER ODD MODE OF UTTERANCE
YEAH! HE TALKS QUEER, DON'T HE?
STOP 'AT NOISE, SWEE'PEA!! YA SOUNDS LIKE A BLASTID ROOSKER!
STOP IT!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO-
I YAM YER PAPPY AN' I SEZ FER YA TA STOP MAKIN' 'AT NOISE!
?
ERF! ME PAPPY? ERF! ERF! — I YAM A ROOSKER! YA KIN NOT BE ME PAPPY — YA AIN'T A BOID, YER A HOOMING!
ERF!
ERF

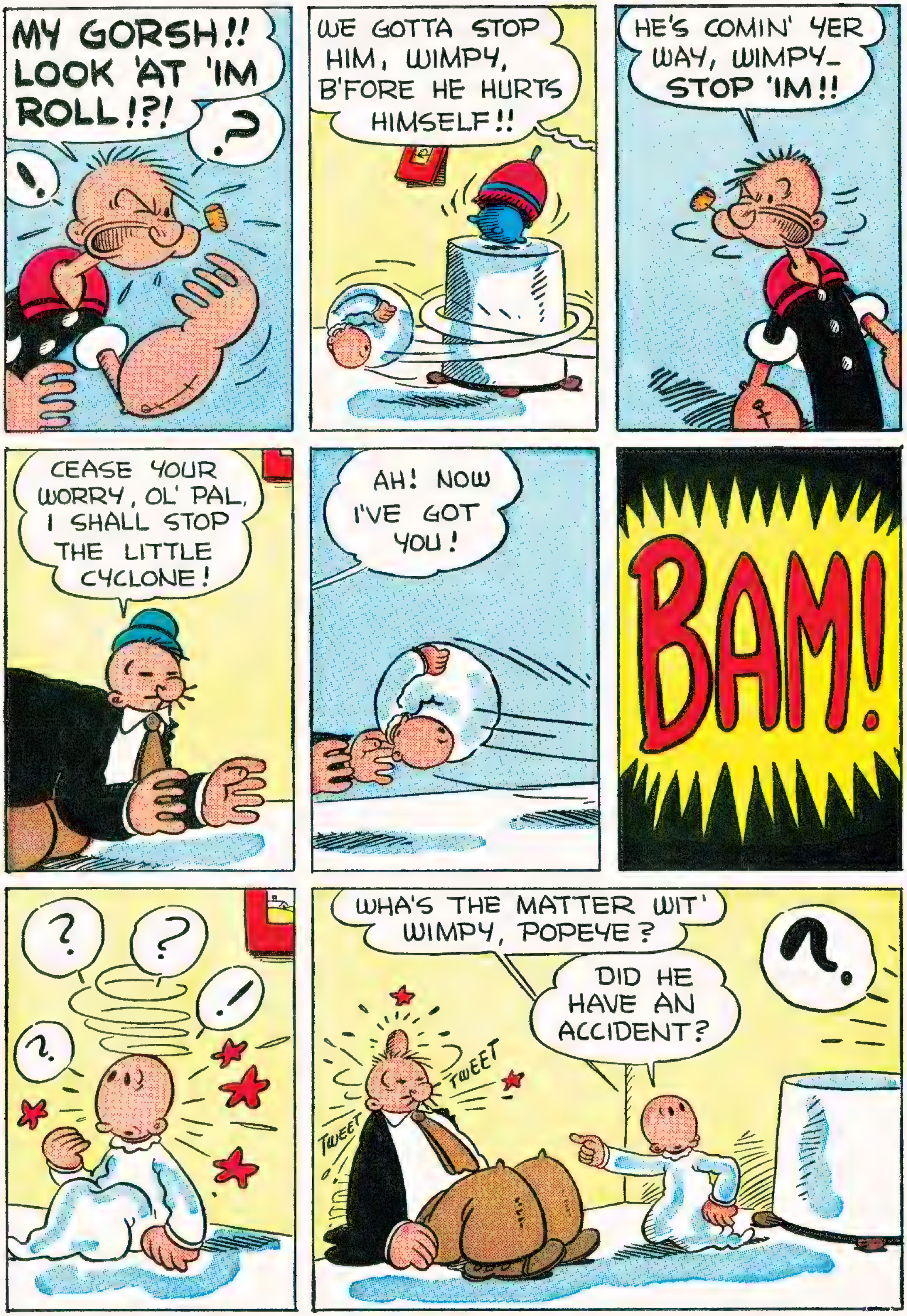

BLOW ME DOWN!! HE THINKS HE'S A ROOSKER!
WE BETTER GIT HIM INTA THE HOUSE!
YOU KEEP AN' EYE ON HIM, WIMPY— I WILL FIX SOME BREAK-FAST
VERY WELL
?
I'M GOING TO GET A DRINK OF WATER— YOU STAY RIGHT THERE!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
BREAKFAST IS READY! AHOY, WIMPY, WHERE IS SWEE'PEA?
HE RAN AWAY!
PHOOEY!! I TOLD YA TA WATCH HIM! COME ON! WE'LL HAVE TA FIND HIM!
I HAS LOOKED ALL OVER, BUT I DID NOT FIND HIM!
IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE YOUNG LAD IS!
MRS. JONES' CHICKENS!
AWK!! HE'S EATIN' CHICKEN FEED!?!
CLUCK

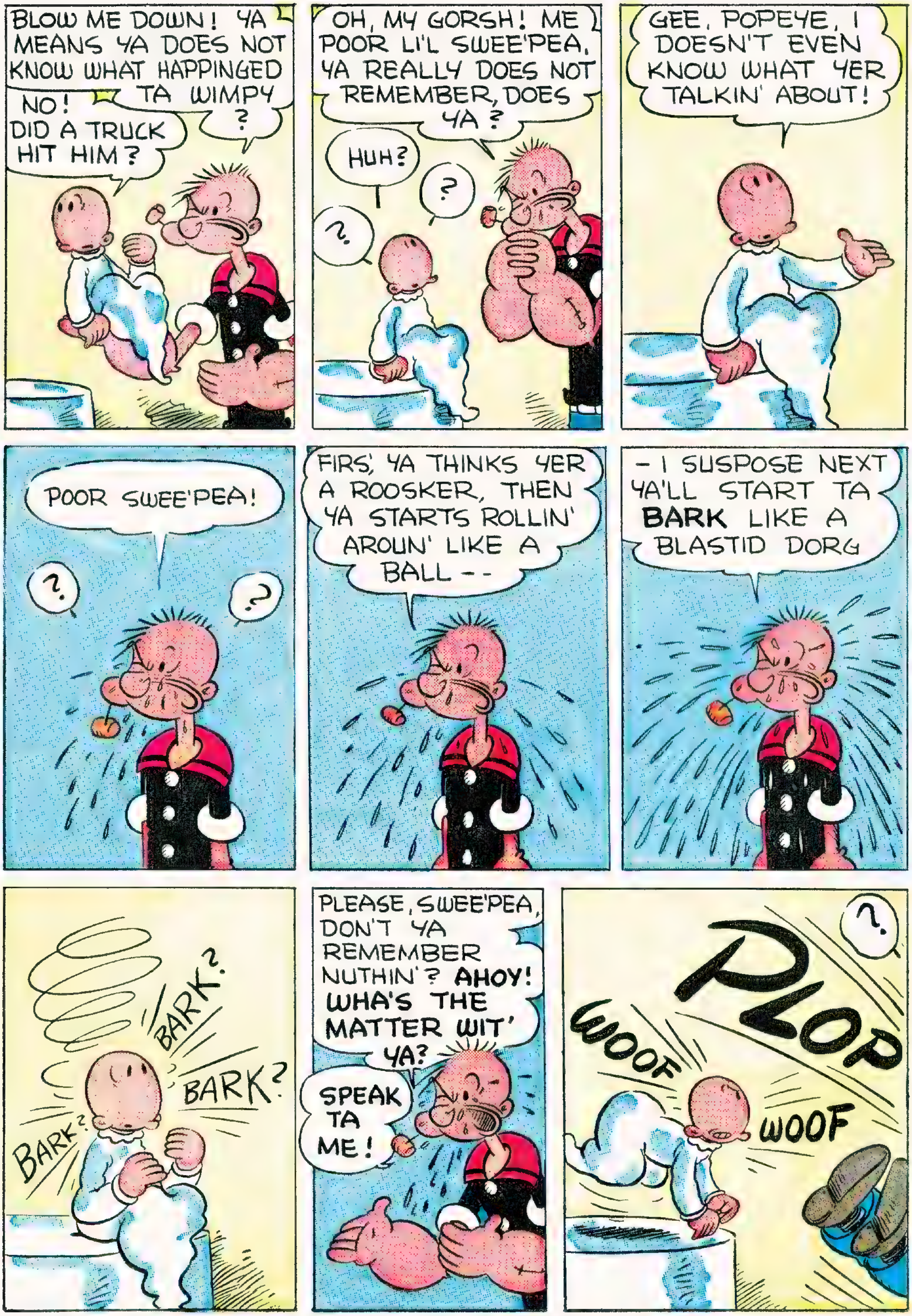

I THINKS I HAD BETTER GIT A DOCTOR!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
I WILL GO GIT A DOCTOR—DON'T LET HIM GIT AWAY AGAIN!
I'LL WATCH HIM!
SILLY BUSINESS, THIS! SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A ROOSTER? VERY AMUSING!
I YAM A ROOSKER!
MY DEAR YOUNG FELLOW! IF YOU ARE A ROOSTER, I WOULD APPRECIATE IT, IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR ABILITY TO FLY!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
SO YA DON'T THINK I KIN FLY! JUS' A SECOND AN' I'LL SHOW YA!
?
STAN' BACK!
GIVE ME ROOM!
HERE I GOES!
FLAP FLAP
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHERE YAM I ?
OH! AHOY, WIMPY! MY GORSH! I YAM HOME!

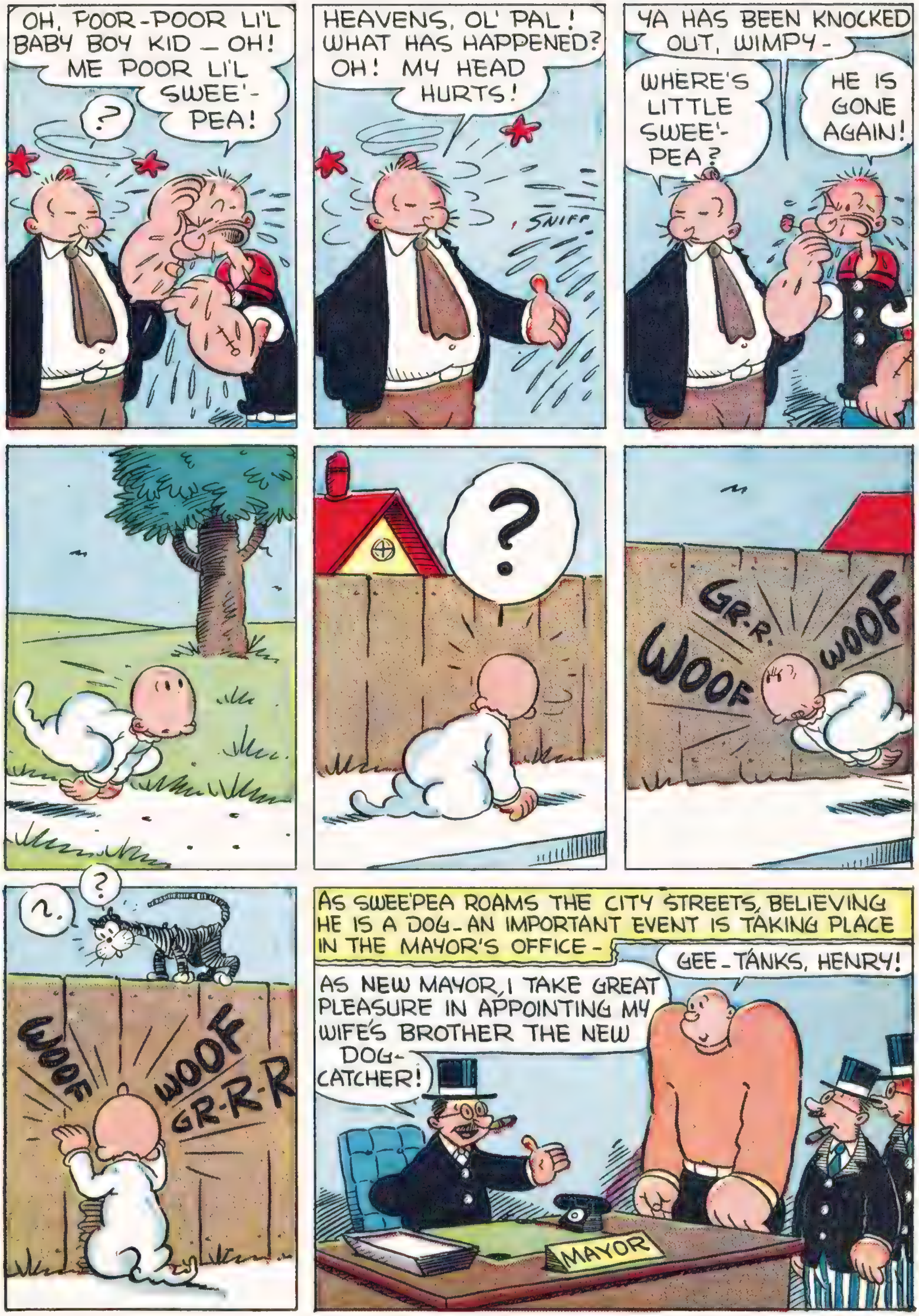


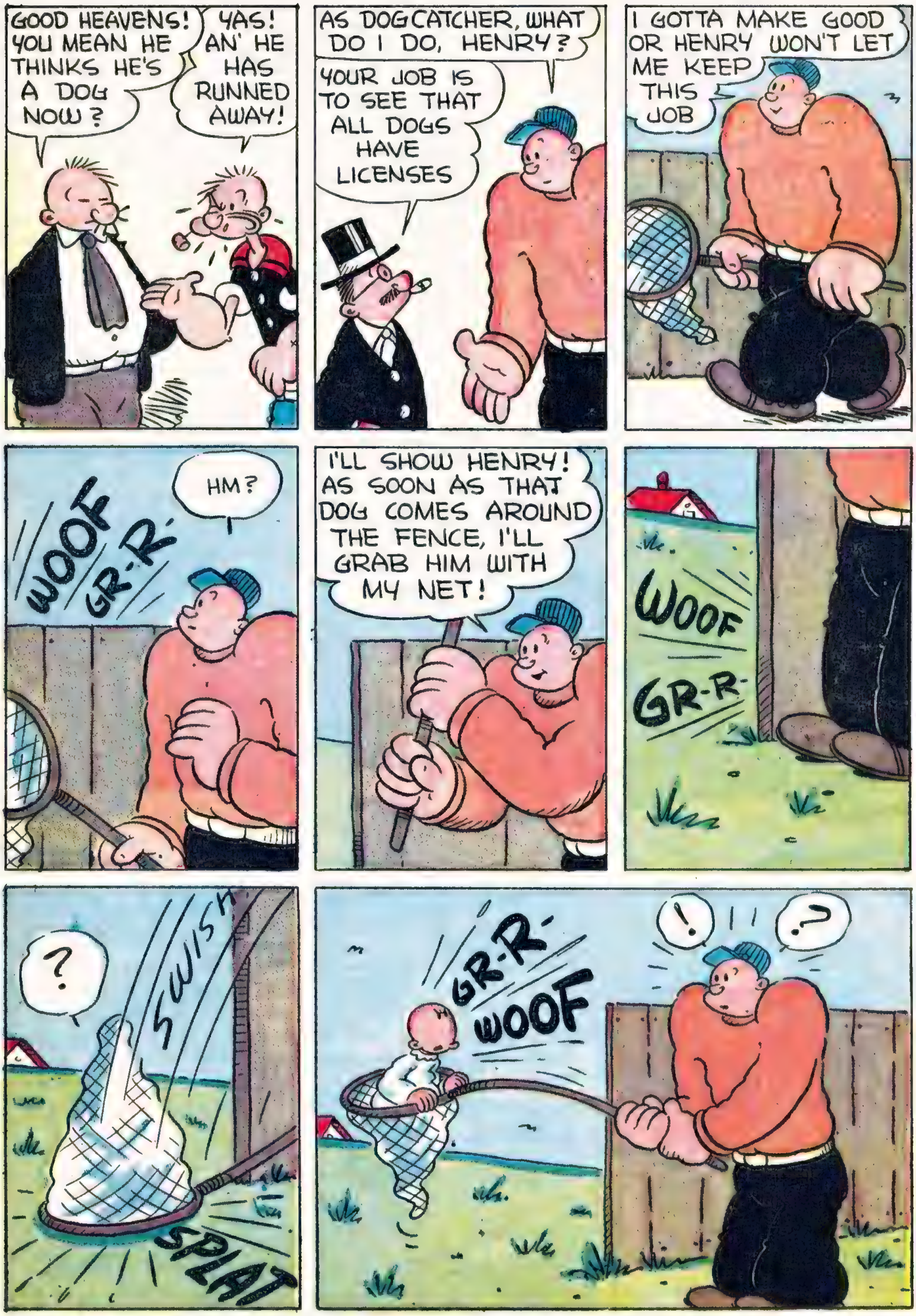
I HAS BRUNG A DOCTOR, WIMPY —HOW IS HE?
GERMS-GERMS-MAYBE I'LL FIND A NEW ONE!
HE'S FINE!
AHOY, POPEYE
STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE! HM! PHOOEY! PERFECTLY NORMAL! BAH!
WHY DO I ALWAYS GET HEALTHY PATIENTS?
?
THE YOUNG MAN IS IN VERY GOOD HEALTH!
SURE, POPEYE, I FEELS FINE!
I SEZ YA IS SICK!! YA KEEPS MAKIN' BLASTID ROOSKER NOISES!
A ROOSKER!?! ERF! GORSH, POPEYE, I YAM NO ROOSKER! I YAM A LI'L BOY KID!
ERF!
ERF!
YA WAS OUT ON THE FENCE THIS MORNIN', MAKIN' LIKE A ROOSKER!
ERF! ERF! YA'D BETTER LOOK AT **HIS** TONGUE, DOCTOR! —ERF! ME SITTIN' ON A FENCE LIKE A ROOSKER! ERF! ERF! 'AT'S SILLY!
HM?
YOUR TONGUE, PLEASE
ERF

I'M LEAVING — IF ANY OF YOU START FEELING LIKE A ROOSTER — PLEASE CALL A VET!
I KIN NOT FIGURE IT OUT, WIMPY — HE WAS ACTIN' LIKE A ROOSKER — WASN'T HE?
?
INDEED, HE WAS, OL' PAL — AND A VERY GOOD IMITATION!
YA MUS' JUS' BE KIDDIN' ME — I KNOWS I YAM NOT A ROOSKER!
ERF!
ERF!
WE WILL IGNORE HIM, WIMPY — LE'S HAVE SUMPIN' TA EAT!
IF YOU HAVE A ROLL, I'LL TAKE A HAMBURGER!
ROLL?
ROLL?
!
?
?

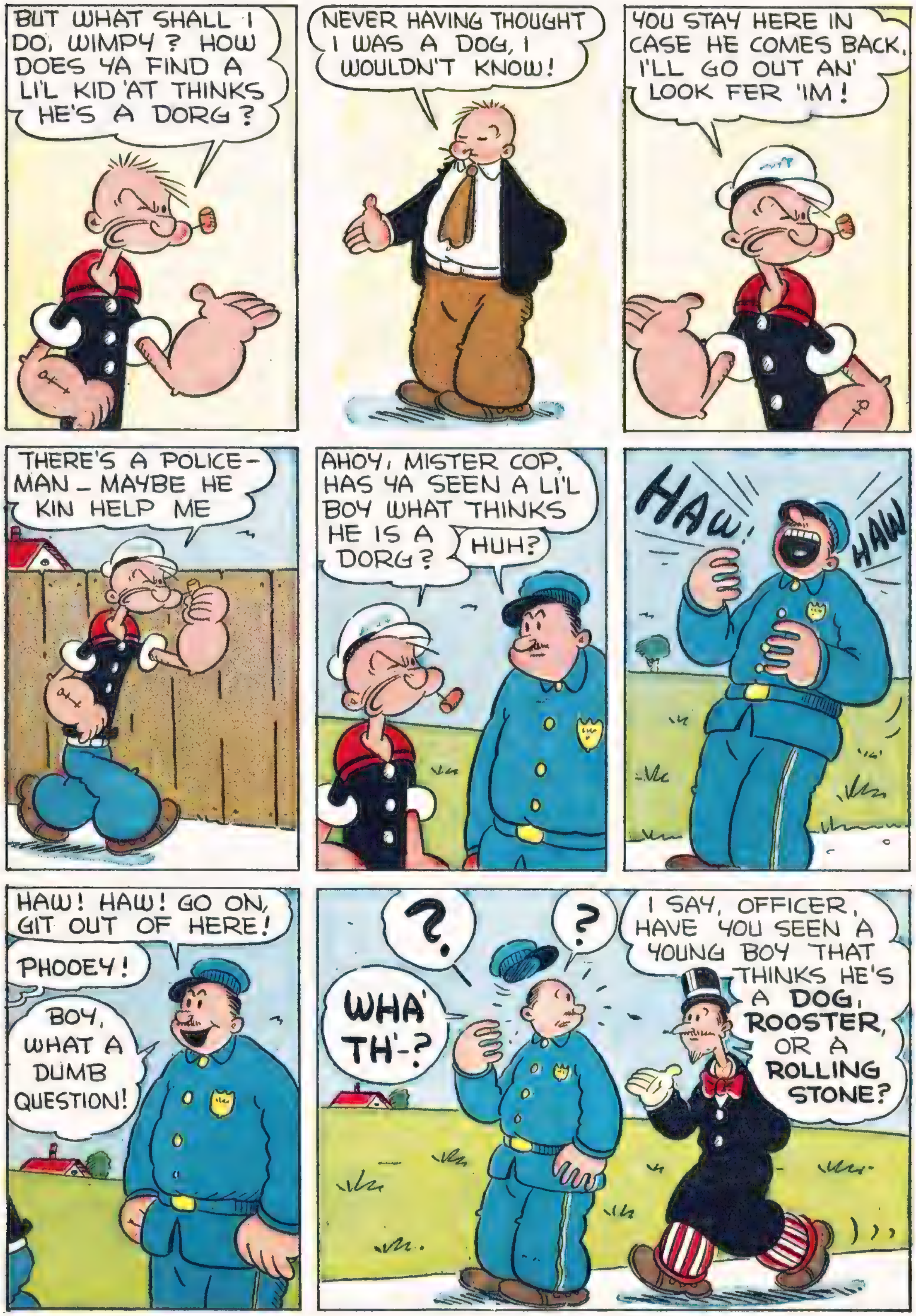

MY GORSH!! LOOK 'AT 'IM ROLL!?!
WE GOTTA STOP HIM, WIMPY, B'FORE HE HURTS HIMSELF!!
HE'S COMIN' YER WAY, WIMPY_ STOP 'IM!!
CEASE YOUR WORRY, OL' PAL, I SHALL STOP THE LITTLE CYCLONE!
AH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
BAM!
WHA'S THE MATTER WIT' WIMPY, POPEYE?
DID HE HAVE AN ACCIDENT?
TWEET
TWEET

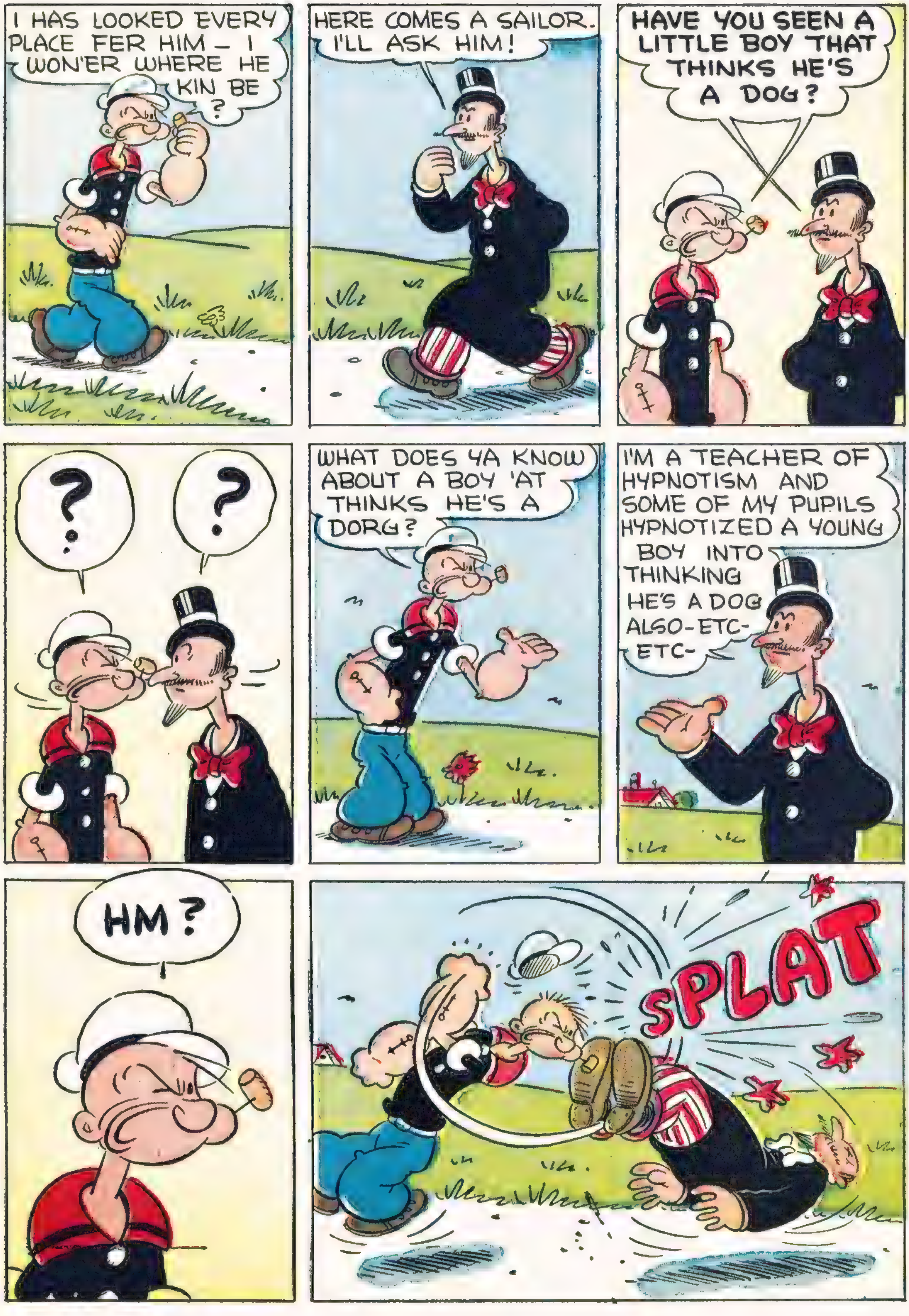

BLOW ME DOWN! YA MEANS YA DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPINGED TA WIMPY ?
NO! DID A TRUCK HIT HIM?
OH, MY GORSH! ME POOR LI'L SWEE'PEA, YA REALLY DOES NOT REMEMBER, DOES YA ?
HUH?
?
?
GEE, POPEYE, I DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT!
POOR SWEE'PEA!
?
?
FIRS', YA THINKS YER A ROOSKER, THEN YA STARTS ROLLIN' AROUN' LIKE A BALL --
- I SUSPOSE NEXT YA'LL START TA BARK LIKE A BLASTID DORG
BARK?
BARK?
BARK?
PLEASE, SWEE'PEA, DON'T YA REMEMBER NUTHIN'? AHOY! WHA'S THE MATTER WIT' YA?
SPEAK TA ME!
?
PLOP
WOOF
WOOF


OH, POOR-POOR LI'L BABY BOY KID — OH! ME POOR LI'L SWEE'-PEA!
?
HEAVENS, OL' PAL! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? OH! MY HEAD HURTS!
SNIFF
YA HAS BEEN KNOCKED OUT, WIMPY -
WHERE'S LITTLE SWEE'-PEA?
HE IS GONE AGAIN!
?
GR-R.
WOOF
WOOF
?
?
WOOF
WOOF
GR-R-R
AS SWEE'PEA ROAMS THE CITY STREETS, BELIEVING HE IS A DOG - AN IMPORTANT EVENT IS TAKING PLACE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE -
AS NEW MAYOR, I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN APPOINTING MY WIFE'S BROTHER THE NEW DOG-CATCHER!
GEE - TANKS, HENRY!
MAYOR

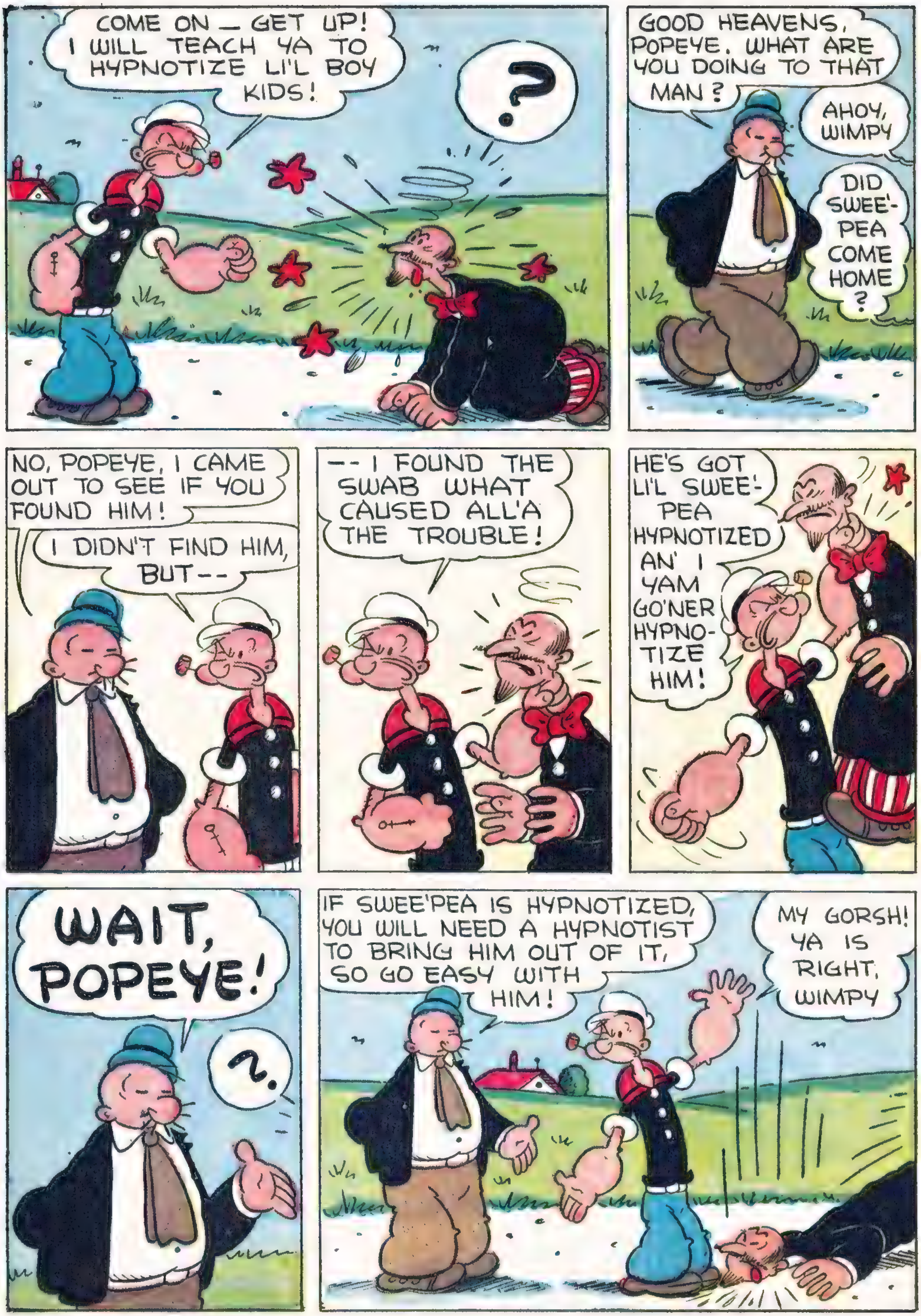

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU MEAN HE THINKS HE'S A DOG NOW?
YAS! AN' HE HAS RUNNED AWAY!
AS DOGCATCHER, WHAT DO I DO, HENRY?
YOUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT ALL DOGS HAVE LICENSES
I GOTTA MAKE GOOD OR HENRY WON'T LET ME KEEP THIS JOB
WOOF
GR-R-
HM?
I'LL SHOW HENRY! AS SOON AS THAT DOG COMES AROUND THE FENCE, I'LL GRAB HIM WITH MY NET!
WOOF
GR-R-
?
SWISH
SPLAT
GR-R-
WOOF
!
?

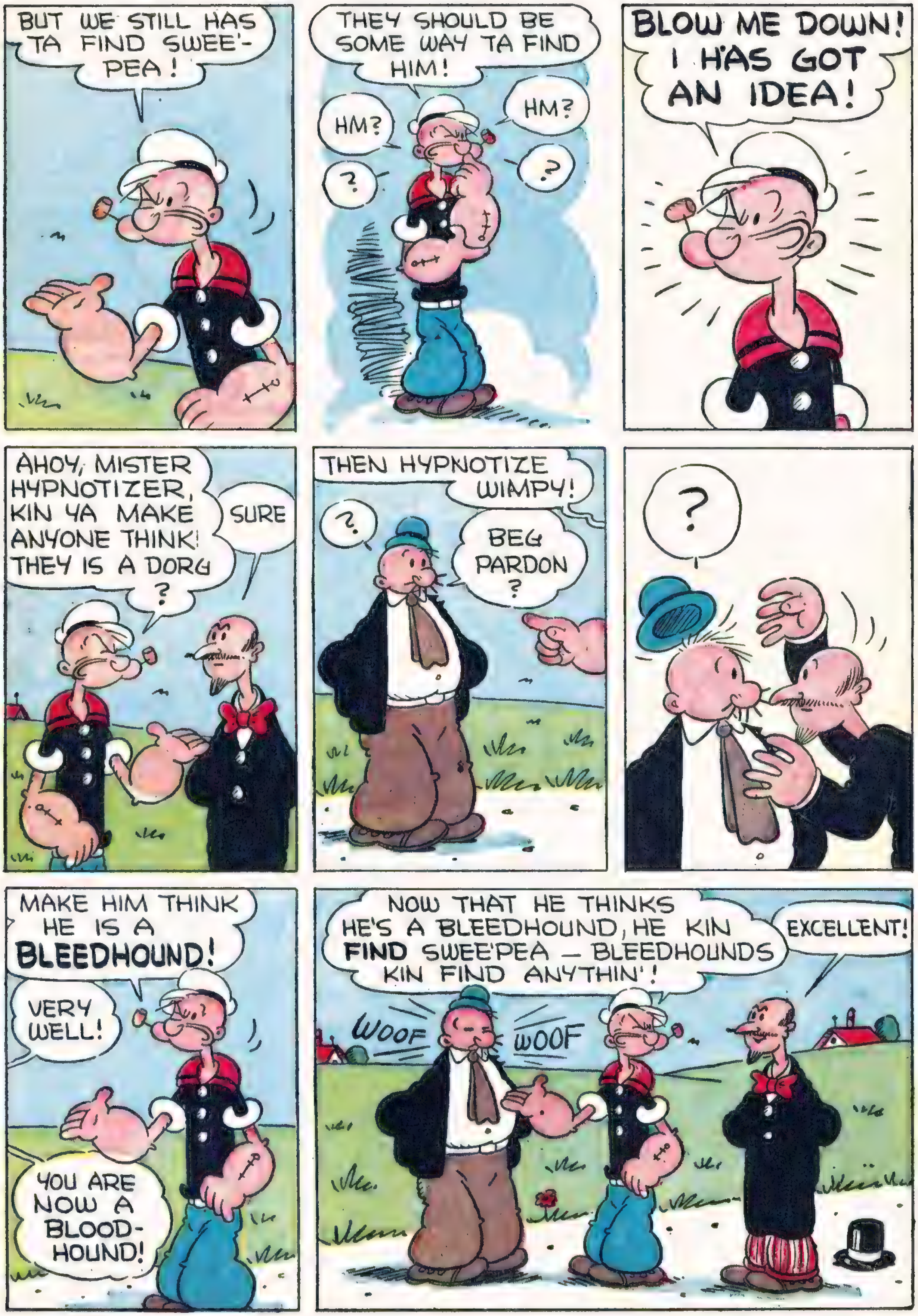
GOSH! WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE BOY?
I'M A DORG!
WOOF
BUT-BUT-YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A DOG!
WOOF!! I SEZ I YAM A DORG!
GR-R
OH, WHAT'LL I DO? HE DOES SOUND LIKE A DOG!
!
?
I CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES- HENRY WOULDN'T LIKE IT!
WOOF
IF YOU'RE A DOG- WHAT KIND OF A DOG ARE YOU?
WOOF
I YAM A SPINACH HOUND!
GR-R
WOOF
GEE-I'VE NEVER SEEN A SPINACH HOUND- AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A LICENSE!
I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES
AFTER ALL, A DOG SHOULD KNOW IF HE'S A DOG OR NOT!
WOOF
DOG POUND


BUT WHAT SHALL I DO, WIMPY? HOW DOES YA FIND A LI'L KID 'AT THINKS HE'S A DORG?
NEVER HAVING THOUGHT I WAS A DOG, I WOULDN'T KNOW!
YOU STAY HERE IN CASE HE COMES BACK, I'LL GO OUT AN' LOOK FER 'IM!
THERE'S A POLICE-MAN - MAYBE HE KIN HELP ME
AHOY, MISTER COP, HAS YA SEEN A LI'L BOY WHAT THINKS HE IS A DORG?
HUH?
HAW! HAW
HAW! HAW! GO ON, GIT OUT OF HERE!
PHOOEY!
BOY, WHAT A DUMB QUESTION!
I SAY, OFFICER, HAVE YOU SEEN A YOUNG BOY THAT THINKS HE'S A DOG, ROOSTER, OR A ROLLING STONE?
?
?
WHA' TH'-?



I HAS LOOKED EVERY PLACE FER HIM – I WON'ER WHERE HE KIN BE ?
HERE COMES A SAILOR. I'LL ASK HIM!
HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE BOY THAT THINKS HE'S A DOG?
?
?
WHAT DOES YA KNOW ABOUT A BOY 'AT THINKS HE'S A DORG?
I'M A TEACHER OF HYPNOTISM AND SOME OF MY PUPILS HYPNOTIZED A YOUNG BOY INTO THINKING HE'S A DOG ALSO-ETC-ETC-
HM?
SPLAT

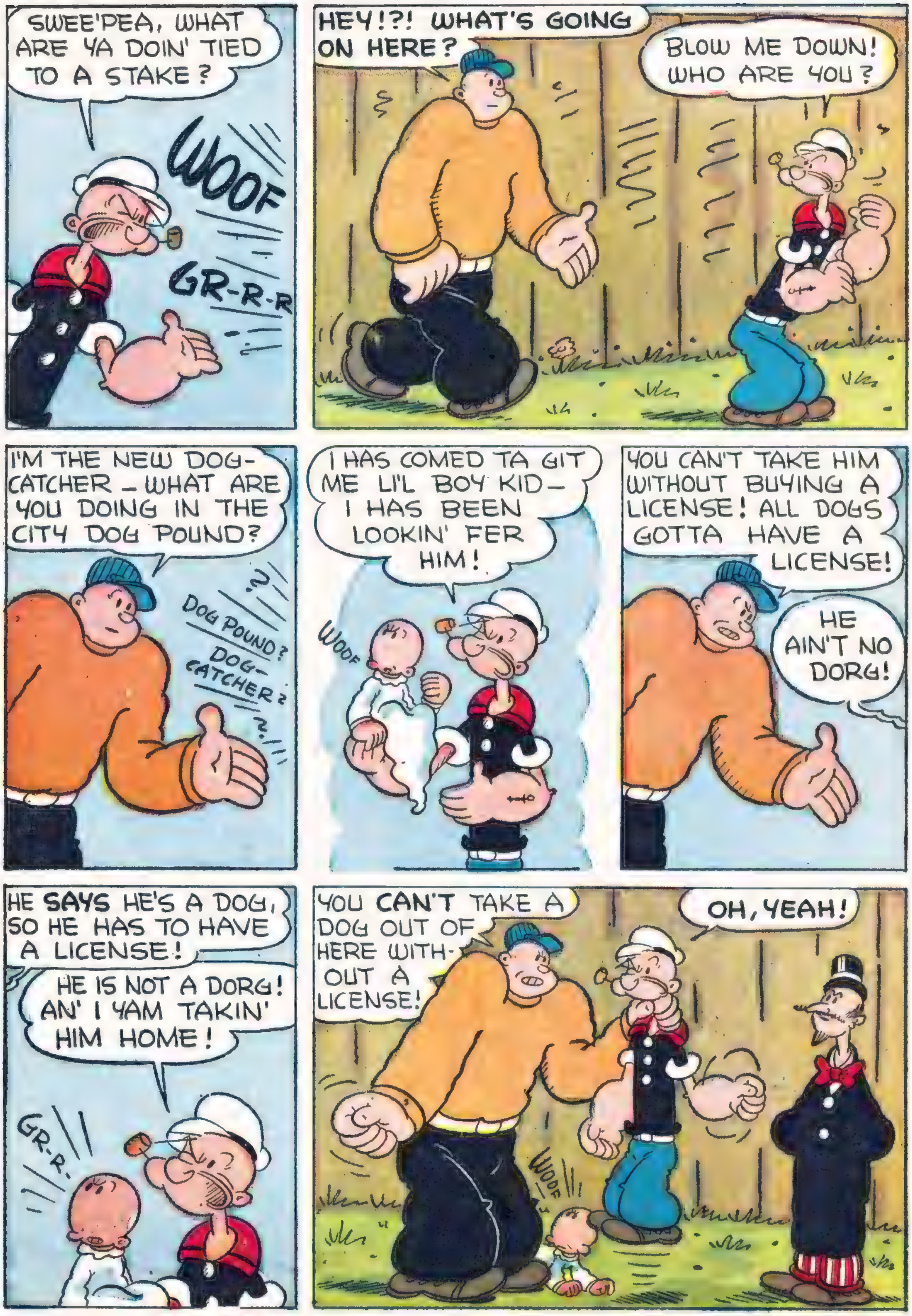

COME ON — GET UP! I WILL TEACH YA TO HYPNOTIZE LI'L BOY KIDS!
?
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT MAN?
AHOY, WIMPY
DID SWEE'-PEA COME HOME?
NO, POPEYE, I CAME OUT TO SEE IF YOU FOUND HIM!
I DIDN'T FIND HIM, BUT--
-- I FOUND THE SWAB WHAT CAUSED ALL'A THE TROUBLE!
HE'S GOT LI'L SWEE'-PEA HYPNOTIZED AN' I YAM GO'NER HYPNO-TIZE HIM!
WAIT, POPEYE!
?
IF SWEE'PEA IS HYPNOTIZED, YOU WILL NEED A HYPNOTIST TO BRING HIM OUT OF IT, SO GO EASY WITH HIM!
MY GORSH! YA IS RIGHT, WIMPY



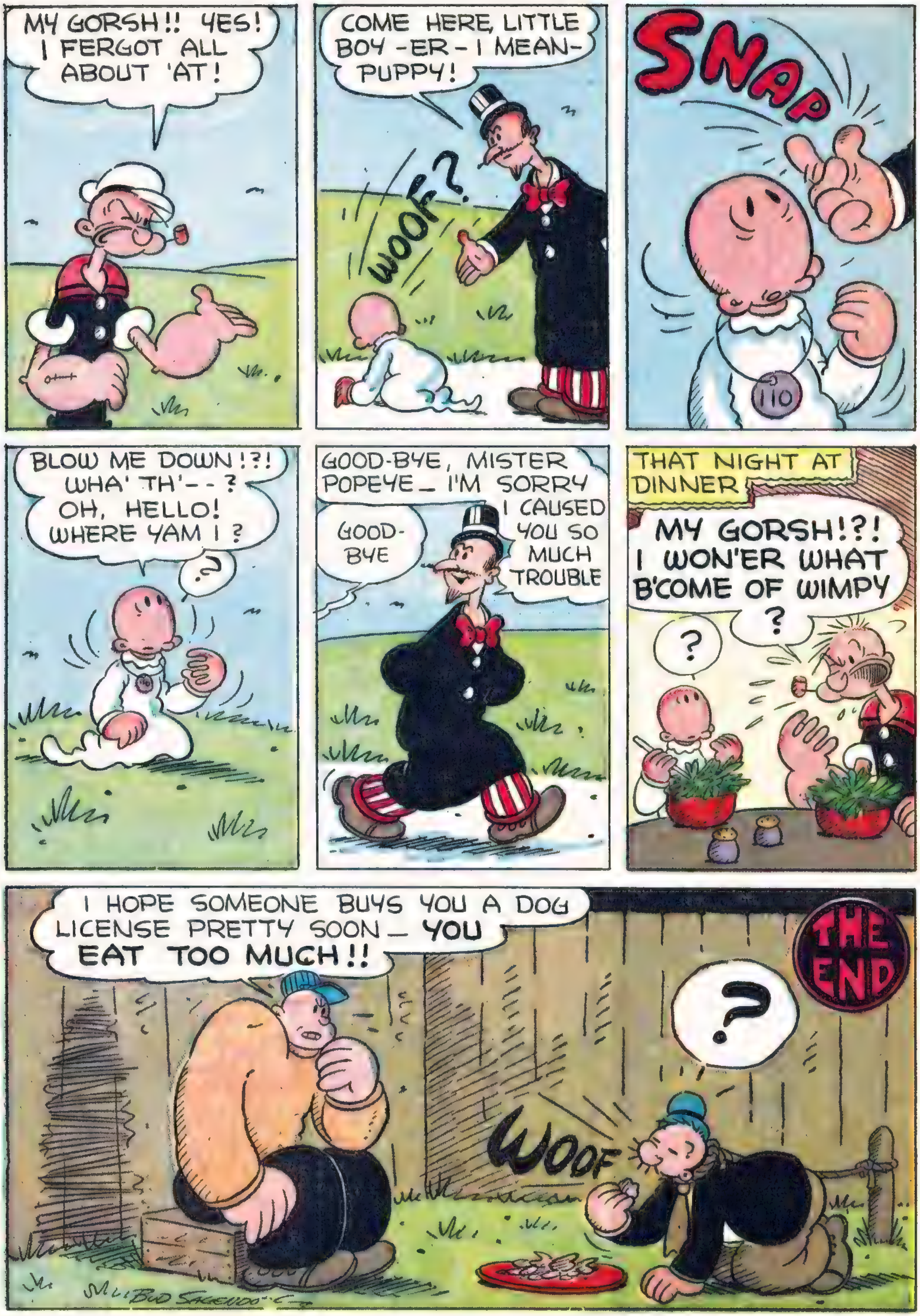
BUT WE STILL HAS TA FIND SWEE'-PEA!
THEY SHOULD BE SOME WAY TA FIND HIM!
HM?
HM?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN! I HAS GOT AN IDEA!
AHOY, MISTER HYPNOTIZER, KIN YA MAKE ANYONE THINK THEY IS A DORG?
SURE
THEN HYPNOTIZE WIMPY!
?
BEG PARDON?
?
MAKE HIM THINK HE IS A BLEEDHOUND!
VERY WELL!
YOU ARE NOW A BLOOD-HOUND!
NOW THAT HE THINKS HE'S A BLEEDHOUND, HE KIN FIND SWEE'PEA — BLEEDHOUNDS KIN FIND ANYTHIN'!
EXCELLENT!
WOOF
WOOF

OKAY, MISTER BLEED-HOUND, GO FIND ME LI'L SWEE'PEA!
WOOF
SNIFF
WOOF!
SNIFF!
WOOF
I HOPES HE KNOWS WHERE HE IS GOIN'!
WOOF
SNIFF
IF HE'S AROUND, HE'LL FIND HIM!
WOOF
WOOF
SNIFF
LOOK!?!
?
HE'S STOPPED RIGHT UP AGAINST A FENCE!
?
?
SNIFF
WOOF

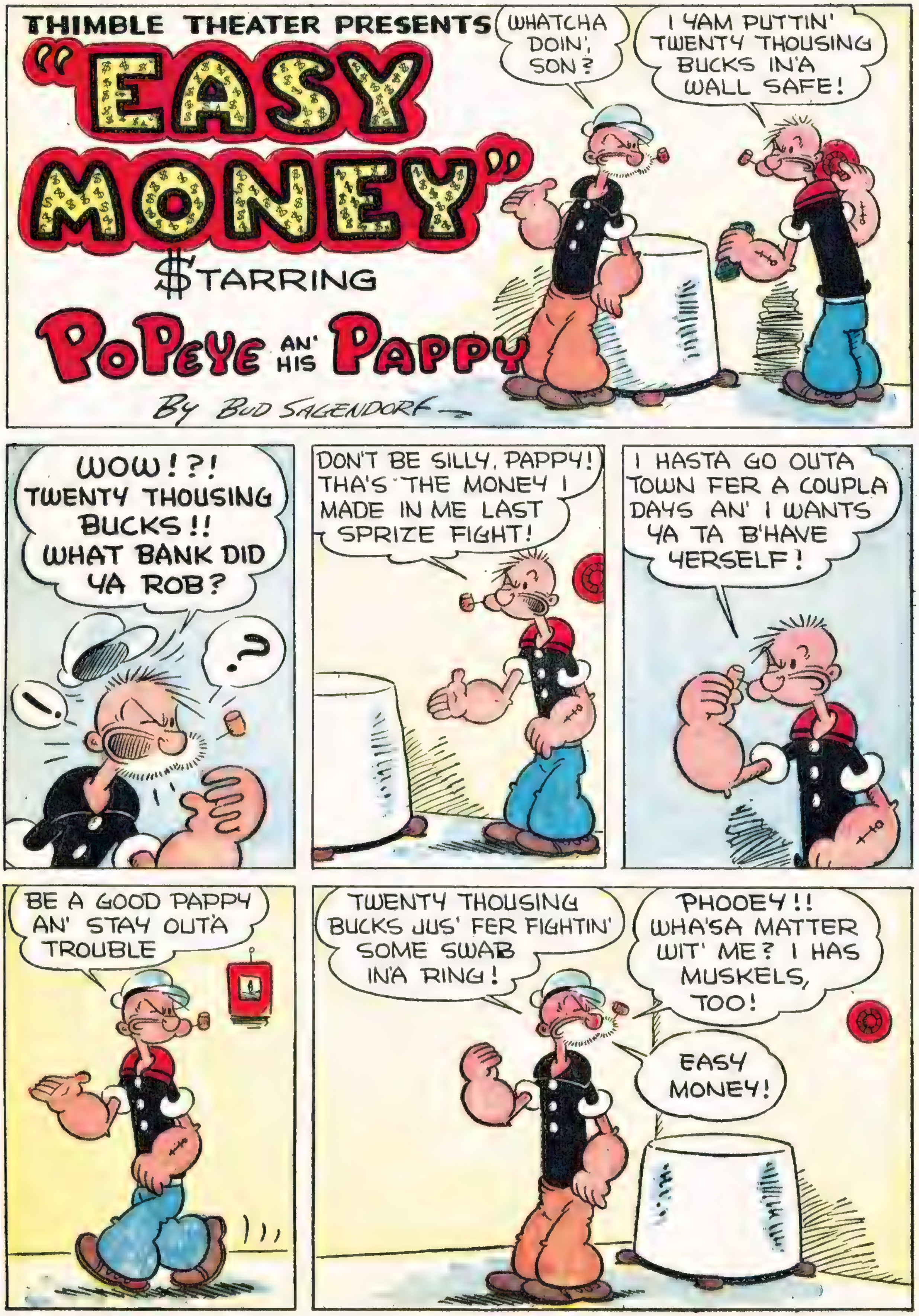
THE FENCE MUST BE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRAIL!
WHAT'LL WE DO?
WOOF
WOOF
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO LEAD WIMPY AROUND THE FENCE AND PICK UP THE TRAIL ON THE OTHER SIDE!
OKAY! COME ON, WIMPY!
MY GORSH! HE DOES NOT WANT TA COME!
WOOF
WOOF
THEY IS ONLY ONE THING TA DO!
WE WILL HAFTA GO THROUGH THE FENCE!
CRACK
OKAY, MISTER BLEED-HOUND – YA KIN GO THROUGH NOW!
MY GORSH, SWEE'PEA!
WIMPY HAS FOUND HIM!
WOOF
WOOF


SWEE'PEA, WHAT ARE YA DOIN' TIED TO A STAKE?
WOOF
GR-R-R
HEY!?! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
BLOW ME DOWN! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE NEW DOG-CATCHER - WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE CITY DOG POUND?
DOG POUND?
DOG-CATCHER?
I HAS COMED TA GIT ME LI'L BOY KID- I HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FER HIM!
WOOF
YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM WITHOUT BUYING A LICENSE! ALL DOGS GOTTA HAVE A LICENSE!
HE AIN'T NO DORG!
HE SAYS HE'S A DOG, SO HE HAS TO HAVE A LICENSE!
HE IS NOT A DORG! AN' I YAM TAKIN' HIM HOME!
GR-R-
YOU CAN'T TAKE A DOG OUT OF HERE WITH-OUT A LICENSE!
OH, YEAH!
WOOF

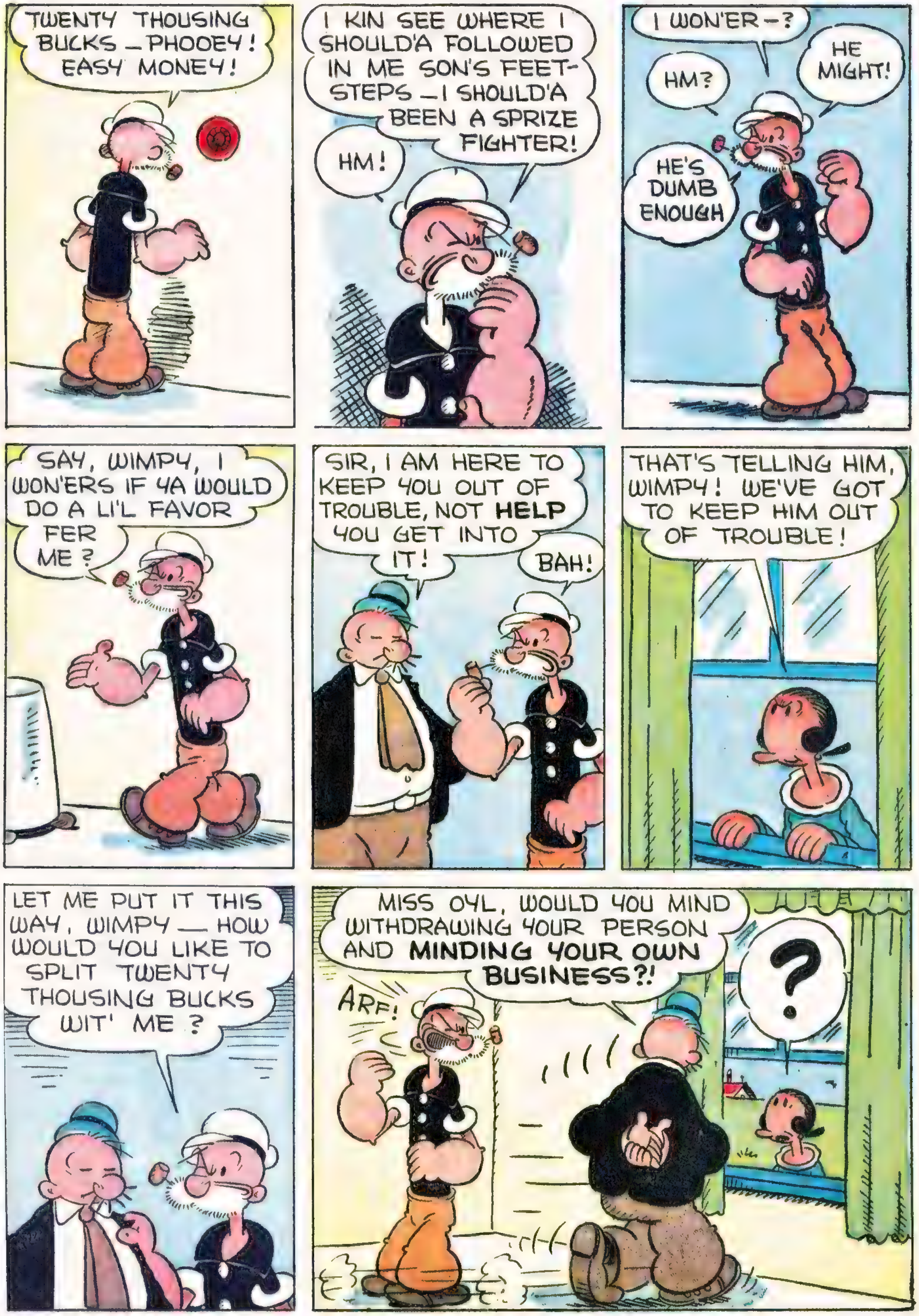
BAM
GOSH! DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT? I'M ONLY TRYIN' TO DO MY JOB!
NOW KIN I TAKE ME LI'L BOY HOME?
BUT- BUT- B-T-
BUT WHAT WILL HENRY SAY? — YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE HIM OUT OF HERE WITHOUT A LICENSE!
WON'T YOU PLEASE BUY A LICENSE? I'LL LOSE MY JOB, IF YOU DON'T!
OKAY, I DOES NOT WANT YA TA LOSE YER JOB — GIMME A LICENSE AN' WE WILL LEAVE!
IMAGINE — MAKIN' YA BUY A LICENSE FER A LI'L BOY KID!
PHOOEY!
ER-AH- MR. POPEYE, DON'T YOU THINK I SHOULD DEHYPNOTIZE THE YOUNG MAN NOW?
WOOF

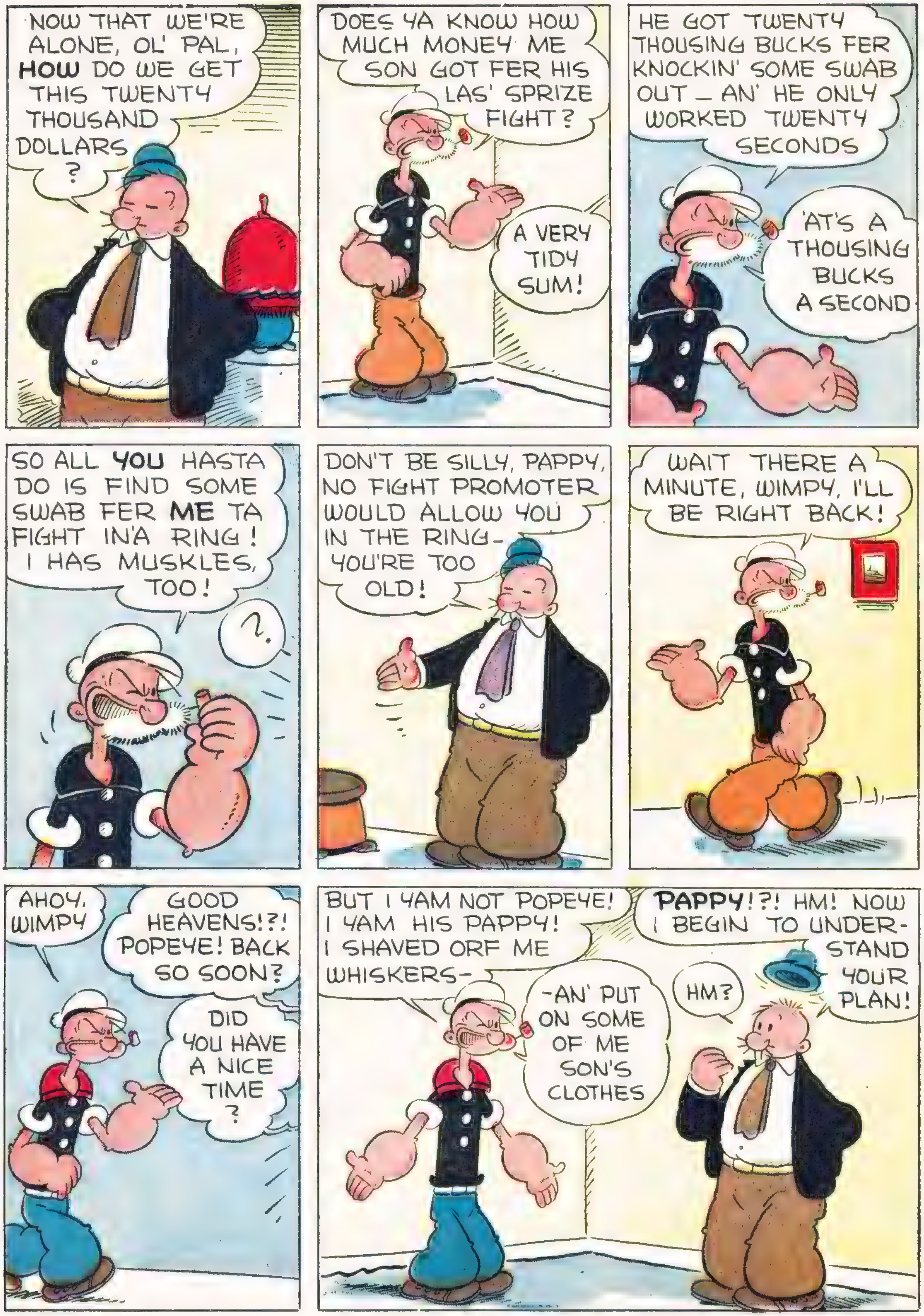


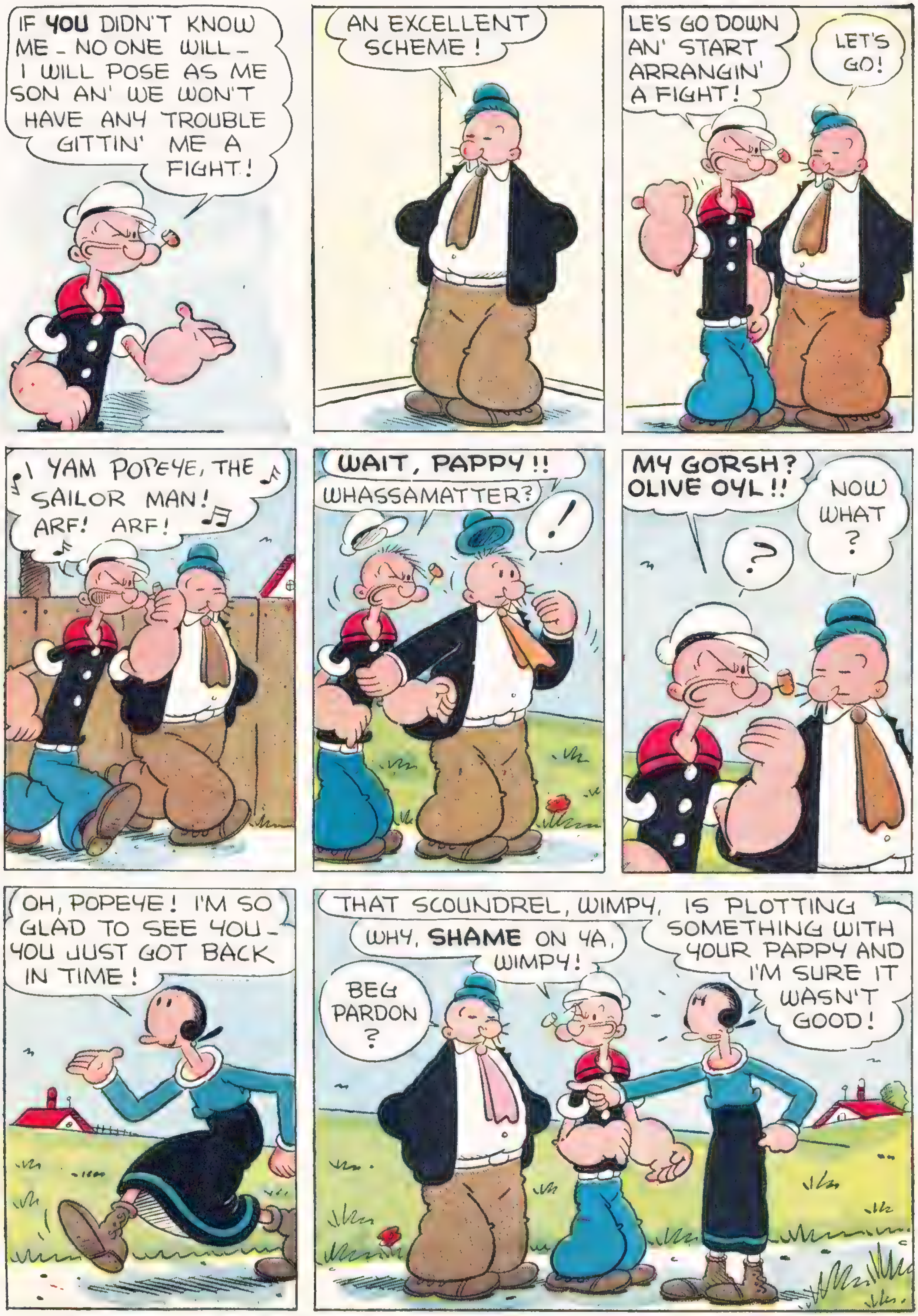
MY GORSH!! YES! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT 'AT!
COME HERE, LITTLE BOY -ER- I MEAN- PUPPY!
WOOF?
SNAP
110
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA' TH'--? OH, HELLO! WHERE YAM I ?
?
GOOD-BYE, MISTER POPEYE_ I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE
GOOD-BYE
THAT NIGHT AT DINNER
MY GORSH!?! I WON'ER WHAT B'COME OF WIMPY
?
?
I HOPE SOMEONE BUYS YOU A DOG LICENSE PRETTY SOON_ YOU EAT TOO MUCH!!
THE END
?
WOOF
BUD SAGENDORF


THIMBLE THEATER PRESENTS
"EASY MONEY"
$TARRING
POPEYE AN' HIS PAPPY
BY BUD SAGENDORF
WHATCHA DOIN', SON?
I YAM PUTTIN' TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS IN'A WALL SAFE!
WOW!?! TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS!! WHAT BANK DID YA ROB?
DON'T BE SILLY, PAPPY! THA'S THE MONEY I MADE IN ME LAST SPRIZE FIGHT!
I HASTA GO OUTA TOWN FER A COUPLA DAYS AN' I WANTS YA TA B'HAVE YERSELF!
BE A GOOD PAPPY AN' STAY OUTA TROUBLE
TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS JUS' FER FIGHTIN' SOME SWAB IN'A RING!
PHOOEY!! WHA'SA MATTER WIT' ME? I HAS MUSKELS, TOO!
EASY MONEY!

I DOESN'T TRUSK PAPPY! I THINK I'D BETTER STOP AN' SEE WIMPY!
LISTING, WIMPY, I HASTA GO OUT OF TOWN – I WANTS YA TO GO OVER AN' STAY AT ME HOUSE AN' KEEP AN EYE ON ME PAPPY UNTIL I GITS BACK!
VERY WELL, OL' PAL!
YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT I SHALL KEEP YOUR FATHER OUT OF TROUBLE!
BLOW ME DOWN! I DON'T THINK I TRUSKS WIMPY, EITHER!
OLIVE, I YAM HAVIN' WIMPY KEEP AN' EYE ON ME PAPPY AN' I WANTS YOU TA KEEP AN EYE ON WIMPY TA SEE 'AT HE DON'T LET PAPPY GIT INTA TROUBLE!
DON'T WORRY, POPEYE, I'LL SEE THAT THEY BOTH BEHAVE THEM-SELVES!
NOW I FEELS SAFE TA LEAVE TOWN
TUM-DE-TUM
SPIES! SPIES! WHATCHA THINK I YAM – A BLASTID INFINK?
PHOOEY

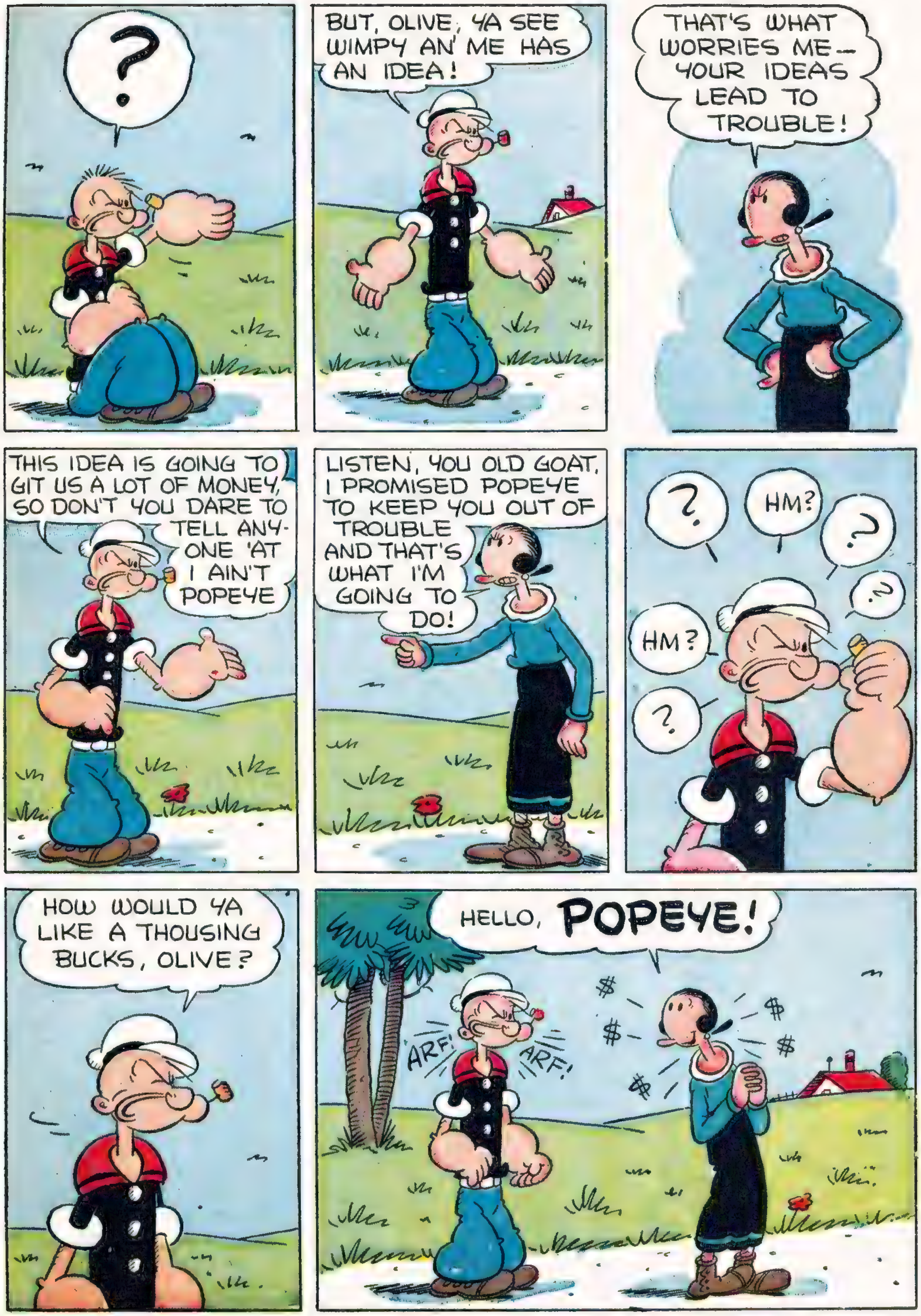

TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS — PHOOEY! EASY MONEY!
I KIN SEE WHERE I SHOULD'A FOLLOWED IN ME SON'S FEET-STEPS — I SHOULD'A BEEN A SPRIZE FIGHTER!
HM!
I WON'ER —?
HM?
HE MIGHT!
HE'S DUMB ENOUGH
SAY, WIMPY, I WON'ERS IF YA WOULD DO A LI'L FAVOR FER ME?
SIR, I AM HERE TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE, NOT HELP YOU GET INTO IT!
BAH!
THAT'S TELLING HIM, WIMPY! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE!
LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY, WIMPY — HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPLIT TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS WIT' ME?
MISS OYL, WOULD YOU MIND WITHDRAWING YOUR PERSON AND MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS?!
ARF!
?

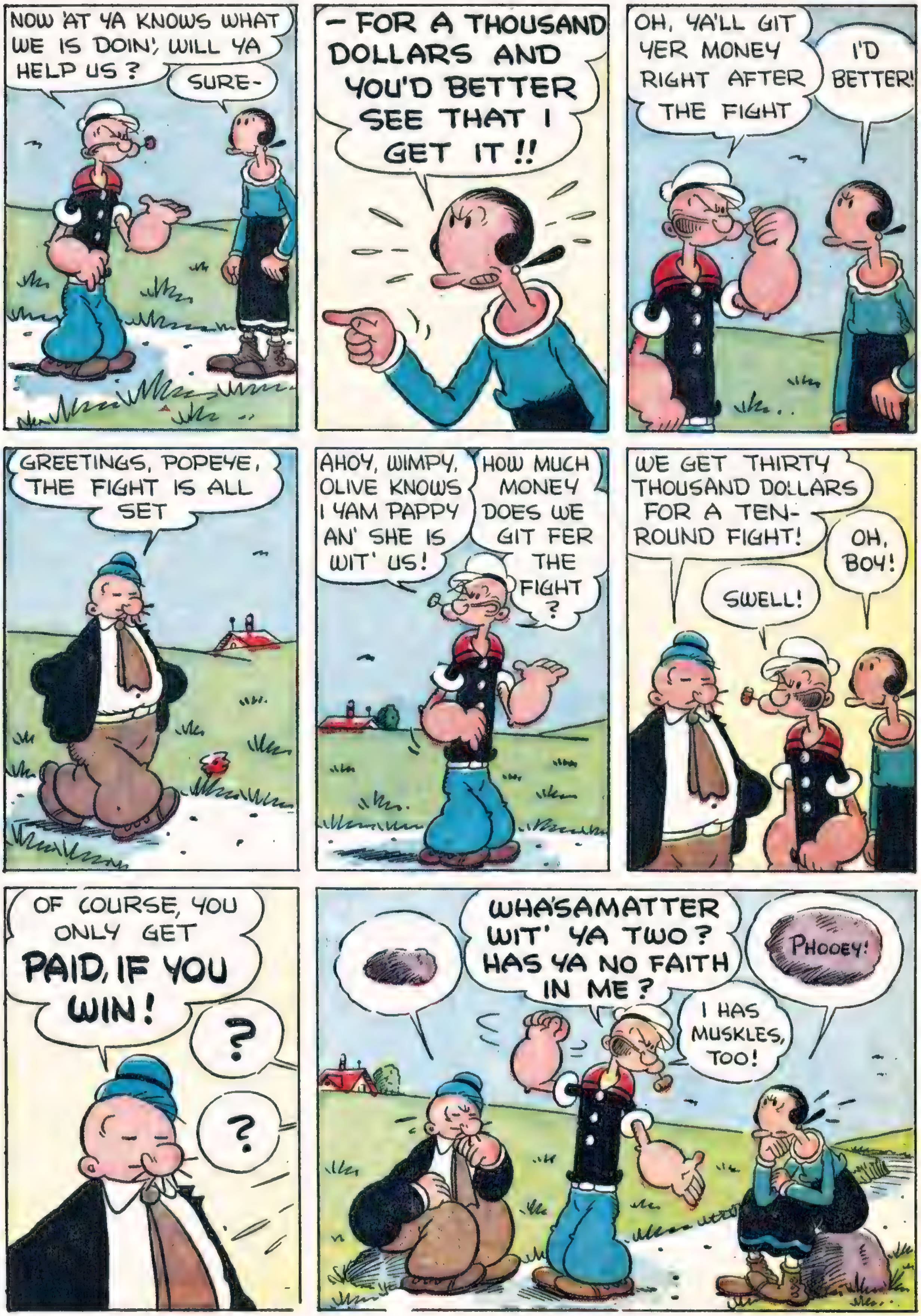

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, OL' PAL, **HOW** DO WE GET THIS TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ?
DOES YA KNOW HOW MUCH MONEY ME SON GOT FER HIS LAS' SPRIZE FIGHT?
A VERY TIDY SUM!
HE GOT TWENTY THOUSING BUCKS FER KNOCKIN' SOME SWAB OUT – AN' HE ONLY WORKED TWENTY SECONDS
'AT'S A THOUSING BUCKS A SECOND
SO ALL **YOU** HASTA DO IS FIND SOME SWAB FER **ME** TA FIGHT IN'A RING! I HAS MUSKLES, TOO!
?
DON'T BE SILLY, PAPPY, NO FIGHT PROMOTER WOULD ALLOW YOU IN THE RING– YOU'RE TOO OLD!
WAIT THERE A MINUTE, WIMPY, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
AHOY, WIMPY
GOOD HEAVENS!?! POPEYE! BACK SO SOON?
DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME ?
BUT I YAM NOT POPEYE! I YAM HIS PAPPY! I SHAVED ORF ME WHISKERS–
–AN' PUT ON SOME OF ME SON'S CLOTHES
HM?
PAPPY!?! HM! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDER-STAND YOUR PLAN!

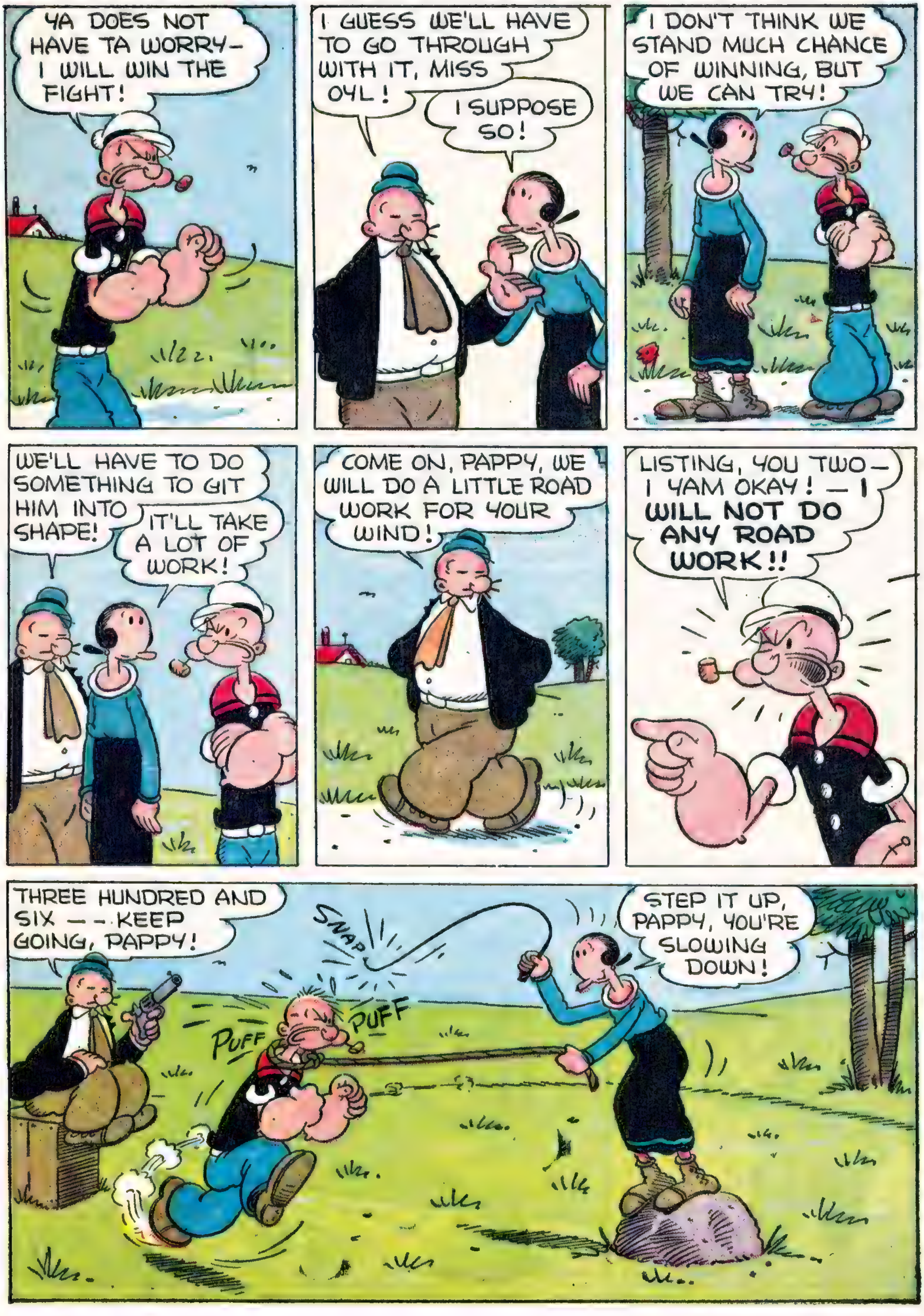


IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME - NO ONE WILL - I WILL POSE AS ME SON AN' WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GITTIN' ME A FIGHT!
AN EXCELLENT SCHEME!
LE'S GO DOWN AN' START ARRANGIN' A FIGHT!
LET'S GO!
I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN! ARF! ARF!
WAIT, PAPPY!!
WHASSAMATTER?
!
MY GORSH? OLIVE OYL!!
?
NOW WHAT ?
OH, POPEYE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU - YOU JUST GOT BACK IN TIME!
THAT SCOUNDREL, WIMPY, IS PLOTTING SOMETHING WITH YOUR PAPPY AND I'M SURE IT WASN'T GOOD!
WHY, SHAME ON YA, WIMPY!
BEG PARDON ?

PAPPY-ER-I MEAN, POPEYE, I'LL GO ON DOWN AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR FIGHT!
OKAY, WIMPY
OH, POPEYE, DEAR! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER HORRIBLE FIGHT?
YEA!
I WORRY SO WHEN YOU'RE IN THE RING
SNIFF
OH, POPEYE, I LOVE YOU SO!
SMACK
WHEE-EE! 'AT'S FUN! LE'S DO IT AGAIN!
WHY-YOU-YOU OLD GOAT!!
SMACK
PAPPY! THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY TO PASS YOURSELF OFF AS YOUR SON, DON'T FORGET TO DRAW SOME ANCHORS ON YOUR ARMS!


?
BUT, OLIVE, YA SEE WIMPY AN' ME HAS AN IDEA!
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME— YOUR IDEAS LEAD TO TROUBLE!
THIS IDEA IS GOING TO GIT US A LOT OF MONEY, SO DON'T YOU DARE TO TELL ANYONE 'AT I AIN'T POPEYE
LISTEN, YOU OLD GOAT, I PROMISED POPEYE TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
?
HM?
?
?
HM?
?
HOW WOULD YA LIKE A THOUSING BUCKS, OLIVE?
HELLO, POPEYE!
ARF!
ARF!


NOW 'AT YA KNOWS WHAT WE IS DOIN', WILL YA HELP US ?
SURE-
- FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND YOU'D BETTER SEE THAT I GET IT !!
OH, YA'LL GIT YER MONEY RIGHT AFTER THE FIGHT
I'D BETTER!
GREETINGS, POPEYE, THE FIGHT IS ALL SET
AHOY, WIMPY, OLIVE KNOWS I YAM PAPPY AN' SHE IS WIT' US!
HOW MUCH MONEY DOES WE GIT FER THE FIGHT ?
WE GET THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A TEN-ROUND FIGHT!
OH, BOY!
SWELL!
OF COURSE, YOU ONLY GET PAID, IF YOU WIN!
?
?
WHA'SAMATTER WIT' YA TWO ? HAS YA NO FAITH IN ME ?
I HAS MUSKLES, TOO!
PHOOEY!

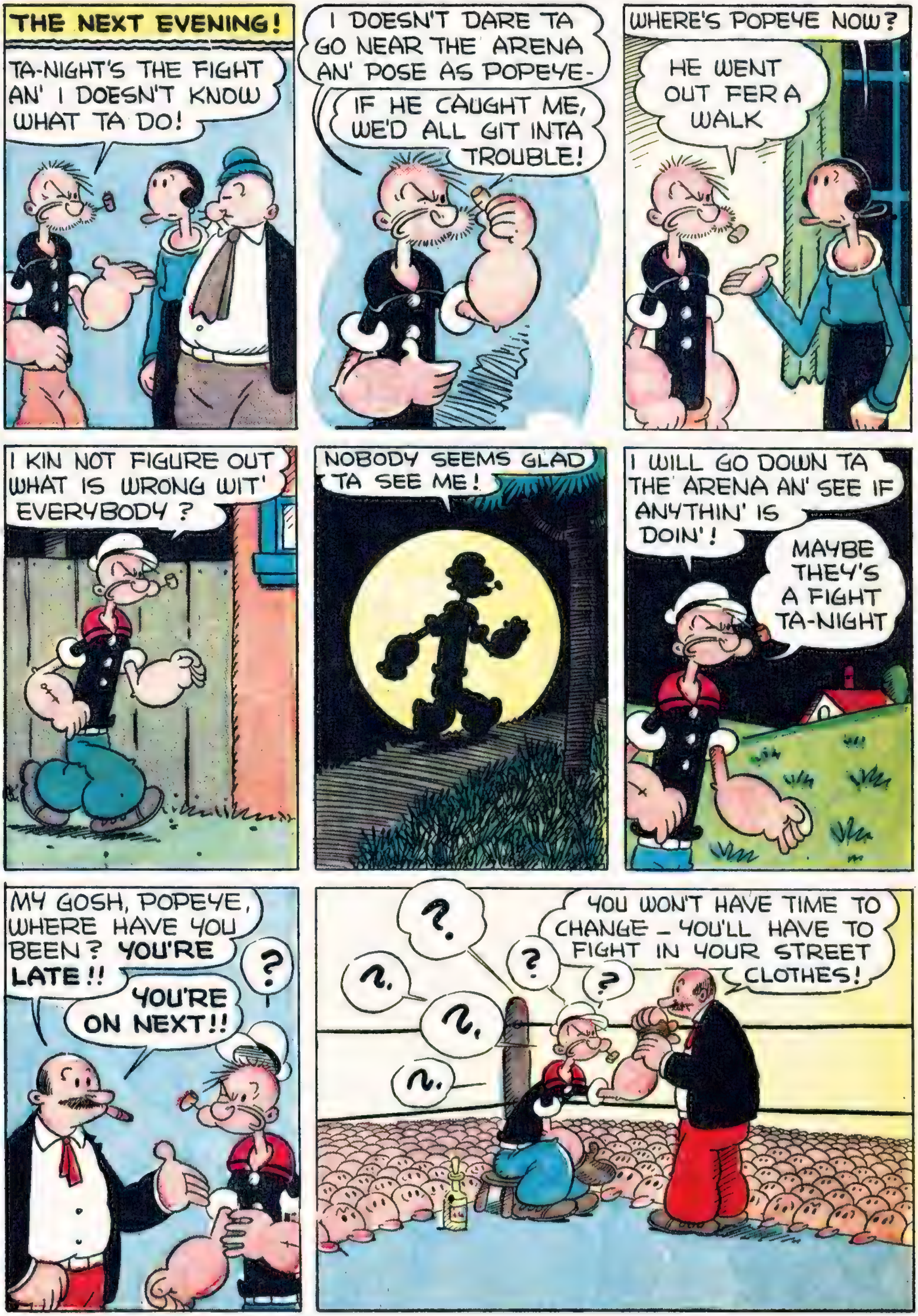

YA DOES NOT HAVE TA WORRY— I WILL WIN THE FIGHT!
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, MISS OYL!
I SUPPOSE SO!
I DON'T THINK WE STAND MUCH CHANCE OF WINNING, BUT WE CAN TRY!
WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO GIT HIM INTO SHAPE!
IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF WORK!
COME ON, PAPPY, WE WILL DO A LITTLE ROAD WORK FOR YOUR WIND!
LISTING, YOU TWO— I YAM OKAY! —I WILL NOT DO ANY ROAD WORK!!
THREE HUNDRED AND SIX — — KEEP GOING, PAPPY!
SNAP
PUFF
PUFF
STEP IT UP, PAPPY, YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN!

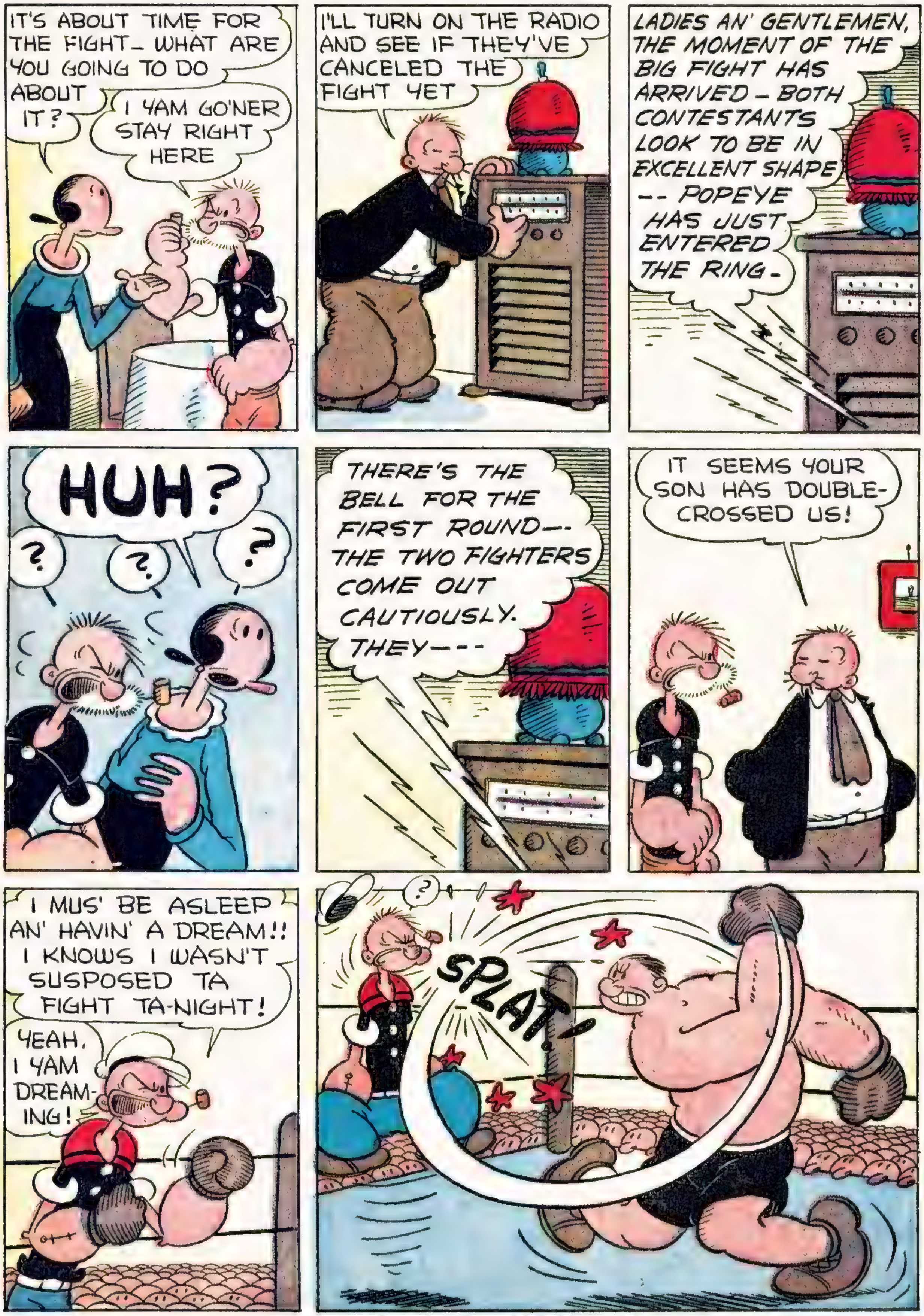
WE'VE BEEN TRAINING PAPPY FOR TWO DAYS. I HOPE HE'S GETTING STRONGER!
HERE COMES PAPPY DOWN THE STREET! I WONDER WHY WIMPY ISN'T MAKING HIM WORK?
AHOY, OLIVE
WHY AREN'T YOU DOING YOUR ROAD WORK ?
HUH?
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET IN SHAPE, WANDERING AROUND TOWN?
BUT- BUT--
BLOW ME DOWN! OLIVE!! WHA'CHA TALKIN' ABOUT? I JUST GOT BACK FROM ME TRIP!
POPEYE? YIPE!
?
?
WHA-TH'--?
?
PARDON ME - I HAVE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT SOME WHISKERS!
SWISH

PUFF
SLAM
?
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE, WHA'S EATIN' YA? CAN'T YA SEE I YAM BUSY WORKIN' OUT?
POP-POP-POP-POP-POP!!
?
STOP 'AT SILLY POPPIN'! YA SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCH A' BLASTID FIRE-CRACKERS!
POP-
POP-
POP-POP-POP-POP-EYE IS BACK. I JUST SAW HIM!
OKAY, SO ME SON IS BACK — I HOPES HE HAD A NICE TRIP— I--ER--A--
WHAT?
PAPPY!! COME ON OUT FROM UNDER THAT TABLE! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE UNTIL YOUR WHISKERS GROW!

HERE COMES WIMPY. MAYBE HE KIN TELL ME WHA'S WRONG WIT' OLIVE
AHOY, WIMPY
GREETINGS, OL' PAL, SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? I TOLD YOU TO PUNCH THE BAG THIS MORNING!
REMEMBER, OL' PAL, WE MUST WORK HARD TO PRODUCE STRONG MUSCLES!
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'S GOIN' ON AROUN' HERE ?
?
?
ER-AH-ARE THOSE ANCHORS ON YOUR ARMS ?
A'COURSE, THEY IS ANCHORS!! I HAS ALWAYS HAD 'EM ON ME ARMS!
PARDON ME!
I'LL SEE YOU AROUND!
GOOD-BYE!
I MUST HURRY AND WATER THE DUCKS!
SO LONG!
HUH?

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE POPEYE GETS HERE
I PUT ME OWN CLOTHES BACK ON!
IT'S NOT YOUR CLOTHES. IT'S YOUR WHISKERS
IF POPEYE SEES YOU WITHOUT ANY WHISKERS, HE'LL **KNOW** SOMETHING IS UP!!
I CAN'T GROW WHISTKERS JUS' LIKE 'AT!
SNAP
MEE-OUW!
NICE PUSSY CAT!
MEE-OUW?
AHOY, EVERYBODY! BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT HAPPINGED TA MRS. JONES' CAT?
MEE-OUW?
?
GLUE
AHOY, SON
HELLO, POPEYE
GREETINGS, OL' PAL OF MINE!

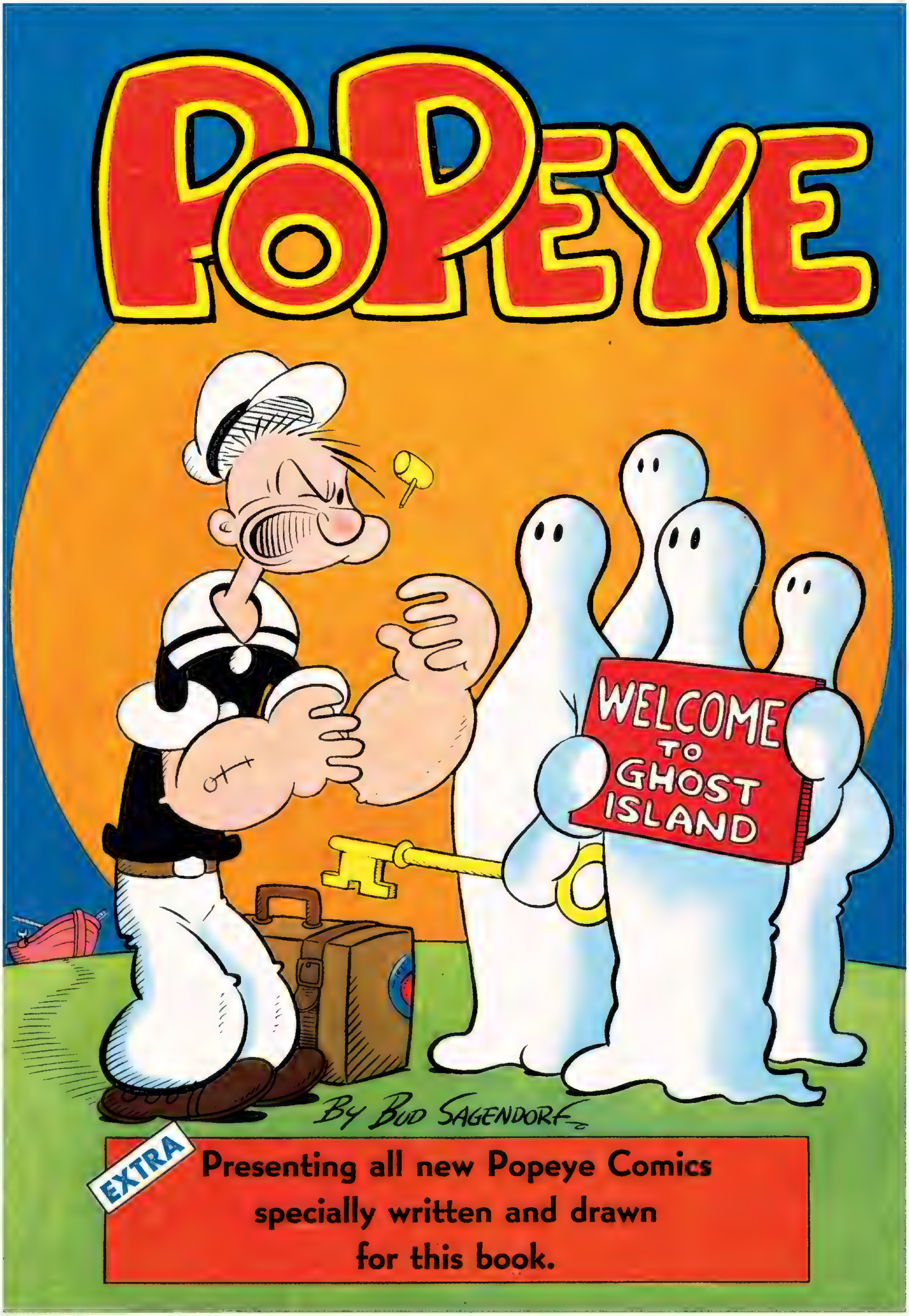

THE NEXT EVENING!
TA-NIGHT'S THE FIGHT AN' I DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TA DO!
I DOESN'T DARE TA GO NEAR THE ARENA AN' POSE AS POPEYE-
IF HE CAUGHT ME, WE'D ALL GIT INTA TROUBLE!
WHERE'S POPEYE NOW?
HE WENT OUT FER A WALK
I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT IS WRONG WIT' EVERYBODY ?
NOBODY SEEMS GLAD TA SEE ME!
I WILL GO DOWN TA THE ARENA AN' SEE IF ANYTHIN' IS DOIN'!
MAYBE THEY'S A FIGHT TA-NIGHT
MY GOSH, POPEYE, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE LATE!!
YOU'RE ON NEXT!!
?
?
?
?
?
?
YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE - YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IN YOUR STREET CLOTHES!


IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE FIGHT– WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
I YAM GO'NER STAY RIGHT HERE
I'LL TURN ON THE RADIO AND SEE IF THEY'VE CANCELED THE FIGHT YET
LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN, THE MOMENT OF THE BIG FIGHT HAS ARRIVED – BOTH CONTESTANTS LOOK TO BE IN EXCELLENT SHAPE -- POPEYE HAS JUST ENTERED THE RING –
HUH?
?
?
?
THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND-- THE TWO FIGHTERS COME OUT CAUTIOUSLY. THEY---
IT SEEMS YOUR SON HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED US!
I MUS' BE ASLEEP AN' HAVIN' A DREAM!! I KNOWS I WASN'T SUSPOSED TA FIGHT TA-NIGHT!
YEAH, I YAM DREAMING!
?
SPLAT!

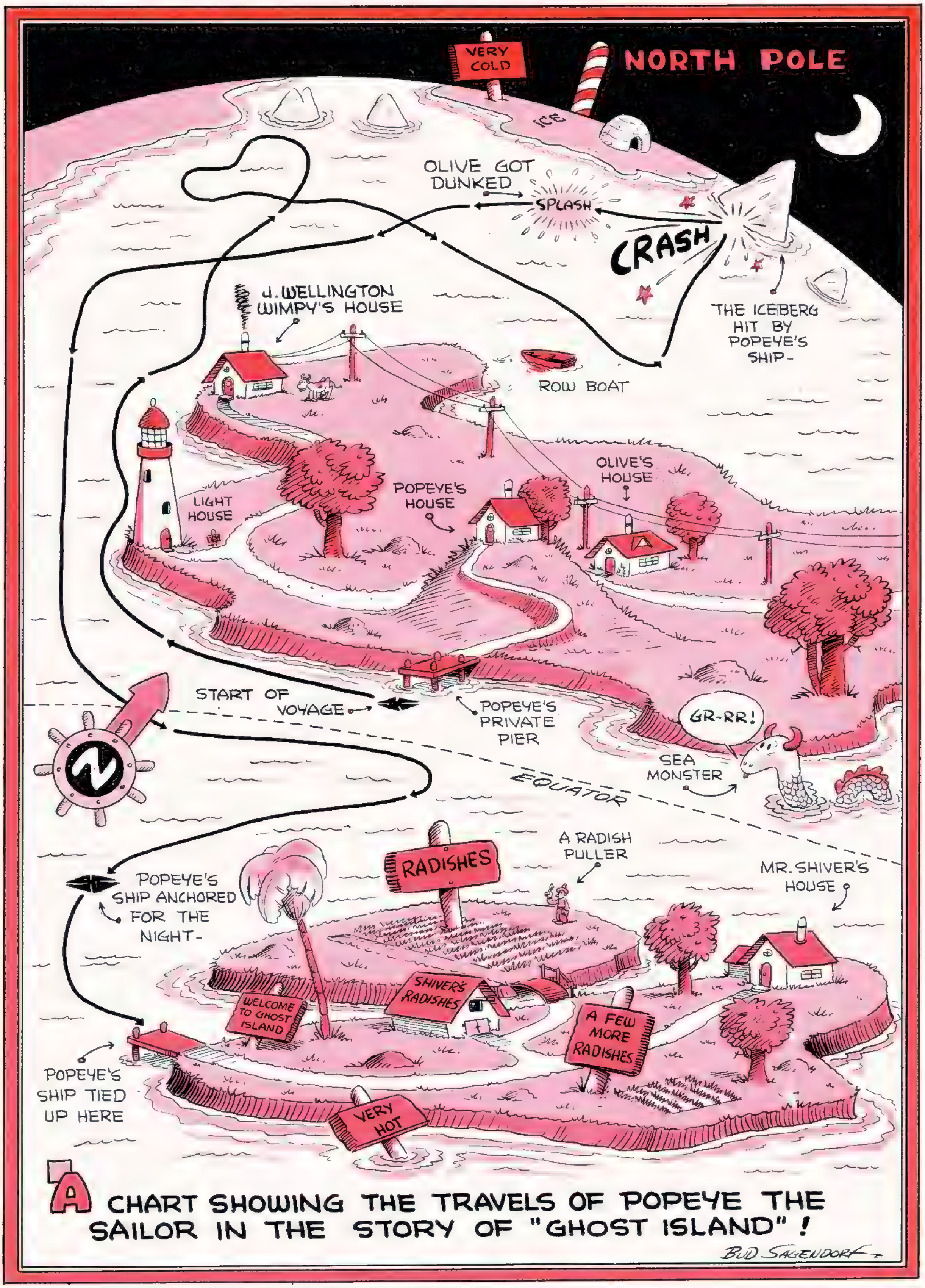
WOW!! I MUS' NOT BE DREAMING!
I BETTER GIT TA WORK!
CRACK
EIGHT - NINE - TEN - YOU ARE OUT!
A SWELL FIGHT, POPEYE, HERE'S YOUR THIRTY THOUSAND!
WOW!
ARF! ARF! IMAGINE GOIN' FER A WALK AN' MAKIN' THIRTY THOUSING BUCKS!
AHOY, GANG, GUESS WHAT HAPPINGED TA ME TA-NIGHT!
LOOK WHAT I GOT!
BAH!
PHOOEY!
?
?
?
?
GR-R-R-SIR!
THE END

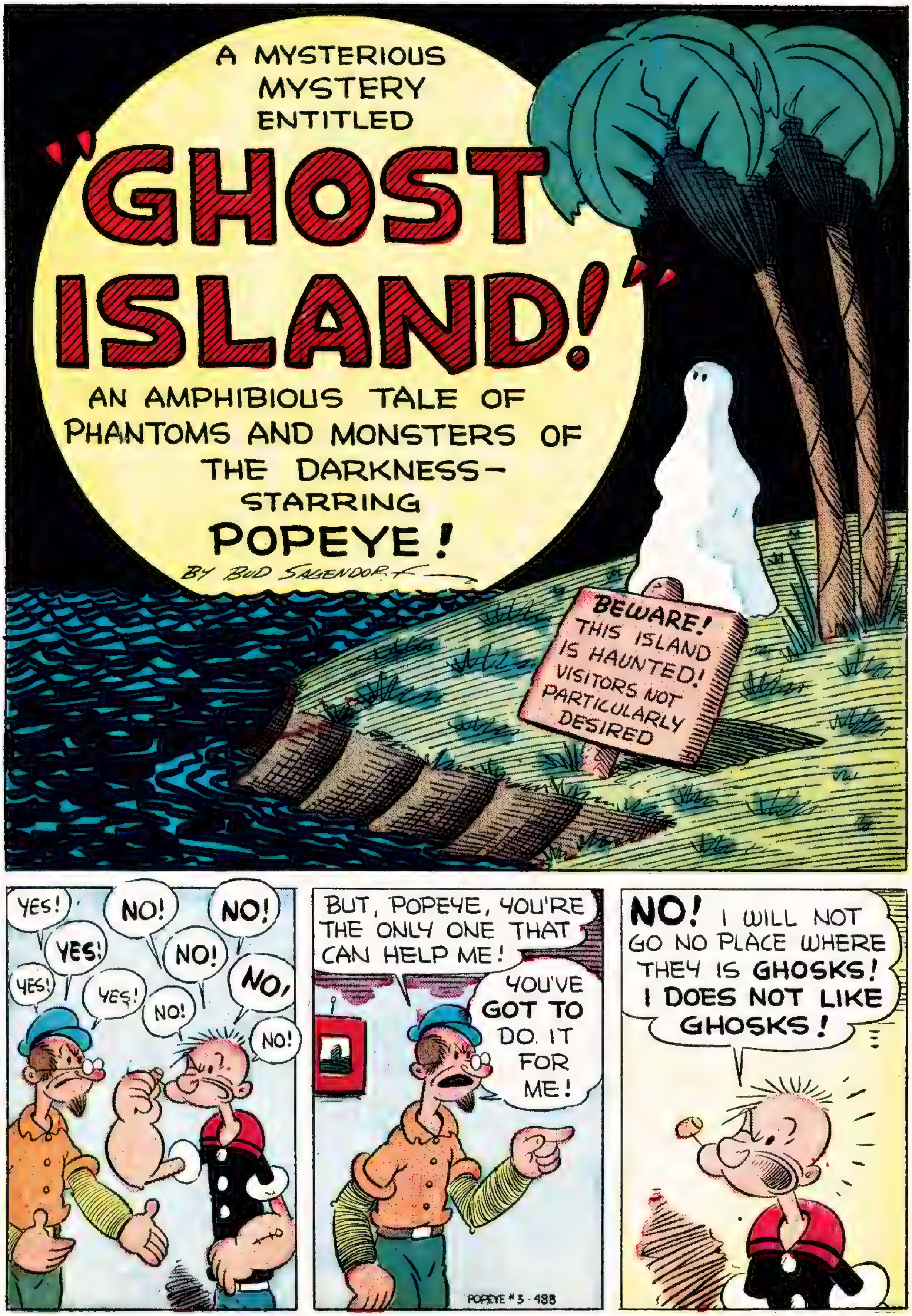
POPEYE
BLOW ME DOWN! WHATCHA DOIN'?
I YAM BUILDIN' MESELF A BOAT
ARF! ARF! SWEE'PEA IS UP IN HIS ROOM BUILDIN' A BOAT – ARF! IT'S SO BIG HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TA CARRY IT DOWNSTAIRS
POPEYE, DOES YA KNOW WHERE THE GARDING HOSE IS?
YEAH, IT IS OUT INA BACK YARD
ARF! ARF! I YAM CURIOUS AS TO HOW HE IS GO'NER GIT 'AT BOAT DOWN-STAIRS
TEE HEE!
AHOY, POPEYE. WILL YA COME UP HERE?
?
I BET HE WANTS ME TA HELP HIM BRING HIS BOAT DOWN!
ARF
ARF!
I WON'ER WHY HE HAS HIS DOOR SHUT?
WHEEE!!
?
!
BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE
HM!?! I WON'ER WHO 'AT KIN BE?
?
KNOCK
KNOCK
LISTEN, SHORTY, HAVE YOU GOT A LITTLE KID NAMED SWEE'-PEA?
YAS!
YOUR KID PICKED A FIGHT WITH MY SON AND BEAT THE SHIRT OFF HIM!
AND I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU GIVE HIM A SPANKIN'!
!
I DOES NOT B'LIEVE IN SPANKIN' KIDS!
SWEE'PEA HAD A GOOD REASING FER FIGHTIN' YER KID
YER SON'S A BULLY AN' WAS PICKIN' ON A BUNCH OF LI'L BOY KIDS!
IF YOU DON'T SPANK HIM, I WILL!
OKAY, IF YA WANTS TO – HE'S IN 'AT ROOM!
HM!
CRASH
BAM!
SMACK!
WHAM!
SMACK
BAM
HELLO, POP, DID SWEE'PEA GET A SPANKING?
GO TO SLEEP!
YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL, SWEE'PEA, DON'T EVER HIT A MAN WIT' ALL YER MIGHT – YA MIGHT HURT 'IM BAD!
OKAY
ERF
ERF

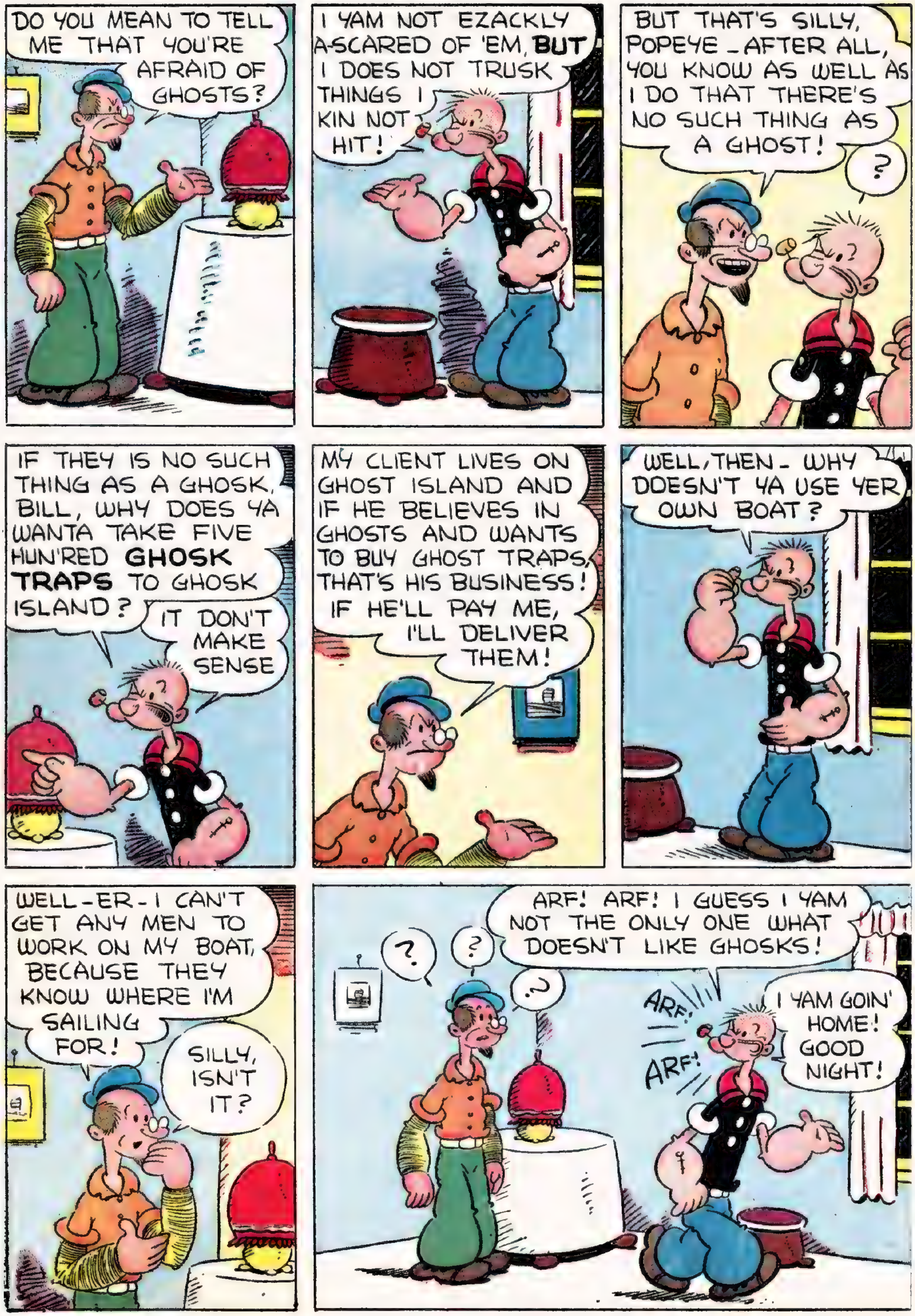


Popeye #3, August-October 1948

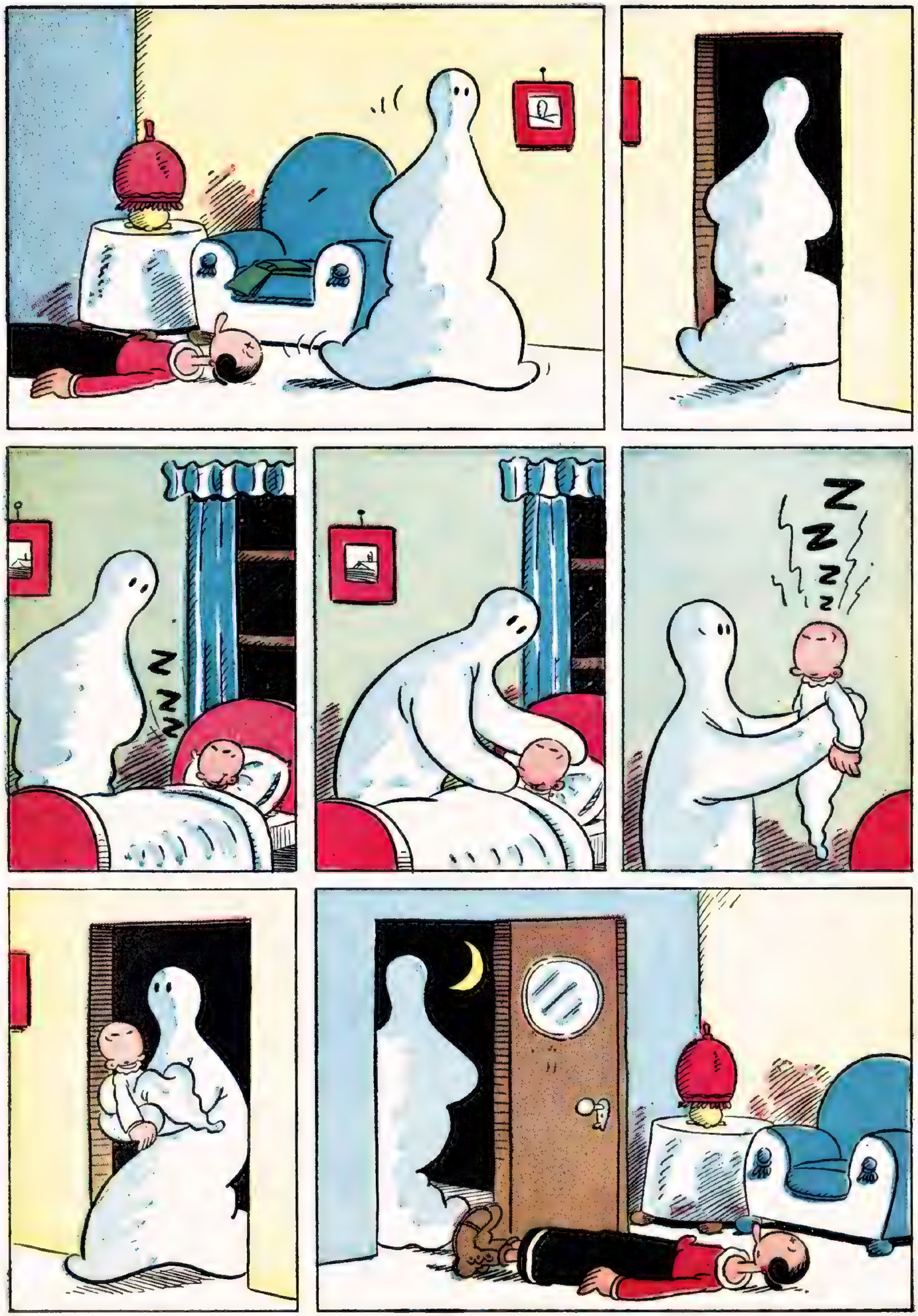

NORTH POLE
VERY COLD
ICE
OLIVE GOT DUNKED
SPLASH
CRASH
THE ICEBERG HIT BY POPEYE'S SHIP -
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY'S HOUSE
ROW BOAT
LIGHT HOUSE
POPEYE'S HOUSE
OLIVE'S HOUSE
START OF VOYAGE
POPEYE'S PRIVATE PIER
GR-RR!
SEA MONSTER
EQUATOR
N
RADISHES
A RADISH PULLER
MR. SHIVER'S HOUSE
POPEYE'S SHIP ANCHORED FOR THE NIGHT -
WELCOME TO GHOST ISLAND
SHIVER'S RADISHES
A FEW MORE RADISHES
POPEYE'S SHIP TIED UP HERE
VERY HOT
A CHART SHOWING THE TRAVELS OF POPEYE THE SAILOR IN THE STORY OF "GHOST ISLAND"!
BUD SAGENDORF



A MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY ENTITLED
"GHOST ISLAND!"
AN AMPHIBIOUS TALE OF PHANTOMS AND MONSTERS OF THE DARKNESS— STARRING
POPEYE!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
BEWARE! THIS ISLAND IS HAUNTED! VISITORS NOT PARTICULARLY DESIRED
YES!
NO!
NO!
YES!
NO!
YES!
YES!
NO!
NO!
NO!
BUT, POPEYE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP ME!
YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT FOR ME!
POPEYE #3-488
NO! I WILL NOT GO NO PLACE WHERE THEY IS GHOSKS! I DOES NOT LIKE GHOSKS!


DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF GHOSTS?
I YAM NOT EZACKLY A-SCARED OF 'EM, BUT I DOES NOT TRUSK THINGS I KIN NOT HIT!
BUT THAT'S SILLY, POPEYE _ AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GHOST!
?
IF THEY IS NO SUCH THING AS A GHOSK, BILL, WHY DOES YA WANTA TAKE FIVE HUN'RED GHOSK TRAPS TO GHOSK ISLAND?
IT DON'T MAKE SENSE
MY CLIENT LIVES ON GHOST ISLAND AND IF HE BELIEVES IN GHOSTS AND WANTS TO BUY GHOST TRAPS, THAT'S HIS BUSINESS! IF HE'LL PAY ME, I'LL DELIVER THEM!
WELL, THEN - WHY DOESN'T YA USE YER OWN BOAT?
WELL-ER-I CAN'T GET ANY MEN TO WORK ON MY BOAT, BECAUSE THEY KNOW WHERE I'M SAILING FOR!
SILLY, ISN'T IT?
?
?
?
ARF! ARF! I GUESS I YAM NOT THE ONLY ONE WHAT DOESN'T LIKE GHOSKS!
ARF!
ARF!
I YAM GOIN' HOME! GOOD NIGHT!

IMAGINE WANTIN' ME TA SAIL ME BOAT TA GHOSK ISLAND!
I WANTS TA KEEP A LOT OF DISTANCE B'TWEEN ME AN' ANY GHOSKS!
I WANTS NUTHIN' TA DO WIT' GHOSKS, EVEN IF THEY AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS!
OLIVE IS STAYIN' WIT' SWEE'PEA _ I HOPE SHE MADE HIM GO TA BED ON TIME!
YOU'D BETTER GET TO BED BEFORE POPEYE GETS HOME!
GOOD NIGHT
OKAY, OLIVE, GOOD NIGHT.
THAT'S THAT! NOW I CAN FINISH THIS SWELL GHOST STORY.
GHOST STO
KNOCK
KNOCK
OH, DRAT! I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE AT THE DOOR?
GHOST STORIES
BOO!


Z
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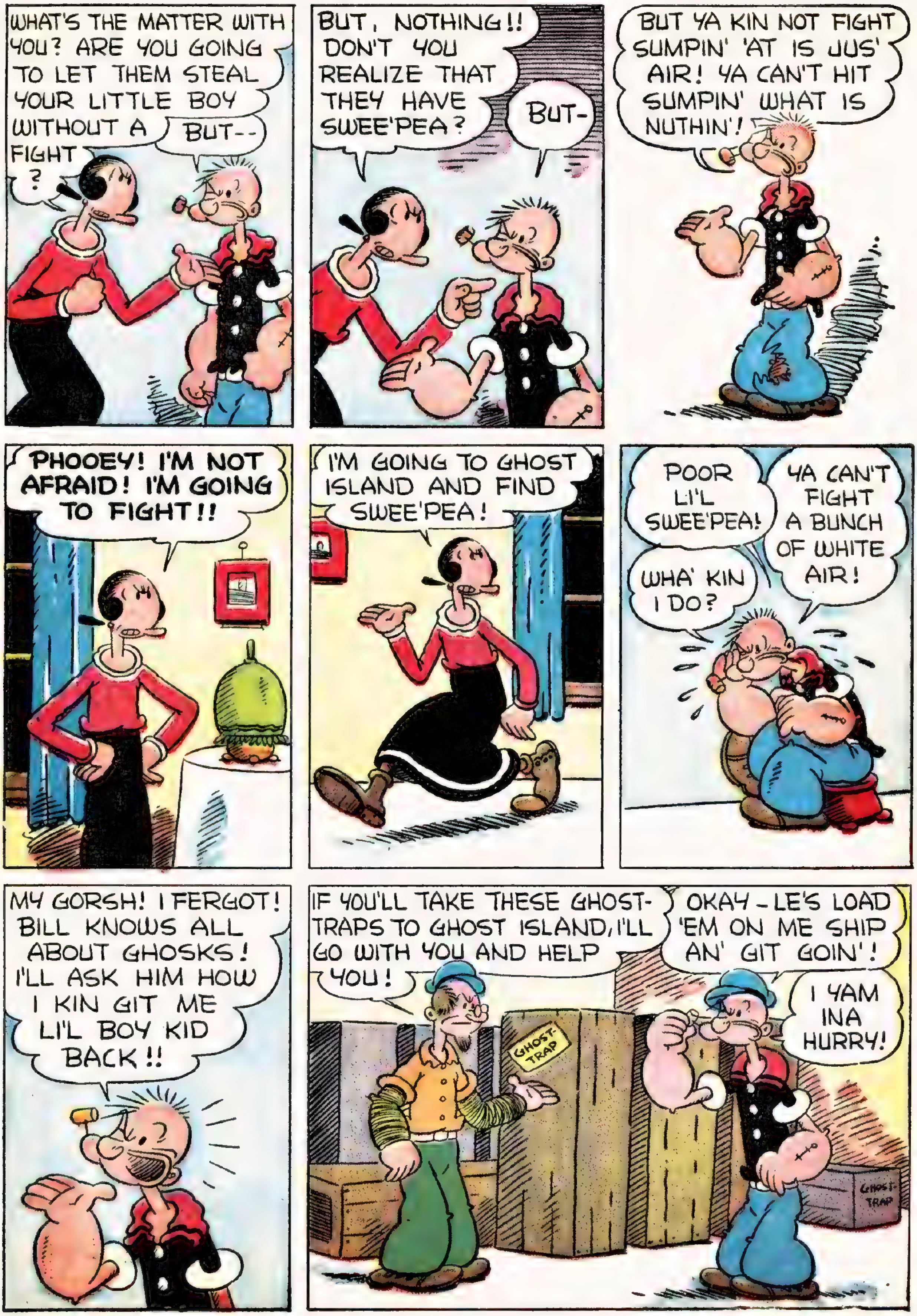
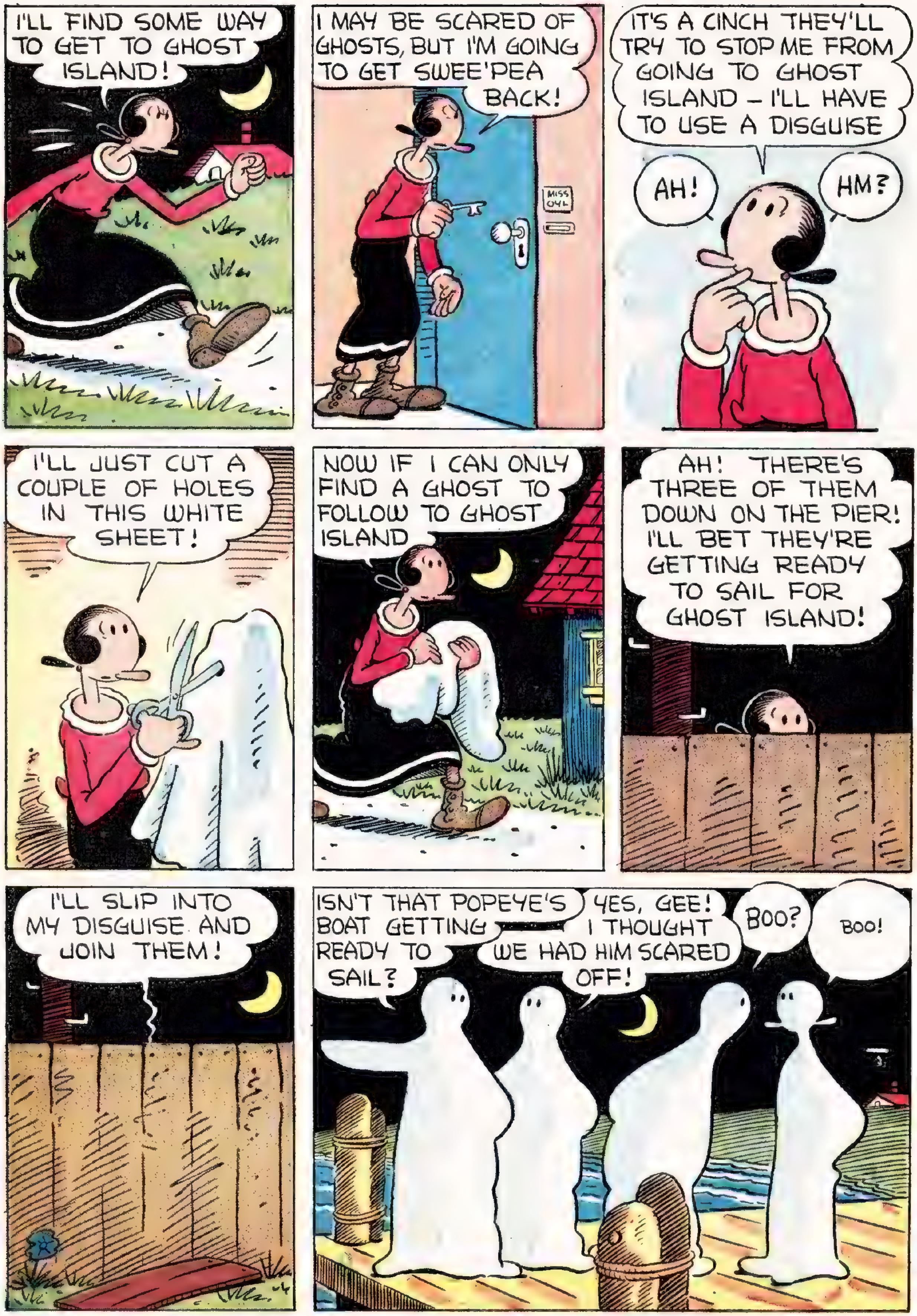
I KIN FIND ENOUGH TROUBLE WIT'OUT BEIN' BOTHERED WIT' GHOSKS!
MY GORSH!?! THE FRONT DOOR OF ME HOUSE IS OPING!
AHOY, OLIVE, WHATCHA GOT THE FRONT DOOR OPING FOR?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! OLIVE, WHATCHA SLEEPIN' ON'A FLOOR FOR?
?
DON'T BE SILLY!! I WASN'T SLEEPING! I FAINTED!!
?
---AND THEN WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR THERE STOOD A HUGE GHOST!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, YA HAS BEEN READIN' TOO MANY GHOSK STORIES!
ARF
ARF

I'M TELLING YOU THAT I DID SEE A GHOST!
YA HAS TOO MUCH BLASTID IMAGINATION, OLIVE!
THEY IS NO GHOSKS AROUN' HERE! I YAM GO'NER SEE IF SWEE'PEA IS ASLEEP!
DAWGONE HIM! I KNOW I SAW A GHOST!
STUBBORN, ISN'T HE?
BOO!
AHOY, OLIVE, SWEE'PEA ISN'T IN HIS BED!
WHA' TH-?

MY GORSH!?! SHE HAS FAINTED AGAIN!
?
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, DIDJA SEE ANOTHER GHOSK?
STOP LAUGHING! I NOT ONLY SAW ONE, BUT IT TOUCHED ME AND SPOKE TO ME!
ARF!
OH, I ALMOST FERGOT! WHY AIN'T SWEE'PEA IN HIS BED?
HUH?
HE IS IN HIS BED!
HE AIN'T!
HE IS!
HE AIN'T!
I PUT HIM THERE!
?
OH! OH! I BET THAT HORRIBLE GHOST RAN OFF WITH HIM!
OH!
WOE!
POOR SWEE'-PEA!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE! COME ON, WE'LL LOOK IN HIS ROOM AGAIN - I BET HE WAS HIDIN' FROM ME!!
YIPE!
AWK!?!
BOO!

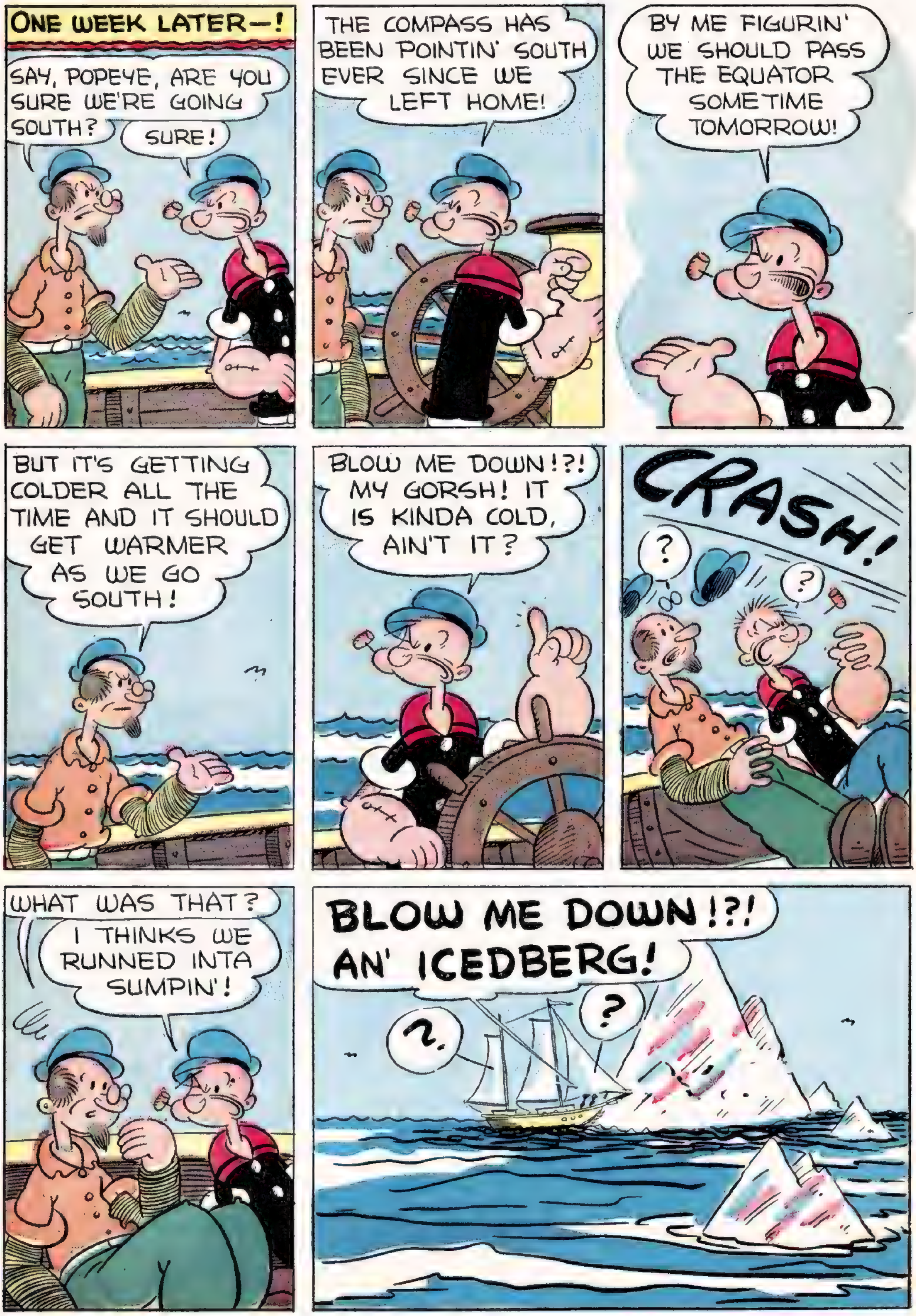
AVAST, YA BLASTID GHOSK! WHATCHA DOIN' IN ME HOUSE?
BOO!
WHAT DIDJA DO WIT' ME LI'L SWEE'PEA?
BOO!
BOO!
YOUR LITTLE BOY IS OF USE TO US! HE IS BEING TAKEN TO GHOST ISLAND!
BOO!
BOO!
THIS IS TO ADVISE YOU NOT TO TRY TO FOLLOW US TO GHOST ISLAND!
SPLAT
HIT IT, POPEYE!
TEAR IT TO PIECES!
HIT IT!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE, IT IS A GHOSK!! YA KIN NOT HIT A GHOSK, 'CAUSE THEY IS JUS' AIR!
OH! I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH IT!
SMACK!
BAM!
SPLAT!
BAM!
GOOD-BYE
BOO!
POPEYE! DON'T LET IT GET AWAY!
BUT, OLIVE, I KIN NOT FIGHT A SPIRIK!

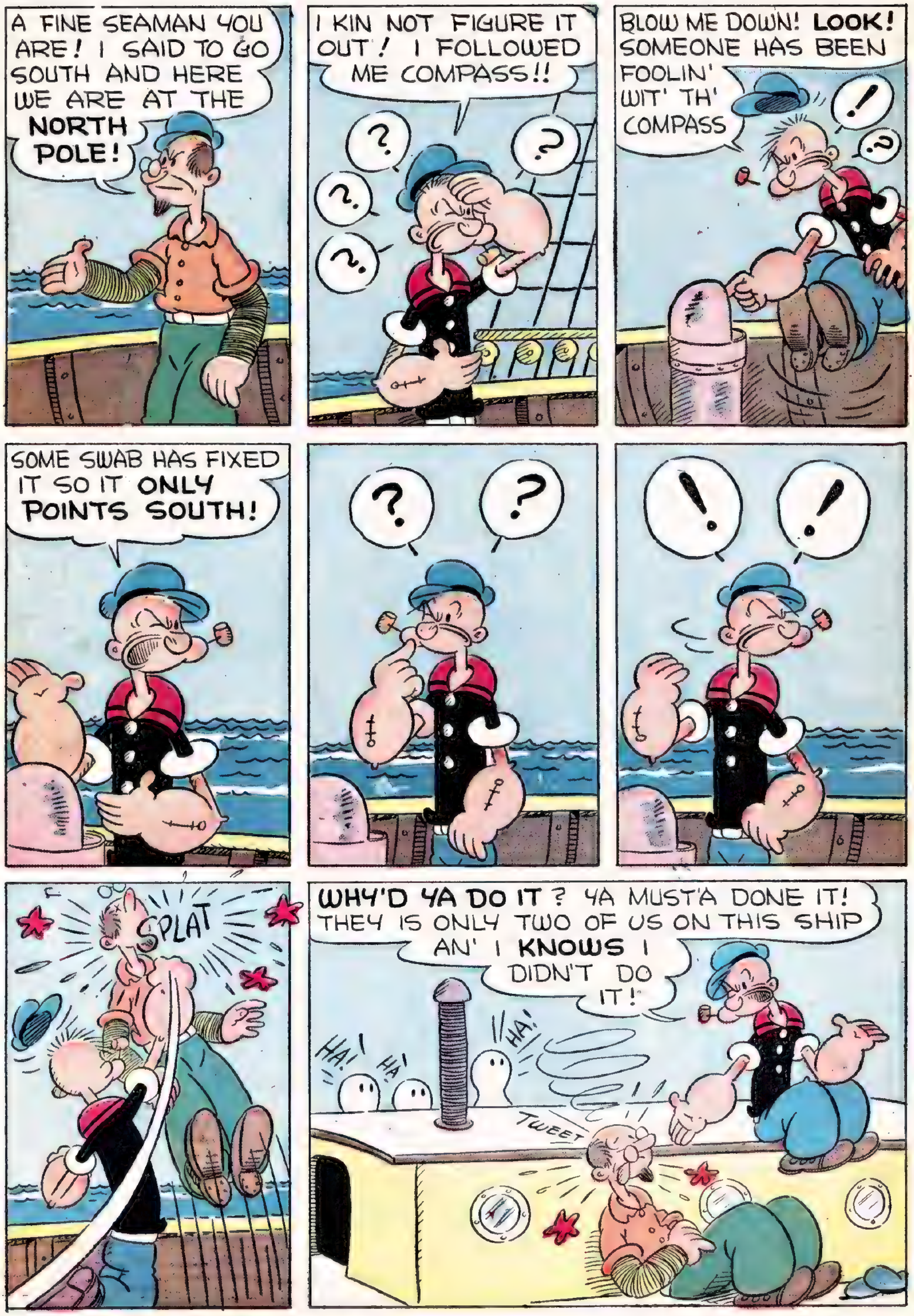

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM STEAL YOUR LITTLE BOY WITHOUT A FIGHT ?
BUT--
BUT, NOTHING!! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT THEY HAVE SWEE'PEA?
BUT-
BUT YA KIN NOT FIGHT SUMPIN' 'AT IS JUS' AIR! YA CAN'T HIT SUMPIN' WHAT IS NUTHIN'!
PHOOEY! I'M NOT AFRAID! I'M GOING TO FIGHT!!
I'M GOING TO GHOST ISLAND AND FIND SWEE'PEA!
POOR LI'L SWEE'PEA!
YA CAN'T FIGHT A BUNCH OF WHITE AIR!
WHA' KIN I DO?
MY GORSH! I FERGOT! BILL KNOWS ALL ABOUT GHOSKS! I'LL ASK HIM HOW I KIN GIT ME LI'L BOY KID BACK!!
IF YOU'LL TAKE THESE GHOST-TRAPS TO GHOST ISLAND, I'LL GO WITH YOU AND HELP YOU!
GHOST-TRAP
OKAY - LE'S LOAD 'EM ON ME SHIP AN' GIT GOIN'!
I YAM INA HURRY!

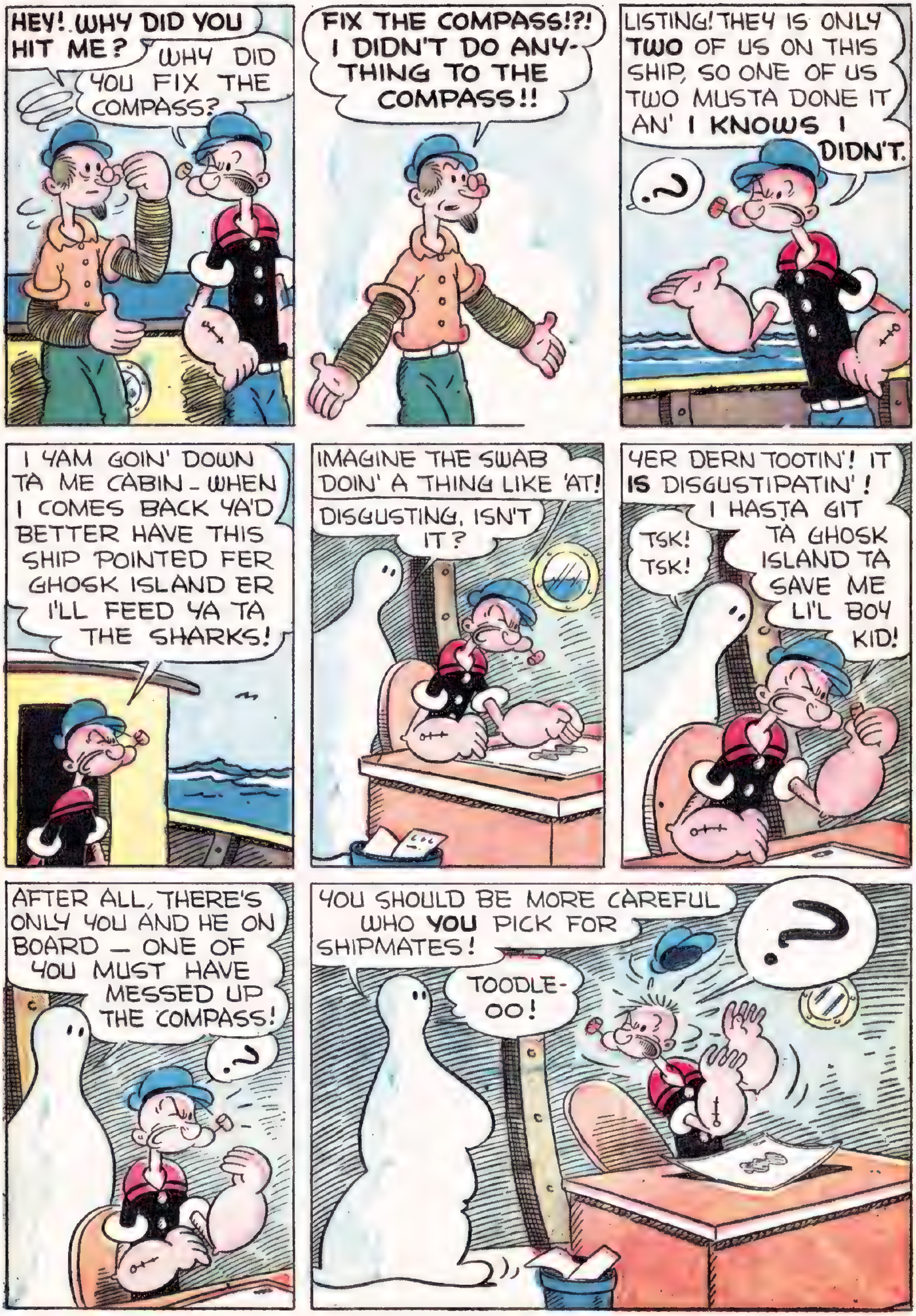


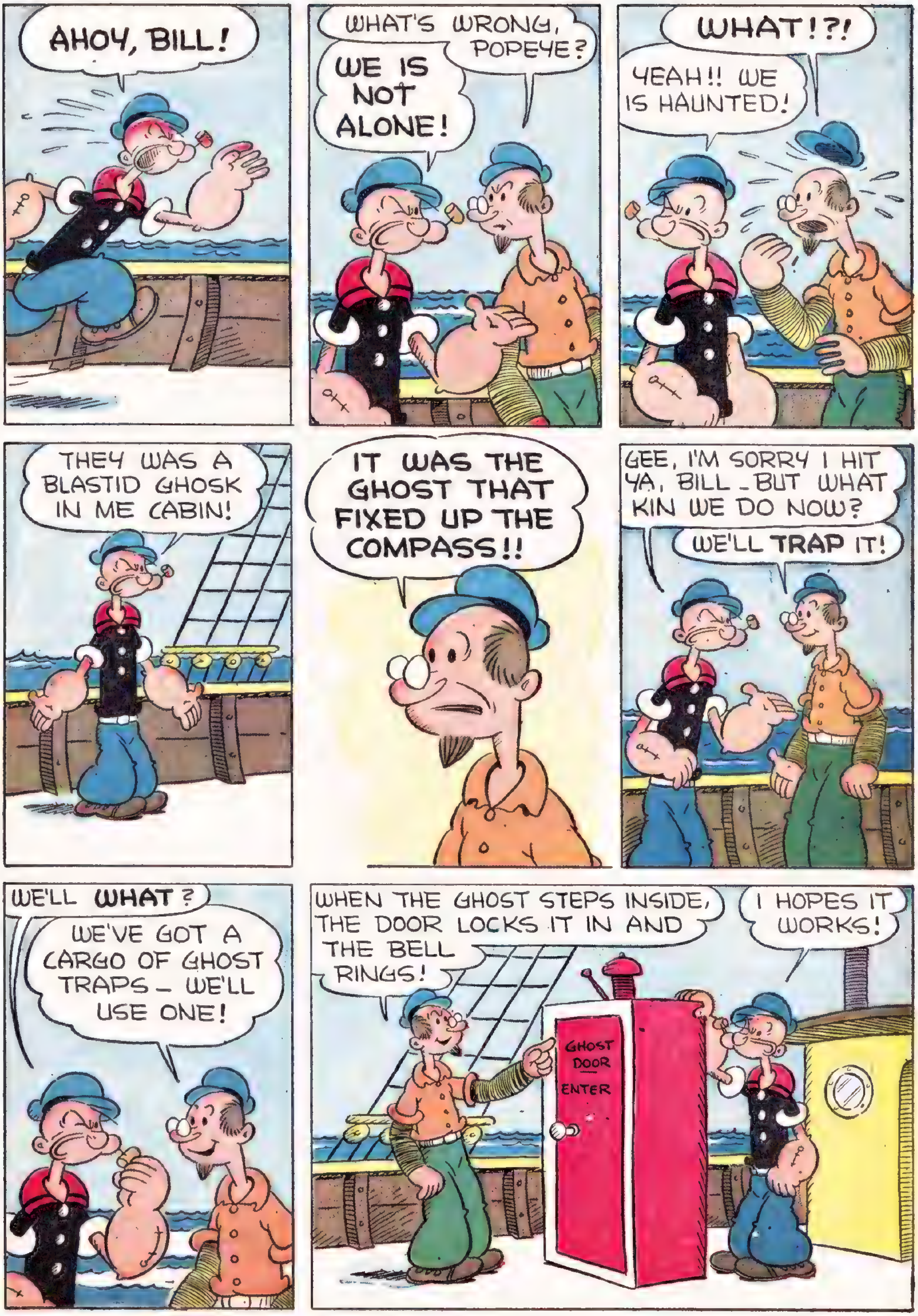
I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO GET TO GHOST ISLAND!
I MAY BE SCARED OF GHOSTS, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SWEE'PEA BACK!
MISS OYL
IT'S A CINCH THEY'LL TRY TO STOP ME FROM GOING TO GHOST ISLAND – I'LL HAVE TO USE A DISGUISE
AH!
HM?
I'LL JUST CUT A COUPLE OF HOLES IN THIS WHITE SHEET!
NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND A GHOST TO FOLLOW TO GHOST ISLAND
AH! THERE'S THREE OF THEM DOWN ON THE PIER! I'LL BET THEY'RE GETTING READY TO SAIL FOR GHOST ISLAND!
I'LL SLIP INTO MY DISGUISE AND JOIN THEM!
ISN'T THAT POPEYE'S BOAT GETTING READY TO SAIL?
YES, GEE! I THOUGHT WE HAD HIM SCARED OFF!
BOO?
BOO!

THIS IS AWFUL! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP POPEYE AWAY FROM GHOST ISLAND!
WE'D BETTER STOP HIM!
WE'LL STOW AWAY AND HAUNT THE SHIP
BOO!
HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER GET TO GHOST ISLAND
?
WE IS UNDER WAY! WHAT COURSE DOES I SET TA GIT TA GHOSK ISLAND?
KEEP HER SOUTH FER NOW!
THERE! WE IS SAILIN' SOUTH — I WILL TIE THE WHEEL AN' GO DOWN TA THE GALLEY
WHAT YOU DOING?
I'M TURNING THE SHIP AROUND-POINTING HER NORTH!
I'LL FIX THE COMPASS, SO IT ALWAYS POINTS SOUTH!
TUM-TUM-DEE- I'M SAILIN' TA SAVE ME LI'L SWEE'PEA
SILLY, ISN'T HE? HE THINKS HE'S SAILING SOUTH!
HA!

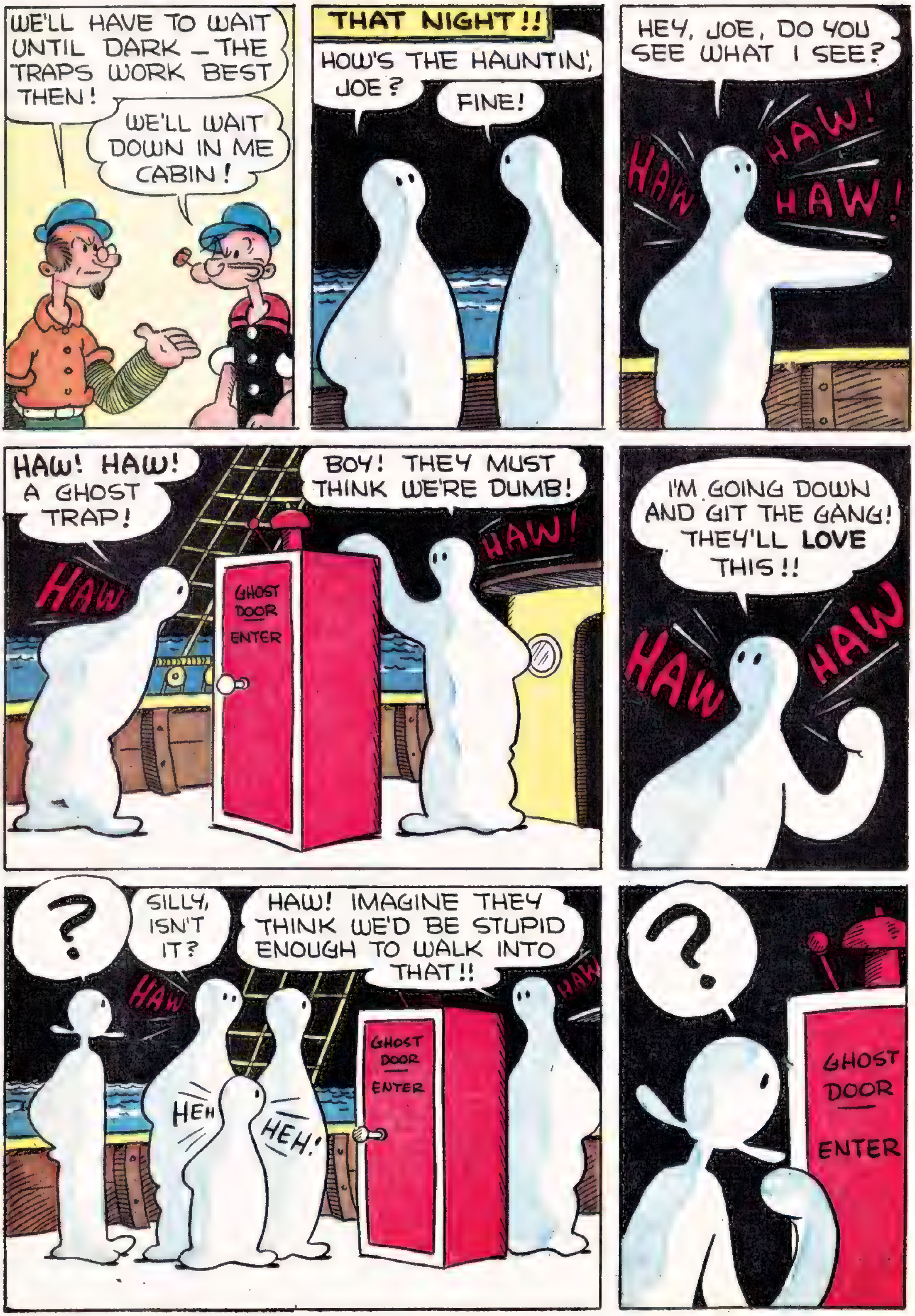

ONE WEEK LATER—!
SAY, POPEYE, ARE YOU SURE WE'RE GOING SOUTH?
SURE!
THE COMPASS HAS BEEN POINTIN' SOUTH EVER SINCE WE LEFT HOME!
BY ME FIGURIN' WE SHOULD PASS THE EQUATOR SOMETIME TOMORROW!
BUT IT'S GETTING COLDER ALL THE TIME AND IT SHOULD GET WARMER AS WE GO SOUTH!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! MY GORSH! IT IS KINDA COLD, AIN'T IT?
CRASH!
?
?
WHAT WAS THAT?
I THINKS WE RUNNED INTA SUMPIN'!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! AN' ICEDBERG!
?
?

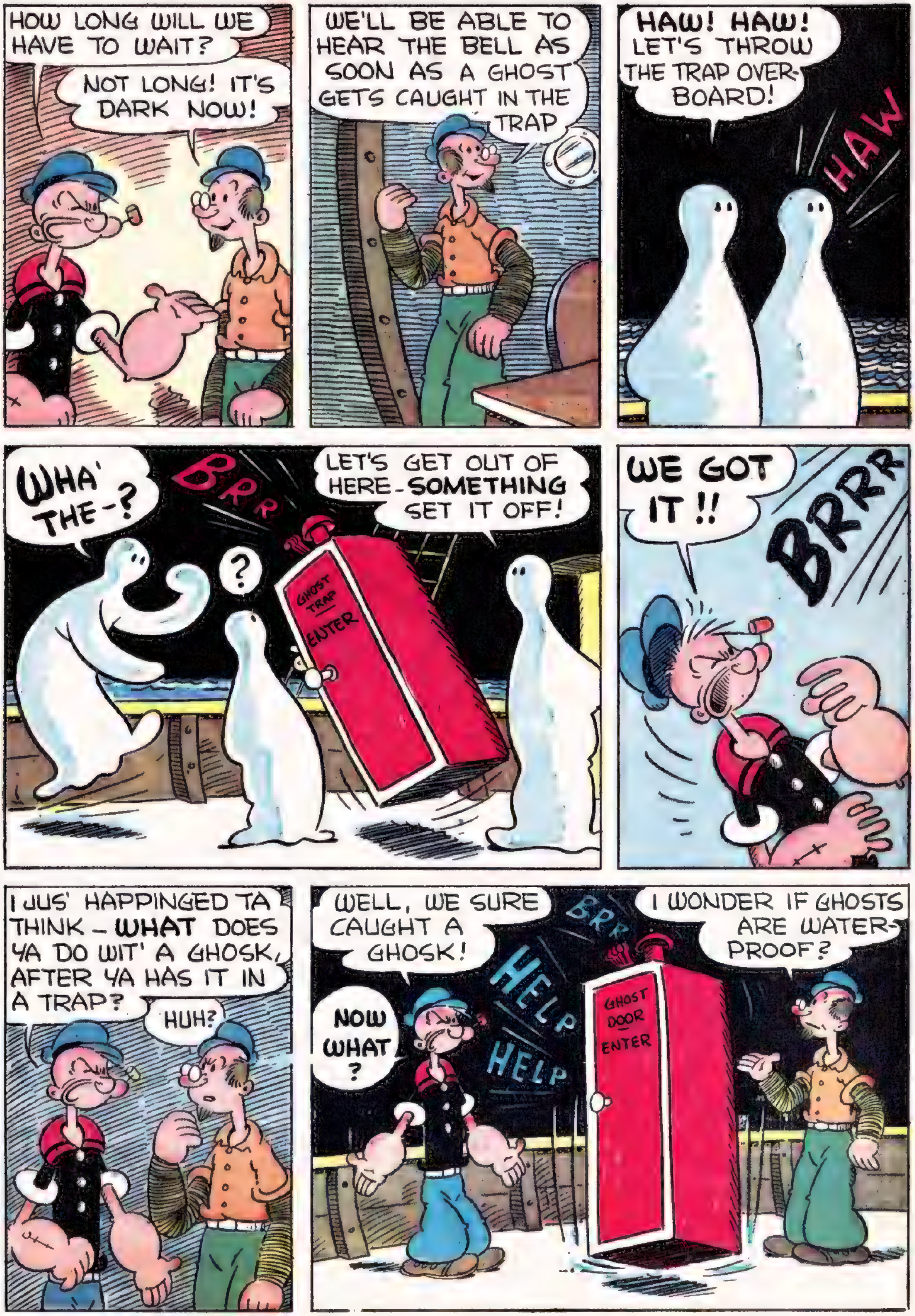

A FINE SEAMAN YOU ARE! I SAID TO GO SOUTH AND HERE WE ARE AT THE **NORTH POLE!**
I KIN NOT FIGURE IT OUT! I FOLLOWED ME COMPASS!!
BLOW ME DOWN! **LOOK!** SOMEONE HAS BEEN FOOLIN' WIT' TH' COMPASS
SOME SWAB HAS FIXED IT SO IT **ONLY POINTS SOUTH!**
SPLAT
WHY'D YA DO IT? YA MUST'A DONE IT! THEY IS ONLY TWO OF US ON THIS SHIP AN' I **KNOWS** I DIDN'T DO IT!
HA! HA! HA!
TWEET


HEY! WHY DID YOU HIT ME?
WHY DID YOU FIX THE COMPASS?
FIX THE COMPASS!?! I DIDN'T DO ANY-THING TO THE COMPASS!!
LISTING! THEY IS ONLY TWO OF US ON THIS SHIP, SO ONE OF US TWO MUSTA DONE IT AN' I KNOWS I DIDN'T.
?
I YAM GOIN' DOWN TA ME CABIN – WHEN I COMES BACK YA'D BETTER HAVE THIS SHIP POINTED FER GHOSK ISLAND ER I'LL FEED YA TA THE SHARKS!
IMAGINE THE SWAB DOIN' A THING LIKE 'AT!
DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT?
YER DERN TOOTIN'! IT IS DISGUSTIPATIN'! I HASTA GIT TA GHOSK ISLAND TA SAVE ME LI'L BOY KID!
TSK! TSK!
AFTER ALL, THERE'S ONLY YOU AND HE ON BOARD — ONE OF YOU MUST HAVE MESSED UP THE COMPASS!
?
YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHO YOU PICK FOR SHIPMATES!
TOODLE-OO!
?

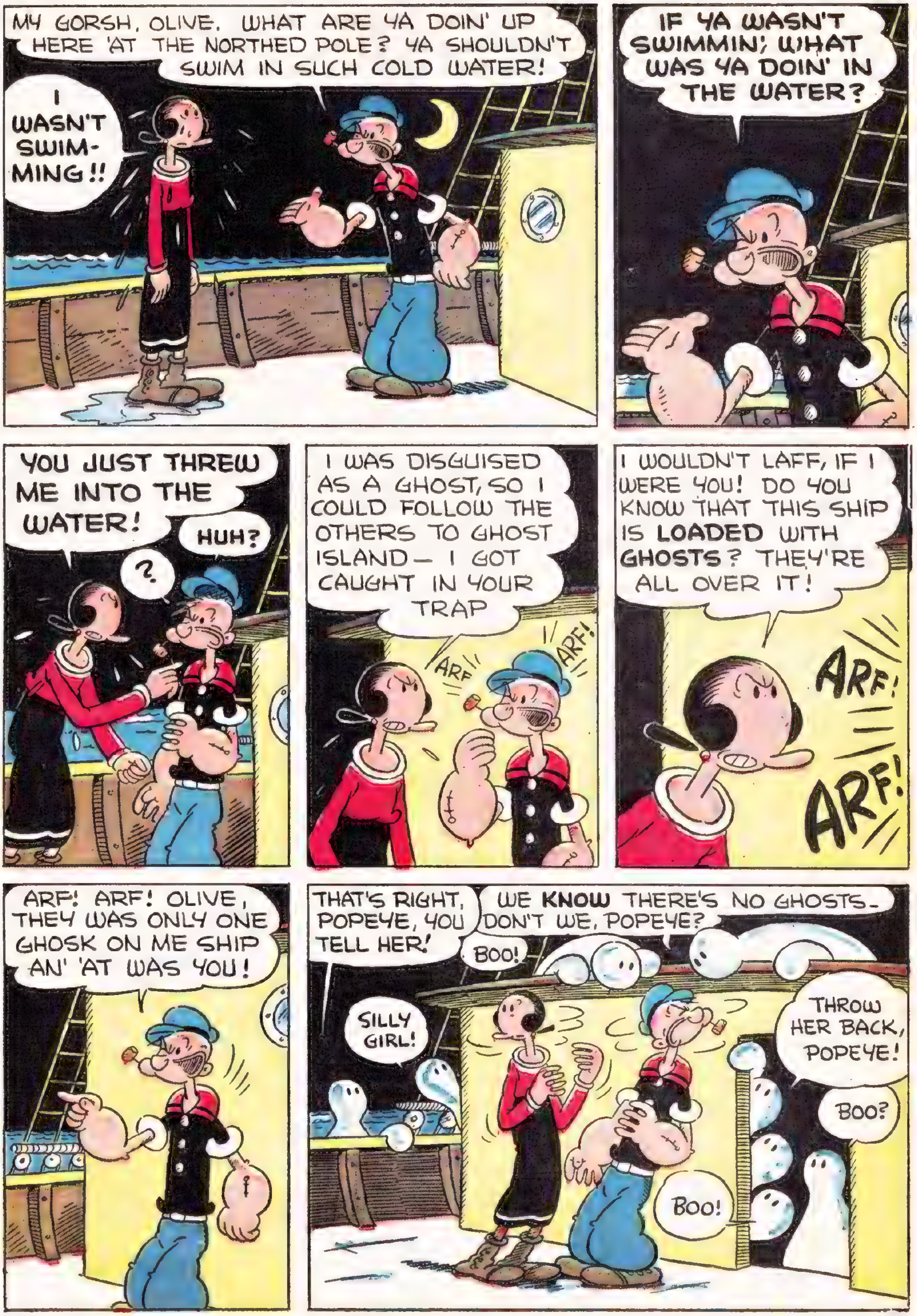


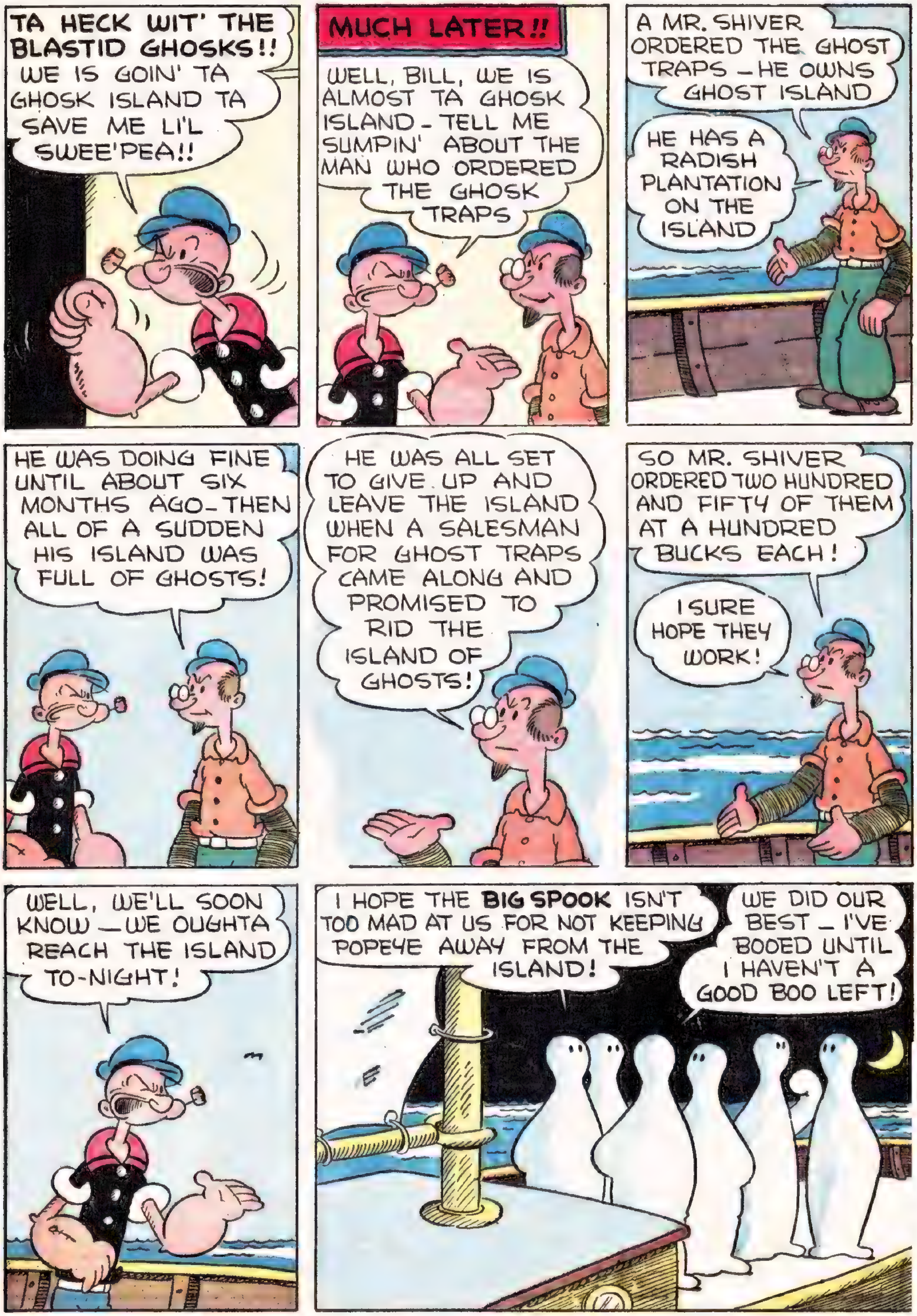
AHOY, BILL!
WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE?
WE IS NOT ALONE!
WHAT!?!
YEAH!! WE IS HAUNTED!
THEY WAS A BLASTID GHOSK IN ME CABIN!
IT WAS THE GHOST THAT FIXED UP THE COMPASS!!
GEE, I'M SORRY I HIT YA, BILL - BUT WHAT KIN WE DO NOW?
WE'LL TRAP IT!
WE'LL WHAT?
WE'VE GOT A CARGO OF GHOST TRAPS - WE'LL USE ONE!
WHEN THE GHOST STEPS INSIDE, THE DOOR LOCKS IT IN AND THE BELL RINGS!
GHOST DOOR
ENTER
I HOPES IT WORKS!


WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL DARK – THE TRAPS WORK BEST THEN!
WE'LL WAIT DOWN IN ME CABIN!
THAT NIGHT!!
HOW'S THE HAUNTIN', JOE?
FINE!
HEY, JOE, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
HAW! HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW! A GHOST TRAP!
HAW
GHOST DOOR ENTER
BOY! THEY MUST THINK WE'RE DUMB!
HAW!
I'M GOING DOWN AND GIT THE GANG! THEY'LL **LOVE** THIS!!
HAW HAW
?
SILLY, ISN'T IT?
HAW! IMAGINE THEY THINK WE'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO WALK INTO THAT!!
HAW
HAW
HEH HEH!
GHOST DOOR ENTER
?
GHOST DOOR ENTER


HOW LONG WILL WE HAVE TO WAIT?
NOT LONG! IT'S DARK NOW!
WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR THE BELL AS SOON AS A GHOST GETS CAUGHT IN THE TRAP
HAW! HAW! LET'S THROW THE TRAP OVERBOARD!
HAW
WHA' THE-?
BRRR
?
GHOST TRAP ENTER
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE-SOMETHING SET IT OFF!
WE GOT IT!!
BRRR
I JUS' HAPPINGED TA THINK-WHAT DOES YA DO WIT' A GHOSK, AFTER YA HAS IT IN A TRAP?
HUH?
WELL, WE SURE CAUGHT A GHOSK!
NOW WHAT ?
BRR
HELP
HELP
GHOST DOOR ENTER
I WONDER IF GHOSTS ARE WATER-PROOF?

AHOY, THA'S A GOOD IDEA_ LE'S GIVE THE BLASTID SPIRIK A DRINK!
OKAY, LET IT GO!
SPLASH
WELL, 'AT'S 'AT!
YEP! NOW WE CAN GET GOING TO GHOST ISLAND
WHA' TH-?
?
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB?
OLIVE!?


MY GORSH, OLIVE. WHAT ARE YA DOIN' UP HERE 'AT THE NORTHED POLE? YA SHOULDN'T SWIM IN SUCH COLD WATER!
I WASN'T SWIM-MING!!
IF YA WASN'T SWIMMIN; WHAT WAS YA DOIN' IN THE WATER?
YOU JUST THREW ME INTO THE WATER!
HUH?
?
I WAS DISGUISED AS A GHOST, SO I COULD FOLLOW THE OTHERS TO GHOST ISLAND— I GOT CAUGHT IN YOUR TRAP
ARF
ARF!
I WOULDN'T LAFF, IF I WERE YOU! DO YOU KNOW THAT THIS SHIP IS LOADED WITH GHOSTS? THEY'RE ALL OVER IT!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, THEY WAS ONLY ONE GHOSK ON ME SHIP AN' 'AT WAS YOU!
WE KNOW THERE'S NO GHOSTS— DON'T WE, POPEYE?
THAT'S RIGHT, POPEYE, YOU TELL HER!
BOO!
SILLY GIRL!
THROW HER BACK, POPEYE!
BOO?
BOO!

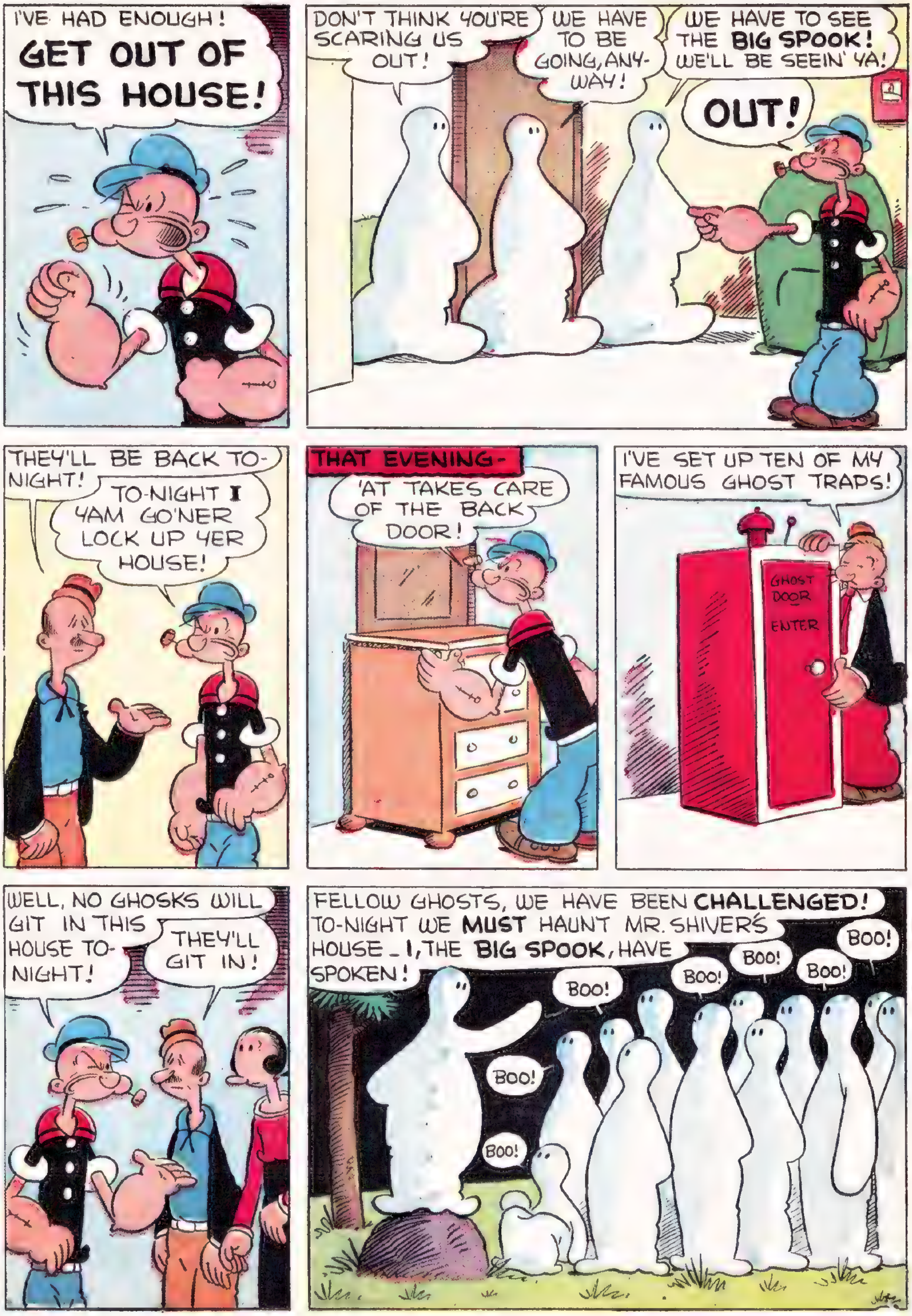

TA HECK WIT' THE BLASTID GHOSKS!! WE IS GOIN' TA GHOSK ISLAND TA SAVE ME LI'L SWEE'PEA!!
MUCH LATER!!
WELL, BILL, WE IS ALMOST TA GHOSK ISLAND - TELL ME SUMPIN' ABOUT THE MAN WHO ORDERED THE GHOSK TRAPS
A MR. SHIVER ORDERED THE GHOST TRAPS — HE OWNS GHOST ISLAND
HE HAS A RADISH PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND
HE WAS DOING FINE UNTIL ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO - THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HIS ISLAND WAS FULL OF GHOSTS!
HE WAS ALL SET TO GIVE UP AND LEAVE THE ISLAND WHEN A SALESMAN FOR GHOST TRAPS CAME ALONG AND PROMISED TO RID THE ISLAND OF GHOSTS!
SO MR. SHIVER ORDERED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF THEM AT A HUNDRED BUCKS EACH!
I SURE HOPE THEY WORK!
WELL, WE'LL SOON KNOW — WE OUGHTA REACH THE ISLAND TO-NIGHT!
I HOPE THE BIG SPOOK ISN'T TOO MAD AT US FOR NOT KEEPING POPEYE AWAY FROM THE ISLAND!
WE DID OUR BEST — I'VE BOOED UNTIL I HAVEN'T A GOOD BOO LEFT!

POPEYE! THERE'S AN ISLAND! IT MUST BE GHOST ISLAND!
YEP! 'AT'S IT!
WE WILL ANCHOR OUT HERE AN' IN'A MORNIN' WE'LL TIE UP TA THE PIER!
OKAY!
MORNING
OKAY, BILL, TIE 'ER UP!
GOOD MORNING, MR. SHIVER. WE'VE BROUGHT YOUR GHOST TRAPS!
GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!
GHOSTS!
OH, I'M SO HAPPY YOU'VE COME! OH, HAPPY, HAPPY DAY! NOW I'LL BE RID OF THE GHOSTS ON MY ISLAND!
OH!
WHA' TH'-?
!
?
GOOD-BYE, BILL
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, POPEYE
I ORDERED GHOST TRAPS! WHAT DID YOU BRING A LOAD OF GHOSTS FOR?
!
PHOOEY
SAM
JOE

OH, WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY? WHY? I HAVE MORE THAN MY SHARE OF GHOSTS! WHY DID YOU BRING MORE?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GHOSKS, MR. SHIVER, THE TRAPS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
I WANTS TA FIND ME LI'L BOY KID!
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY LITTLE BOY AROUND HERE – ALL THERE IS HERE IS GHOSTS AND RADISHES!
I KNOWS HE IS HERE SOMEWHERE!
COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE – WE'LL HAVE LUNCH BEFORE WE UNLOAD THE TRAPS!
I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY HOUSE – I'M AFRAID IT'S A LITTLE CLUTTERED UP!
OH, EVERYONE HAS A DIRTY HOUSE ONCE IN A WHILE!
IT'S NOT DIRTY–
–IT'S JUST CLUTTERED UP!!
?
!
?
!
?
?
WELL, WELL, LOOK, BOYS, WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
I WONDER WHO INVITED THEM?
ANOTHER DOUGHNUT, JOE?
NO, NOT BEFORE DINNER!

MY GORSH!?! HOW DOES YA STAND ALL'A THESE GHOSKS IN YER HOUSE?
WHY DON'T YA KEEP YER DOORS LOCKED?
I LOCK THE DOORS EVERY NIGHT, BUT BY MORNING THE HOUSE IS FULL OF GHOSTS AGAIN!
THEY EAT MY FOOD, PLAY MY PHONOGRAPH, READ MY BOOKS AND SWIM IN MY BATHTUB!
BUT NOW I HAVE GHOST TRAPS!
DOES YA KNOW HOW TA WORK A GHOSK TRAP?
WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK WIT' THE ONE WE TRIED!
MR. JONES, THE INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF THE TRAPS, IS HERE–
–HE'LL HELP US TO SET THEM UP AND INSTRUCT US IN THEIR USE!
'AT'S SWELL!
MR. JONES SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
DID SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?
WHA' TH-?
?
?
GOOD EVENING, MR. JONES
?
JONES?
?

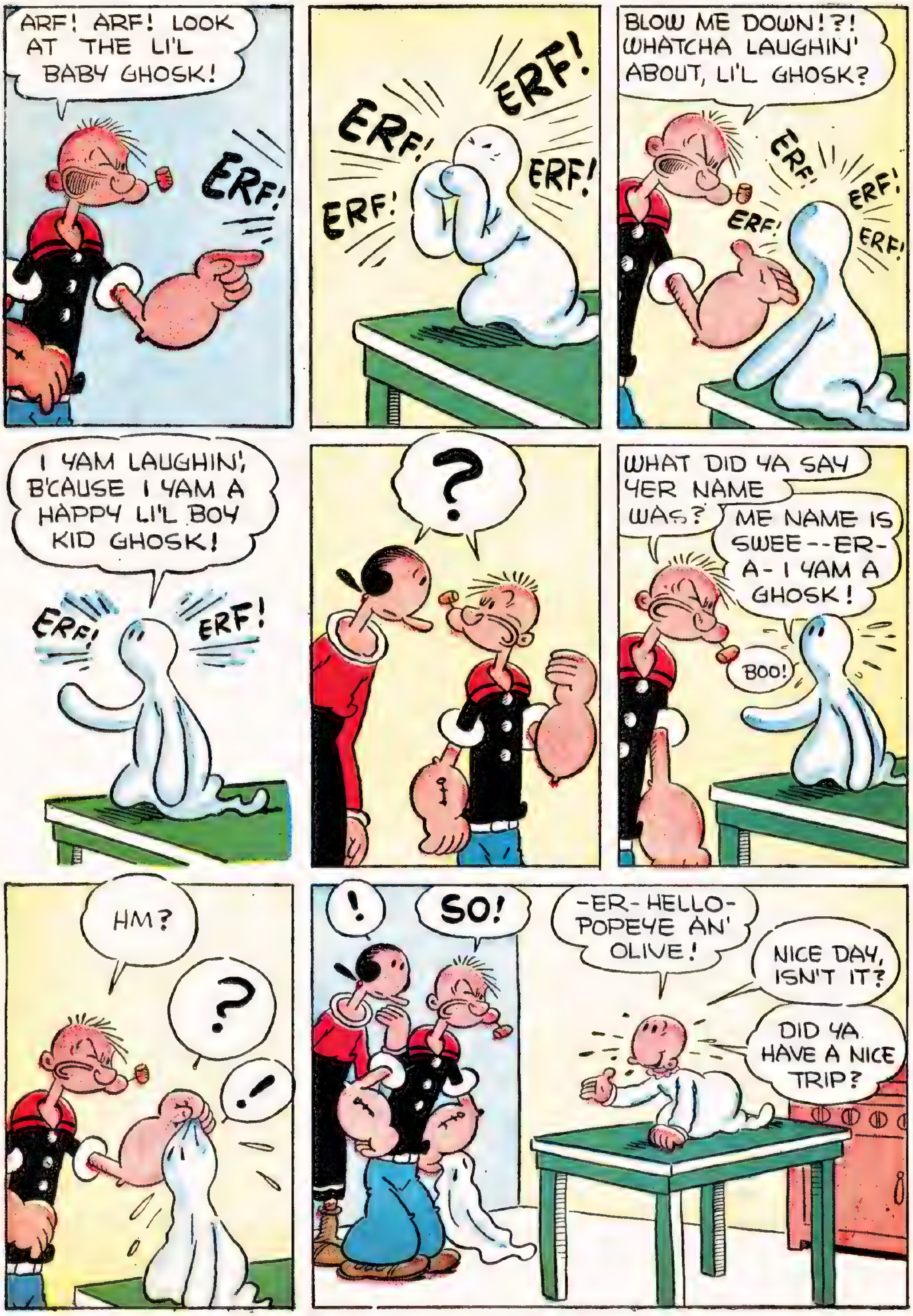
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT ARE YA DOIN' ON GHOSK ISLAND, WIMPY?
SIR, YOU MUST BE CONFUSING ME WITH SOMEONE ELSE– MY NAME IS JONES!
?
?
HE SURE LOOKS LIKE WIMPY–DON'T HE, OLIVE?
YES, I GUESS SO–
?
IF YOUR FRIENDS DON'T MIND, MR. SHIVER, SHALL WE TALK BUSINESS?
CERTAINLY, MR. JONES!
THAT'LL BE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE TRAPS!
OKAY. I'LL MAKE OUT A CHECK!
IS THAT THE JONES THAT MAKES THOSE SILLY GHOST TRAPS?
YEAH! THAT'S HIM!
HERE'S YOUR MONEY, MR. JONES!
FINE, NOW WE WILL SET UP THE TRAPS!
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND–ATTA BOY, JONESY!
CONGRATULATIONS, OL' BOY!
NICE GOIN'!
WOW!
LEMME SEE!
?
?
?
?



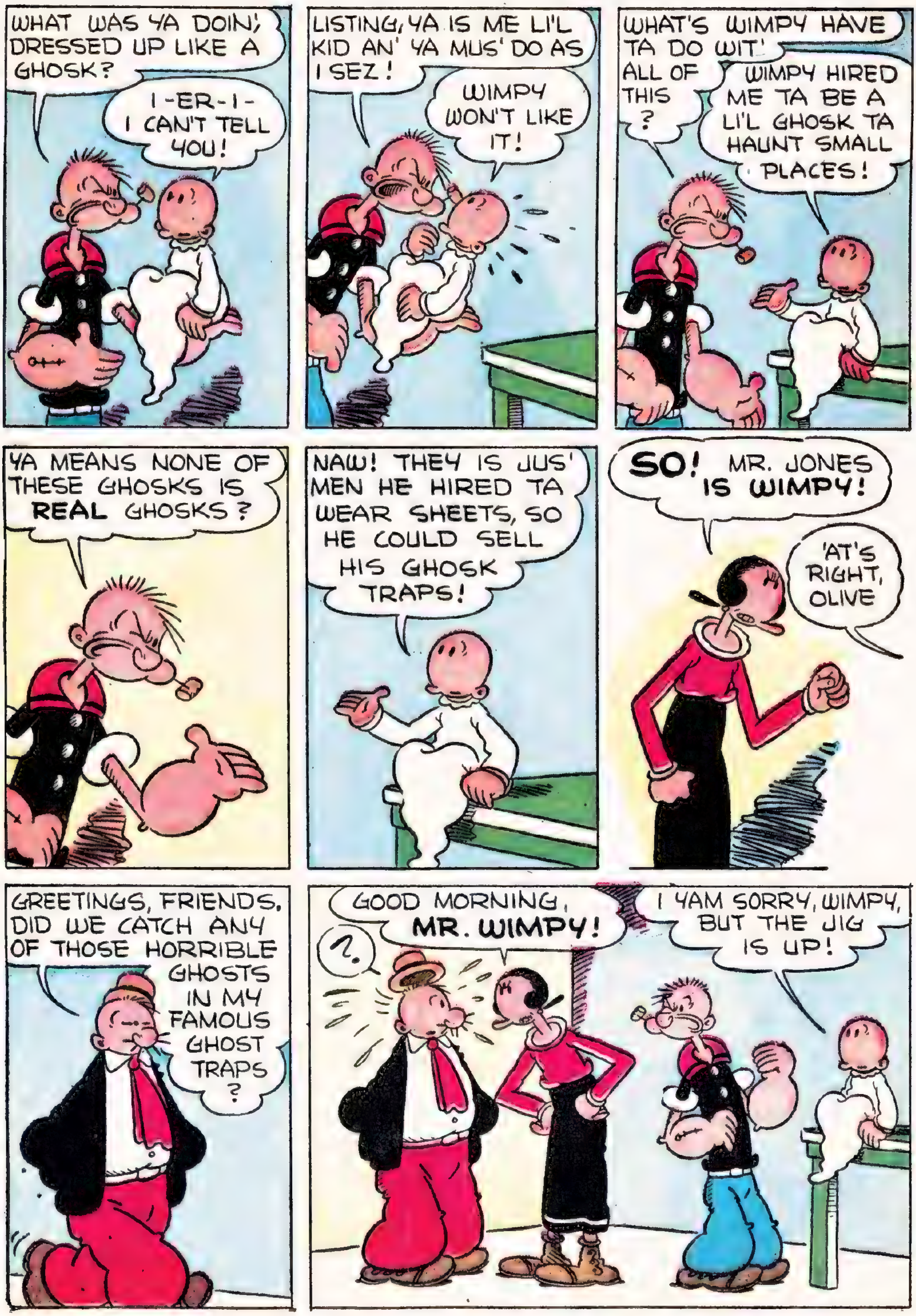
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!
DON'T THINK YOU'RE SCARING US OUT!
WE HAVE TO BE GOING, ANY-WAY!
WE HAVE TO SEE THE BIG SPOOK! WE'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
OUT!
THEY'LL BE BACK TO-NIGHT!
TO-NIGHT I YAM GO'NER LOCK UP YER HOUSE!
THAT EVENING -
'AT TAKES CARE OF THE BACK DOOR!
I'VE SET UP TEN OF MY FAMOUS GHOST TRAPS!
GHOST DOOR
ENTER
WELL, NO GHOSKS WILL GIT IN THIS HOUSE TO-NIGHT!
THEY'LL GIT IN!
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE HAVE BEEN CHALLENGED! TO-NIGHT WE MUST HAUNT MR. SHIVER'S HOUSE _ I, THE BIG SPOOK, HAVE SPOKEN!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!

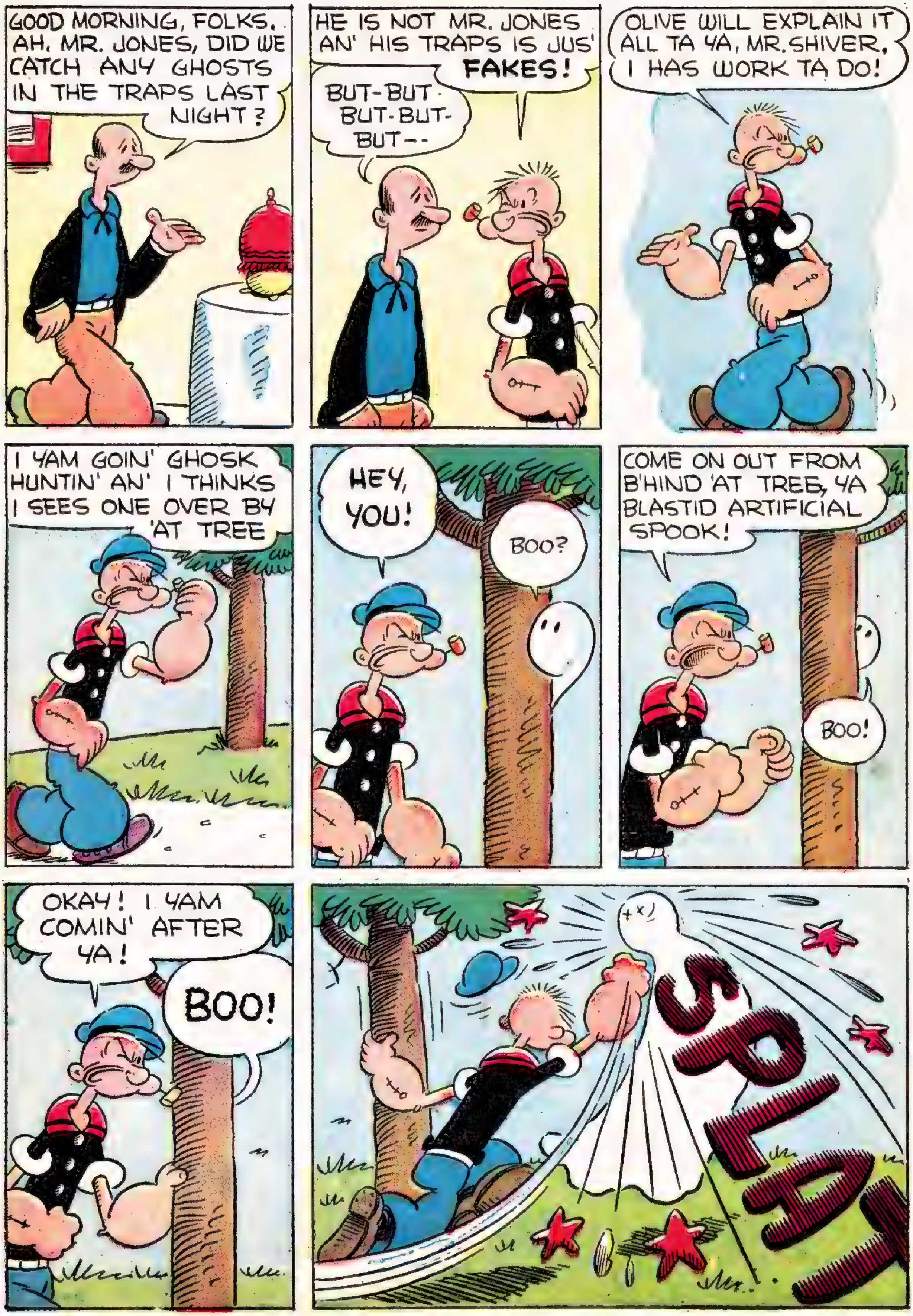
POPEYE HAS LOCKED THE HOUSE, SO "LITTLE" SPOOK" WILL HAVE TO LET US IN!
HE'S GOT THE DOOR OPEN!
COME ON, GANG!! LITTLE SPOOK'S GOT THE DOOR OPEN!
HURRY UP! LE'S GIT TA HAUNTIN'!
THE NEXT MORNING!
I BET NO GHOSKS GOT INTA THIS HOUSE LAS' NIGHT!
I WILL GO DOWN AN' START BREAKFAST!
WHA' TH'--?
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS? SUNNY SIDE UP?
A STACK OF TOAST FOR THE SAILOR MAN!
COMING UP!

POPEYE!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
AHOY, OLIVE, COME ON IN AN' HAVE SOME BREAKFAST!
IS EVERYTHING, OKAY, POPEYE?
MORE TOAST?
ARE YOU EATING THE FOOD THEY COOKED?
SURE, THEY IS GOOD COOKS!
BUT-BUT-THEY'RE GHOSTS!
'AT'S NO REASING I SHOULD INSULK 'EM BY NOT EATIN' THEIR COOKIN'!
ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT THEY HAVE SWEE'PEA?
I HAS BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT 'AT AN' I DOESN'T THINK THEY HAS HIM! 'AT WAS JUS' A GAG TA SCARE US – I BET SWEE'PEA IS SAFE AT HOME IN HIS BED!
I YAM POSITIVE HE IS NOT ON THIS ISLAND!
?
?
!
?
!
?
?
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!



ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THE LI'L BABY GHOSK!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHATCHA LAUGHIN' ABOUT, LI'L GHOSK?
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!
I YAM LAUGHIN', B'CAUSE I YAM A HAPPY LI'L BOY KID GHOSK!
ERF!
ERF!
?
WHAT DID YA SAY YER NAME WAS?
ME NAME IS SWEE--ER-A- I YAM A GHOSK!
BOO!
HM?
?
!
!
SO!
-ER- HELLO- POPEYE AN' OLIVE!
NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?
DID YA HAVE A NICE TRIP?

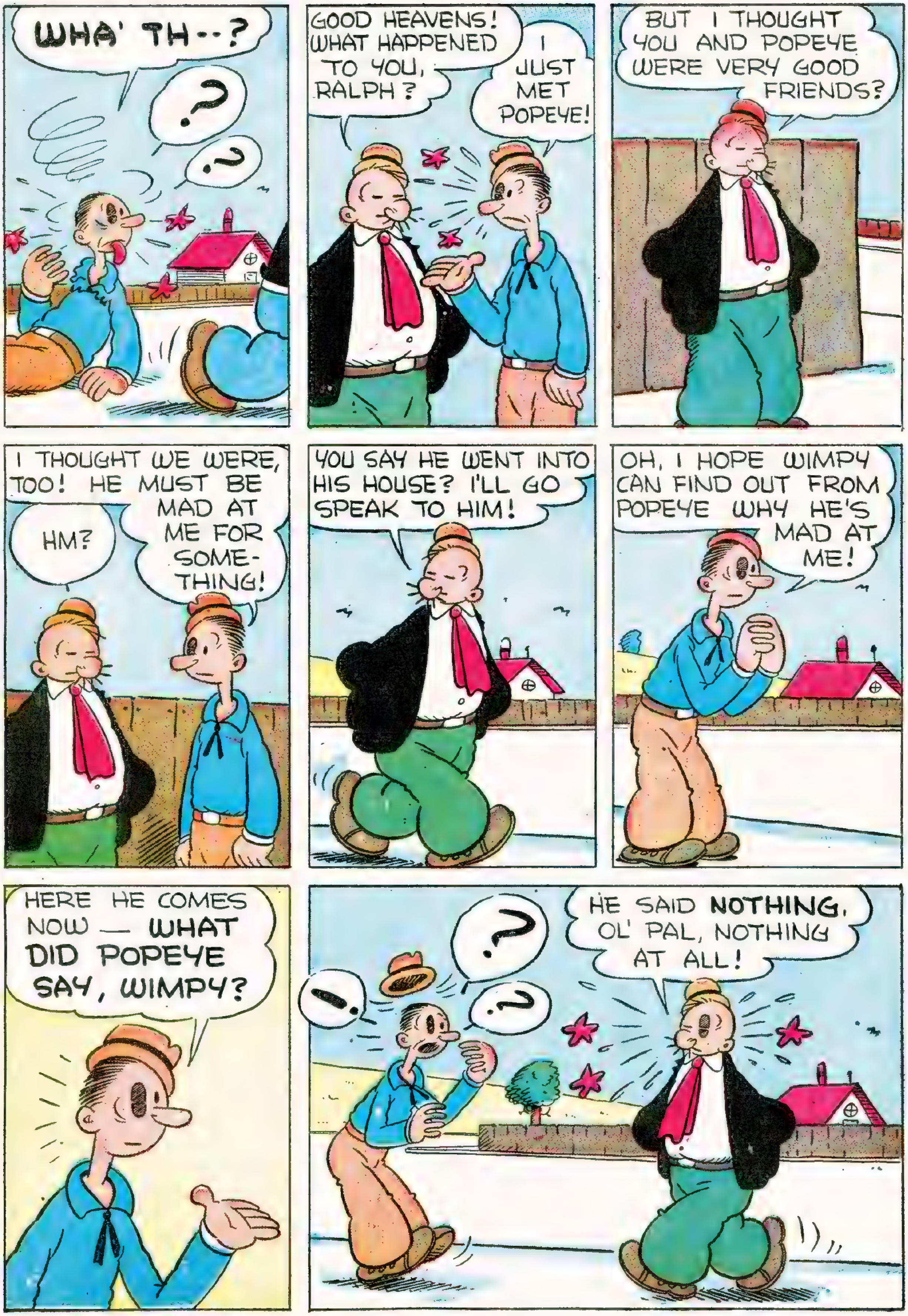

WHAT WAS YA DOIN', DRESSED UP LIKE A GHOSK?
I-ER-I- I CAN'T TELL YOU!
LISTING, YA IS ME LI'L KID AN' YA MUS' DO AS I SEZ!
WIMPY WON'T LIKE IT!
WHAT'S WIMPY HAVE TA DO WIT' ALL OF THIS?
WIMPY HIRED ME TA BE A LI'L GHOSK TA HAUNT SMALL PLACES!
YA MEANS NONE OF THESE GHOSKS IS REAL GHOSKS?
NAW! THEY IS JUS' MEN HE HIRED TA WEAR SHEETS, SO HE COULD SELL HIS GHOSK TRAPS!
SO! MR. JONES IS WIMPY!
'AT'S RIGHT, OLIVE
GREETINGS, FRIENDS. DID WE CATCH ANY OF THOSE HORRIBLE GHOSTS IN MY FAMOUS GHOST TRAPS?
GOOD MORNING, MR. WIMPY!
?
I YAM SORRY, WIMPY, BUT THE JIG IS UP!


GOOD MORNING, FOLKS. AH. MR. JONES, DID WE CATCH ANY GHOSTS IN THE TRAPS LAST NIGHT?
HE IS NOT MR. JONES AN' HIS TRAPS IS JUS' FAKES!
BUT-BUT BUT-BUT-BUT--
OLIVE WILL EXPLAIN IT ALL TA YA, MR. SHIVER. I HAS WORK TA DO!
I YAM GOIN' GHOSK HUNTIN' AN' I THINKS I SEES ONE OVER BY 'AT TREE
HEY, YOU!
BOO?
COME ON OUT FROM B'HIND 'AT TREE, YA BLASTID ARTIFICIAL SPOOK!
BOO!
OKAY! I YAM COMIN' AFTER YA!
BOO!
SPLAT

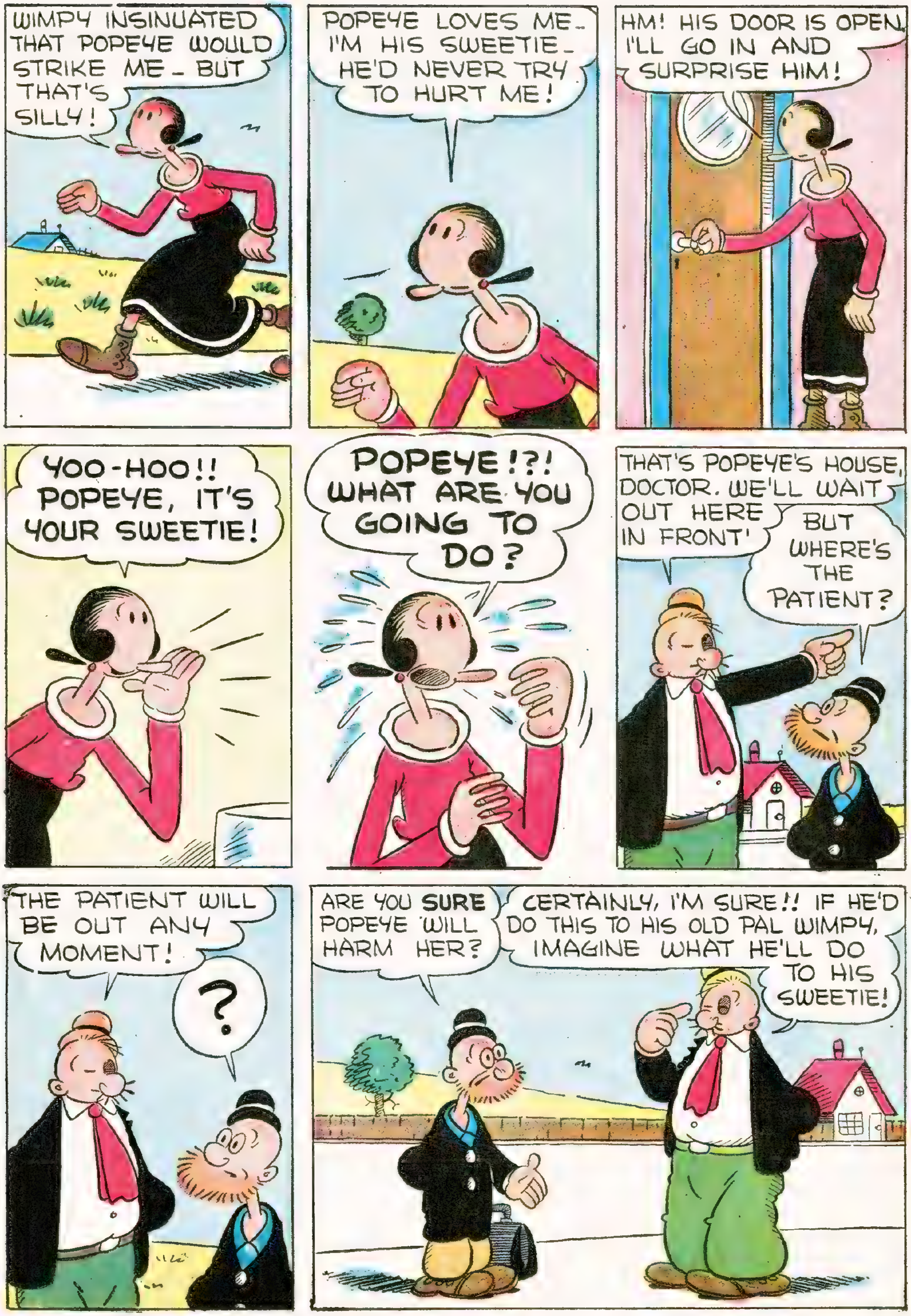
WELL, 'AT'S NUMBER ONE — I WON'ER WHERE THE REST OF 'EM IS HIDIN'?
AN HOUR LATER —
I WONDER WHERE POPEYE WENT ?
HE LOOKED MAD WHEN HE LEFT!
AHOY, WIMPY, POPEYE IS OUTSIDE — HE WANTS TO SPEAK TA YA!
VERY WELL, SWEE'PEA!
I HAS GATHERED UP YER GHOSKS, WIMPY, AN' NOW I'D LIKE TA HAVE A LITTLE TALK WIT' YOU!
!
ERF!
ERF!

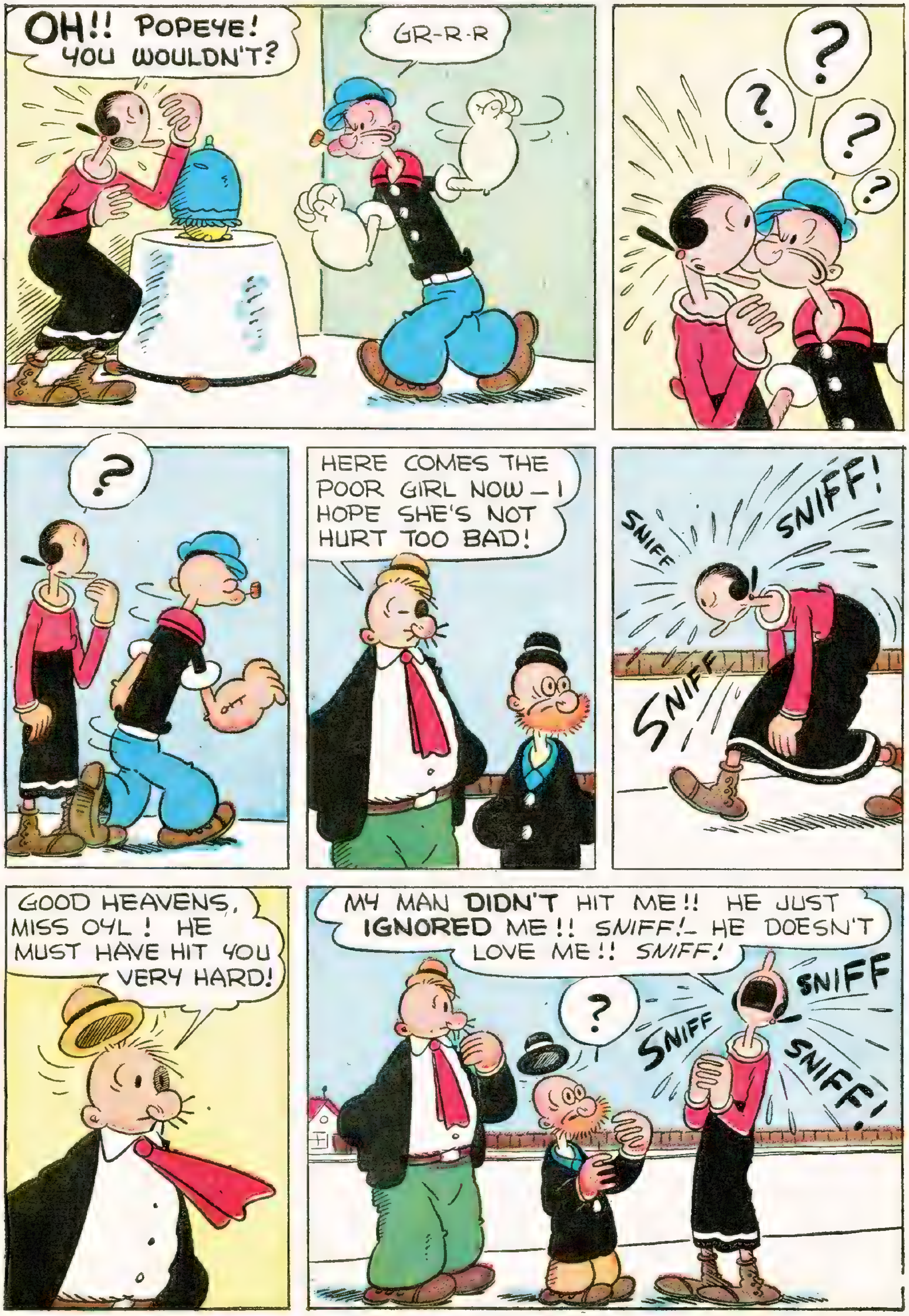
NICE MORNING, POPEYE, ISN'T IT? ARE YOU FEELING FIT? ANY NEWS FROM HOME, OL' PAL?
AW, CUT IT OUT, WIMPY! YA KIN NOT TALK YERSELF OUTA THIS – YA HAS CAUSED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE AN' I YAM GO'NER PUNISH YA!!
YOU WOULDN'T STRIKE AN OL' PAL, WOULD YOU, POPEYE?
I WILL NOT HIT YA, WIMPY!
OH, THANK YOU!
AHOY, MR. SHIVER, COME HERE!
YES, POPEYE?
YOU'RE A PAL, OL' PAL!
OKAY, WIMPY. GIVE MR. SHIVER, THE CHECK HE GIVED YA!
BOY, POPEYE KNOWS HOW TO PUNISH WIMPY!
POOR WIMPY, HE DID WORK HARD FOR THAT MONEY!
GIVE!!
HAVE MERCY, OL' PAL, STRIKE ME! BEAT ME TO A PULP! BUT DON'T MAKE ME GIVE IT BACK!!
LOOKS LIKE THE BIG SPOOK'S NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO PAY US OFF!
HE'D BETTER!
THE END

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
A HEART-WARMING, HOMESPUN TALE OF PUGILISTIC LOVE
ENTITLED
"SMASH!"
-OR-
"YOU CAN TELL SHE'S MY GIRL, BECAUSE SHE'S WEARING TWO BLACK EYES!!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND POPEYE!
JOE'S
HELLO, POPEYE! HOW'S THE KID?
SMASH!
?


WHA' TH--?
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, RALPH?
I JUST MET POPEYE!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU AND POPEYE WERE VERY GOOD FRIENDS?
I THOUGHT WE WERE, TOO! HE MUST BE MAD AT ME FOR SOME-THING!
HM?
YOU SAY HE WENT INTO HIS HOUSE? I'LL GO SPEAK TO HIM!
OH, I HOPE WIMPY CAN FIND OUT FROM POPEYE WHY HE'S MAD AT ME!
HERE HE COMES NOW — WHAT DID POPEYE SAY, WIMPY?
?
!
?
HE SAID NOTHING, OL' PAL, NOTHING AT ALL!

WHAT HAPPENED?
I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO SAY HELLO– HE SMACKED ME AS I ENTERED THE DOOR!
I THINK I'D BETTER SPEAK TO MISS OYL ABOUT POPEYE'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR!
–AND THEN HE **STRUCK** ME!
BUT THAT'S SILLY, WIMPY–
–POPEYE DOESN'T GO AROUND HITTING HIS FRIENDS!
BUT **WE'LL** GO OVER AND TALK TO HIM!
YOU GO! I HAVE SOMETHING TO DO!
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T GO WITH ME?
THAT'S RIGHT! I HAVE A VITAL MATTER TO ATTEND TO!
BUT **WHAT** HAVE YOU TO DO THAT'S SO VITAL?
I HAVE TO GO FIND A **DOCTOR** FOR **YOU**!
?
!
?
?


WIMPY INSINUATED THAT POPEYE WOULD STRIKE ME – BUT THAT'S SILLY!
POPEYE LOVES ME – I'M HIS SWEETIE – HE'D NEVER TRY TO HURT ME!
HM! HIS DOOR IS OPEN. I'LL GO IN AND SURPRISE HIM!
YOO-HOO!! POPEYE, IT'S YOUR SWEETIE!
POPEYE!?! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
THAT'S POPEYE'S HOUSE, DOCTOR. WE'LL WAIT OUT HERE IN FRONT'
BUT WHERE'S THE PATIENT?
THE PATIENT WILL BE OUT ANY MOMENT!
?
ARE YOU **SURE** POPEYE WILL HARM HER?
CERTAINLY, I'M SURE!! IF HE'D DO THIS TO HIS OLD PAL WIMPY, IMAGINE WHAT HE'LL DO TO HIS SWEETIE!


OH!! POPEYE! YOU WOULDN'T?
GR-R-R
?
?
?
?
?
HERE COMES THE POOR GIRL NOW — I HOPE SHE'S NOT HURT TOO BAD!
SNIFF
SNIFF!
SNIFF
GOOD HEAVENS, MISS OYL! HE MUST HAVE HIT YOU VERY HARD!
MY MAN DIDN'T HIT ME!! HE JUST IGNORED ME!! SNIFF! — HE DOESN'T LOVE ME!! SNIFF!
?
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF!

MY SAILOR BOY DOESN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE! SNIFF!
CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HER?
GIVE HER A COUPLE OF THESE FOR HER NERVES!
PHOOEY TO MY NERVES, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY SWEETIE!
HE'S TURNED INTO A BEAST!
IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO EXAMINE POPEYE
BUT-BUT THE MAN IS VIOLENT!
LISTEN, SHORTY, YOU'RE A DOCTOR AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO HELP HIM!
I DIDN'T SAY I WOULDN'T SEE HIM!
BUT I WOULD LIKE TO BRING IN A FEW OF MY COLLEAGUES!
GET AS MANY AS YOU NEED, BUT MAKE MY MAN SWEET AGAIN!
I'LL GET THEM IMMEDI-ATELY!
I GUESS WE'RE READY, MISS OYL _ THERE'S ENOUGH OF US TO HANDLE-ER-I MEAN TREAT HIM!
MD

YOU AND MR. WIMPY WAIT OUT HERE — DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR BOY FRIEND!
OH, WIMPY, YOU DON'T THINK THEY'LL HURT HIM, DO YOU?
I ASSURE YOU THEY WON'T!
REMEMBER, THEY ARE DOCTORS AND THEY WILL TREAT HIM WITH KINDNESS!
?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT KIND OF TREATMENT ARE THEY GIVING HIM?!
SPLAT
SMASH!
BAM!
SPLAT!
AT LAST, WIMPY — THEY ARE COMING OUT!!
?
?
!
WE RESIGN !!!

WHAT'LL WE DO, WIMPY? POOR POPEYE MUST BE TROUBLED BY SOMETHING!
HE WAS OKAY WHEN I SAW HIM LAST NIGHT! NOW HE WANTS TO HIT EVERYONE!
I SUGGEST, MISS OYL, THAT WE MOVE ON! HE'S COMING OUT OF HIS HOUSE AGAIN!
WAIT, WIMPY, I'M GOING TO TRY TO TALK TO HIM!
IF YOU MUST SPEAK TO HIM, I'D ADVISE YOU TO **PROTECT** YOURSELF IN SOME WAY!
HELLO, POPEYE, DEAREST!
CRACK

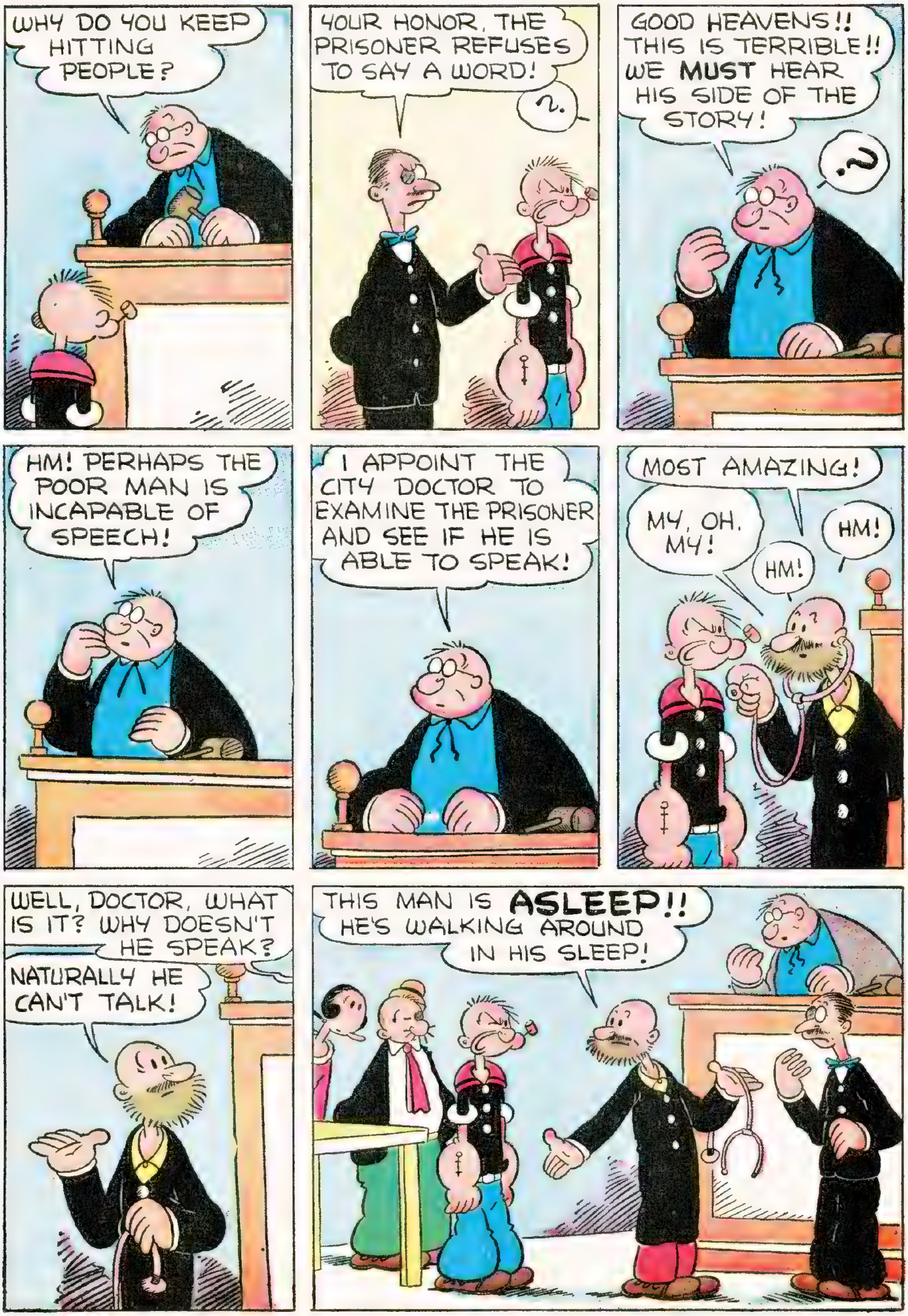
DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DID? HE DIDN'T EVEN SPEAK - HE JUST SWUNG!
THIS IS BECOMING SERIOUS, MISS OYL!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WIMPY?
WELL, IF HE GOES AROUND HITTING PEOPLE, THE AUTHORITIES MIGHT OBJECT!
YOU THINK THEY MIGHT PUT HIM IN JAIL?
YES!
OH, WOE! MY POOR SWEET SAILOR BOY IN THE JUG! SNIFF! OH-H-H! WOE!! POOR LITTLE HELPLESS SAILOR MAN! OH, WIMPY, WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND KEEP HIM OUT OF SIGHT!
I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?
THERE'S A POLICEMAN - ASK IF HE'S SEEN HIM!
OFFICER, HAVE YOU SEEN POPEYE? HE'S A SHORT SAILOR MAN!
OH! SO THAT'S HIS NAME! THANKS, LADY!
OHH!
?

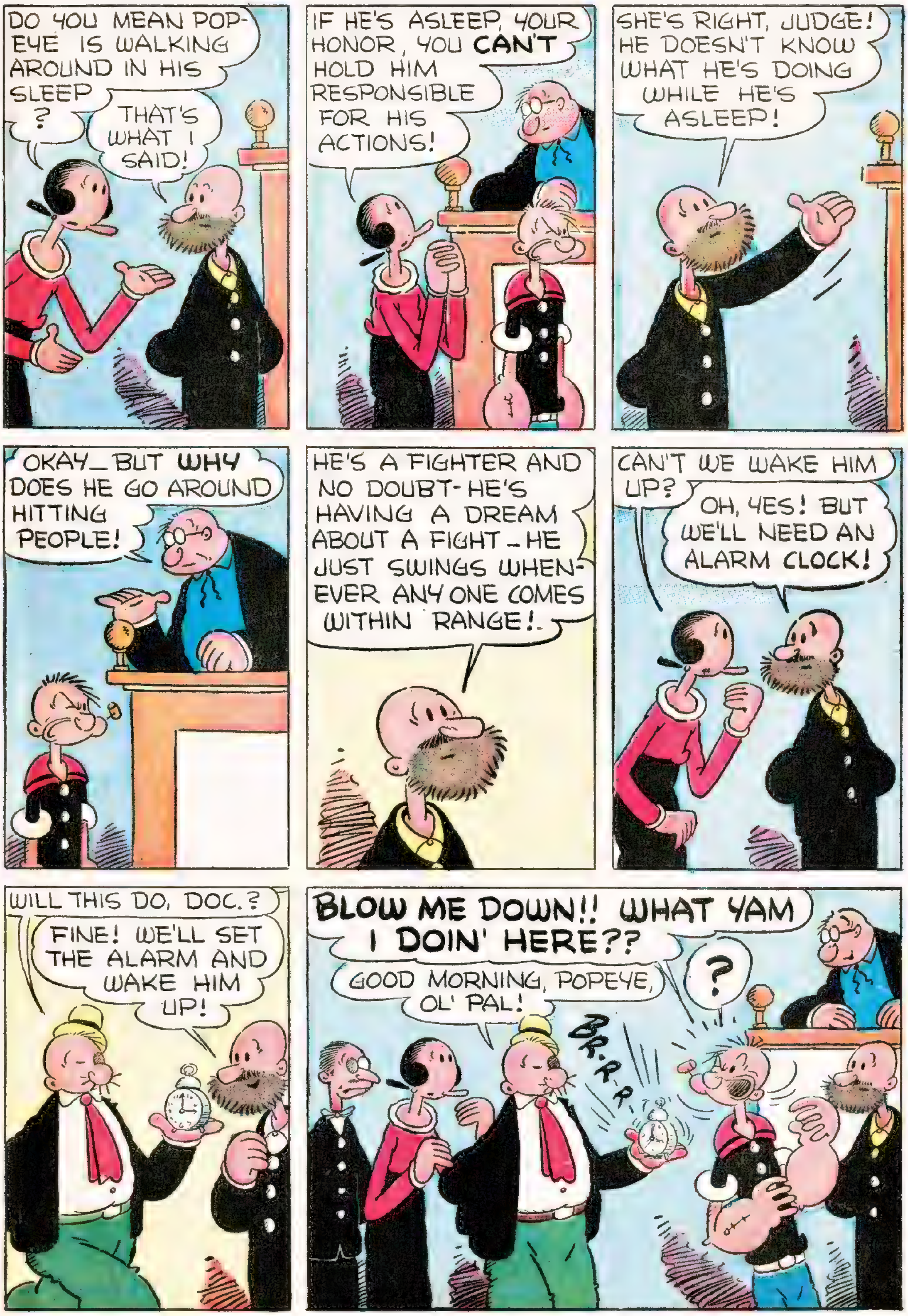
YEAH, CHIEF, HIS NAME IS POPEYE! HE'S GOIN' AROUND CREATING BLACK EYES!
OH, WIMPY! NOW THE POLICE ARE AFTER MY LITTLE SAILOR BOY!
I FEAR IT IS OUT OF OUR HANDS, MISS OYL – WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
WELL, WE CAN'T JUST STAND AROUND – I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM BEHAVE!
VERY WELL, MISS OYL, I'LL GO WITH YOU!
I HOPE WE CAN FIND HIM BEFORE THE POLICE DO!
HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR
OH, WIMPY! LOOK!!
OHHHH! MY POOR LITTLE SWEETIE! SNIFF! HE'S A JAILBIRD!!
THEY'VE GOT BARS AROUND MY MAN! SNIFF!
COME, COME, MISS OYL, LET US BE COURAGEOUS!

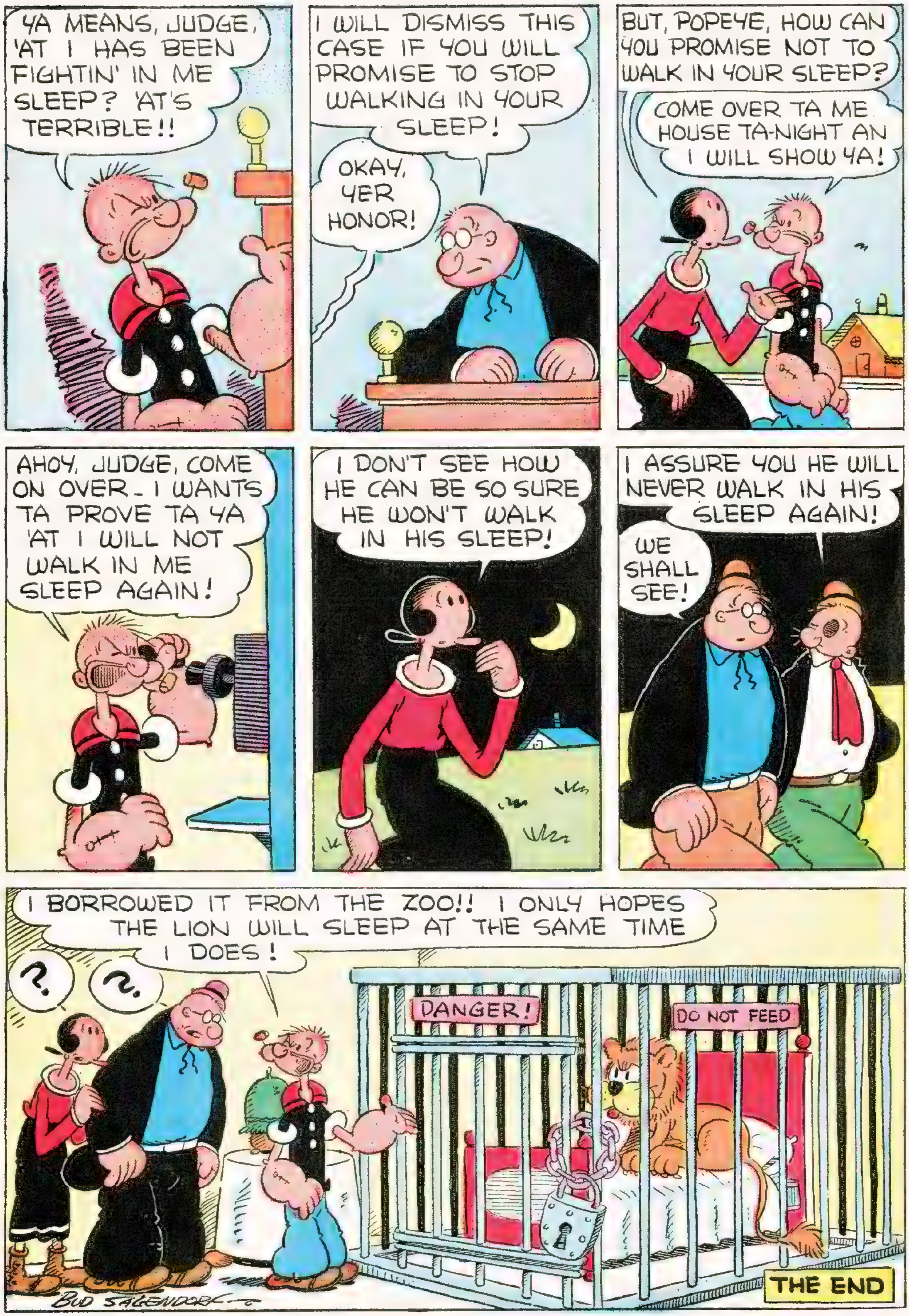
WOE!! OH, WIMPY! WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP MY MAN?
I'D SUGGEST BAILING HIM OUT AND THEN FINDING HIM A GOOD LAWYER!
COME ON — LET'S FIND OUT HOW MUCH HIS BAIL IS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE CAPTAIN CINCH, DOWN THE HALL, ABOUT HIS BAIL!
THANK YOU!
HERE IT IS!
I'LL TELL HIM HOW WONDERFUL MY MAN IS — MAYBE HE'LL KEEP THE BAIL LOW!
CAPT CINCH
CAPTAIN CINCH?
YES! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WANTED
$1000.
YOU HAVE MY SWEETIE POPEYE IN JAIL — HE'S REALLY A WONDERFUL, SWEET, KIND, LOVABLE MAN — AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH HIS BAIL IS?
HE'S A VERY NICE MAN!
YIPE!!!
HIS BAIL IS ONE MILLION BUCKS!

THE NEXT DAY!
I COULDN'T FIND A LAWYER FOR POPEYE, SO I SHALL DEFEND HIM MYSELF!
FINE, WIMPY!
THIS COURT WILL COME TO ORDER – FIRST CASE!
THE FIRST CASE, YOUR HONOR, IS THE CITIZENS OF OUR CITY AGAINST POPEYE THE SAILOR!
I, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, SHALL DEFEND THE ACCUSED AND I DEMAND A TRIAL BY JURY!
THAT'S YOUR RIGHT! A JURY SHALL BE SELECTED AT ONCE FROM THE SPECTATORS!
WHY A JURY, WIMPY?
A JURY WILL BE MUCH EASIER ON POPEYE, MISS OYL!
THE JURY IS READY, JUDGE!
OKAY, WILLIE, LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
A LOT OF HELP YOU ARE! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT JURY!
BRING HIM ON! WE'RE READY!

BRING THE DEFENDANT IN!
WHAT ARE THE CHARGES AGAINST THIS MAN?
HE'S BEEN PROWLING THE STREETS BLACKING THE EYES OF EVERY PERSON HE MEETS!
HE HASN'T TOUCHED ME! I'M HIS SWEETIE AND HE HASN'T BLACKED MY EYE!
A GOOD POINT, MISS OYL!
TO CONTINUE, YOUR HONOR, THIS MAN IS A BEAST! HE'S A DANGER TO THE PEACE OF OUR FAIR CITY!
HE SHOULD BE BEHIND BARS!
SPLAT
I WOULD LIKE TO ENTER THIS AS EXHIBIT "A"!!
!
!

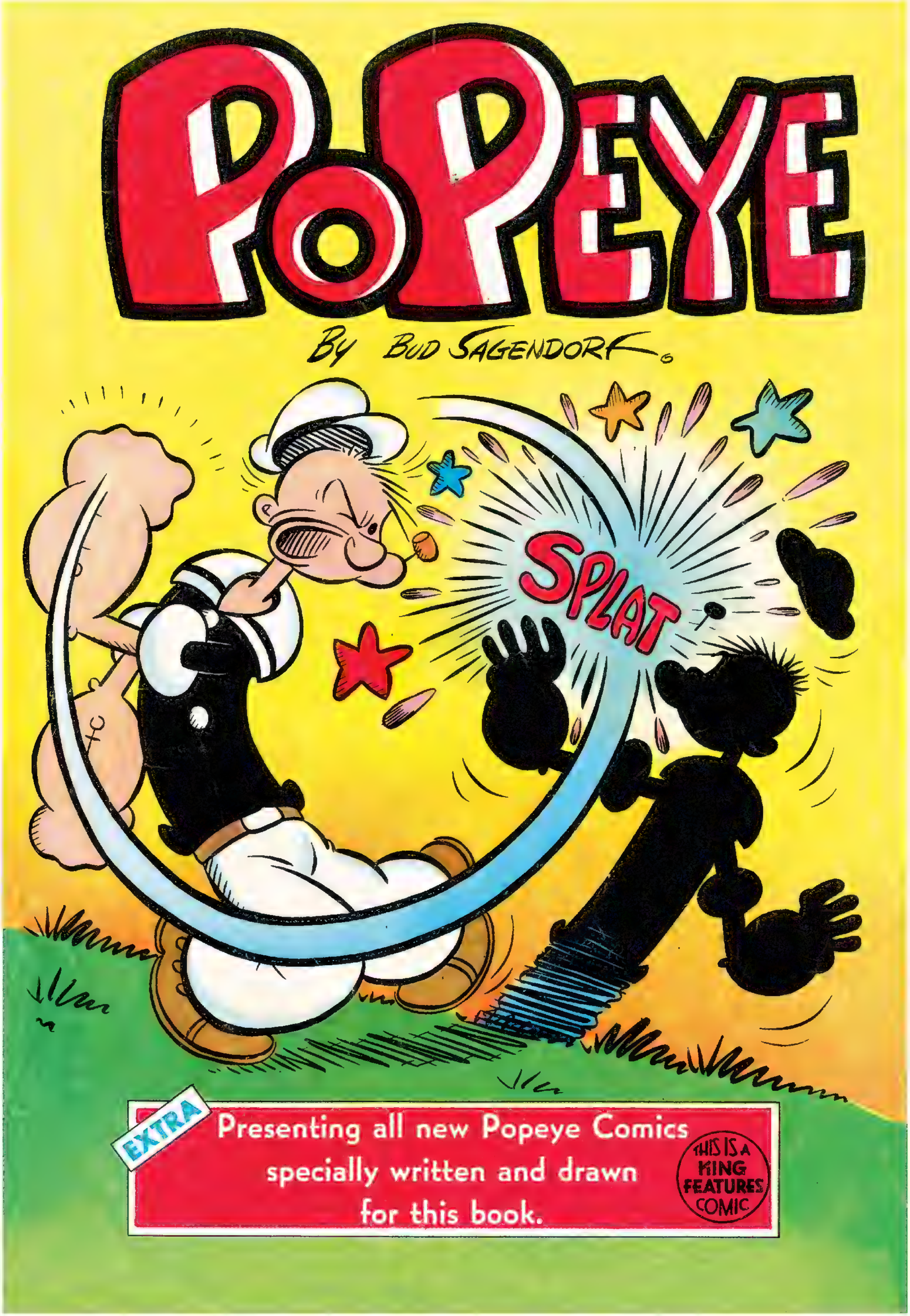

WHY DO YOU KEEP HITTING PEOPLE?
YOUR HONOR, THE PRISONER REFUSES TO SAY A WORD!
?
GOOD HEAVENS!! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! WE MUST HEAR HIS SIDE OF THE STORY!
?
HM! PERHAPS THE POOR MAN IS INCAPABLE OF SPEECH!
I APPOINT THE CITY DOCTOR TO EXAMINE THE PRISONER AND SEE IF HE IS ABLE TO SPEAK!
MOST AMAZING!
MY, OH, MY!
HM!
HM!
WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT IS IT? WHY DOESN'T HE SPEAK?
NATURALLY HE CAN'T TALK!
THIS MAN IS ASLEEP!! HE'S WALKING AROUND IN HIS SLEEP!


DO YOU MEAN POP-EYE IS WALKING AROUND IN HIS SLEEP ?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID!
IF HE'S ASLEEP, YOUR HONOR, YOU CAN'T HOLD HIM RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ACTIONS!
SHE'S RIGHT, JUDGE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING WHILE HE'S ASLEEP!
OKAY_BUT WHY DOES HE GO AROUND HITTING PEOPLE!
HE'S A FIGHTER AND NO DOUBT-HE'S HAVING A DREAM ABOUT A FIGHT-HE JUST SWINGS WHEN-EVER ANY ONE COMES WITHIN RANGE!
CAN'T WE WAKE HIM UP?
OH, YES! BUT WE'LL NEED AN ALARM CLOCK!
WILL THIS DO, DOC.?
FINE! WE'LL SET THE ALARM AND WAKE HIM UP!
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHAT YAM I DOIN' HERE??
GOOD MORNING, POPEYE, OL' PAL!
?
BR-R-R


YA MEANS, JUDGE, 'AT I HAS BEEN FIGHTIN' IN ME SLEEP? 'AT'S TERRIBLE!!
I WILL DISMISS THIS CASE IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO STOP WALKING IN YOUR SLEEP!
OKAY, YER HONOR!
BUT, POPEYE, HOW CAN YOU PROMISE NOT TO WALK IN YOUR SLEEP?
COME OVER TA ME HOUSE TA-NIGHT AN I WILL SHOW YA!
AHOY, JUDGE, COME ON OVER - I WANTS TA PROVE TA YA 'AT I WILL NOT WALK IN ME SLEEP AGAIN!
I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAN BE SO SURE HE WON'T WALK IN HIS SLEEP!
I ASSURE YOU HE WILL NEVER WALK IN HIS SLEEP AGAIN!
WE SHALL SEE!
I BORROWED IT FROM THE ZOO!! I ONLY HOPES THE LION WILL SLEEP AT THE SAME TIME I DOES!
?
?
DANGER!
DO NOT FEED
THE END
BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE
OKAY, HERE'S A NICKEL. GO GIT AN ICED CREAM CONE
THANKS, POPEYE
!
PLOP
WAA!
POOR KID, HERE'S A DIME - BUY ANOTHER CONE!
WAA
WAA!
90¢
GIMME FOUR SODAS AN' TEN ICED CREAM CONES!
OKAY, KID
BUT, DOC, HOW KIN A LI'L BOY KID GIT SICK ON **ONE** ICED CREAM CONE?
BUD SAGENDORF

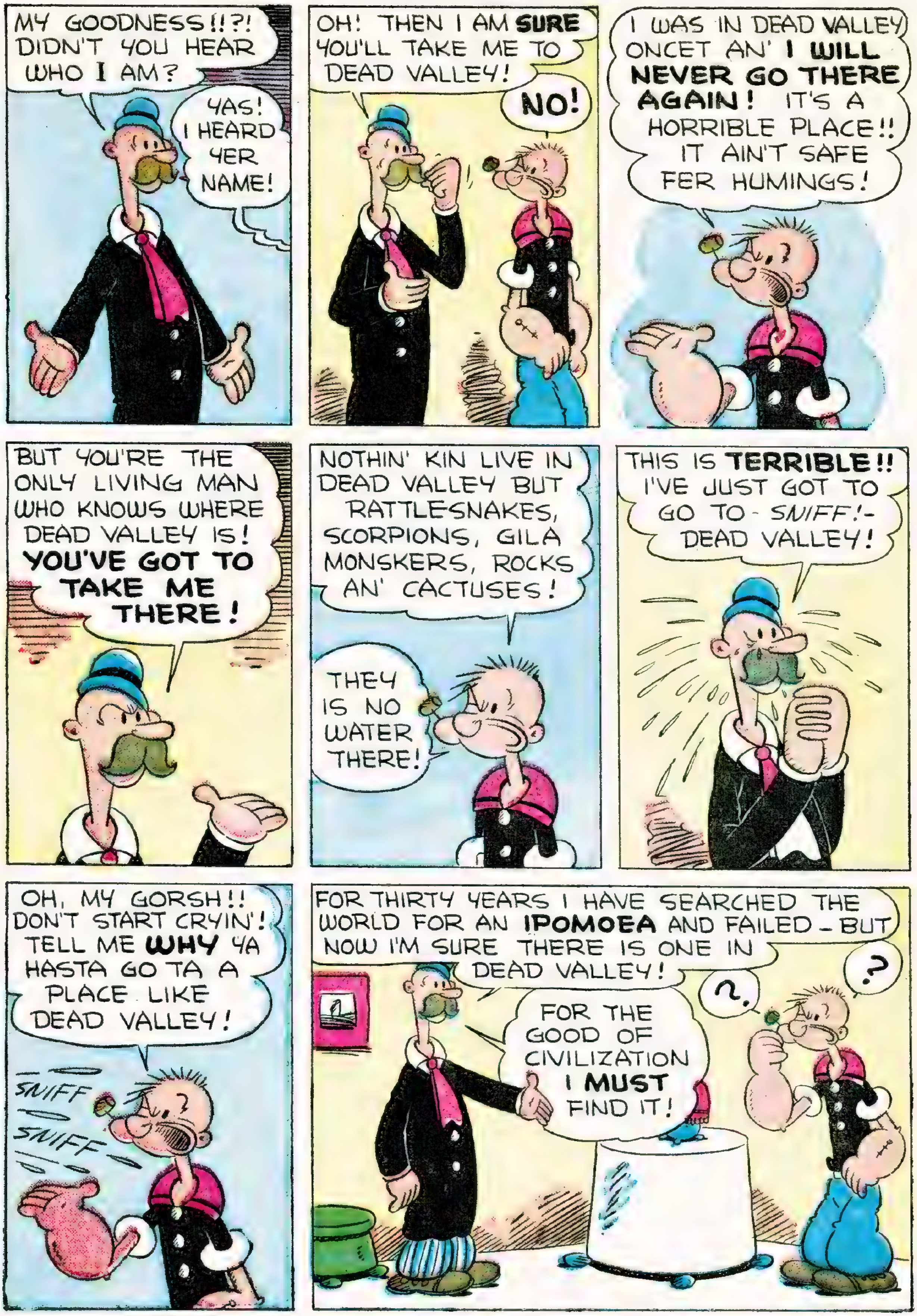
POPEYE
AHOY, SWEE'PEA, THE POSTMAN JUS' BRANG YA A PACKAGE
BLOW ME DOWN! IT'S A NICE DOLL FROM YER AUNT JONES!
I YAM A BOY KID!! I DOES NOT PLAY WIT' DOLLS!
LISTING! IF YER AUNT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TA SEND IT TA YA YER GO'NER PLAY WIT' IT!
NOW GO OUT IN'A YARD AN' PLAY WIT' 'AT SWELL DOLL!
PHOOEY!
BAH!
SWEE'PEA MUSTA GIVED IN AN' IS PLAYIN' WIT' HIS LI'L DOLL! HE'S BEEN OUT IN'A YARD WIT' IT FER A COUPLE OF HOURS!
I BET HE IS PLAYIN' HOUSE!
WHA' THE--!?!
SPLAT
SWEE'PEA'S TRAINING CAMP BOXING LESSONS
BUD SAGENDORF

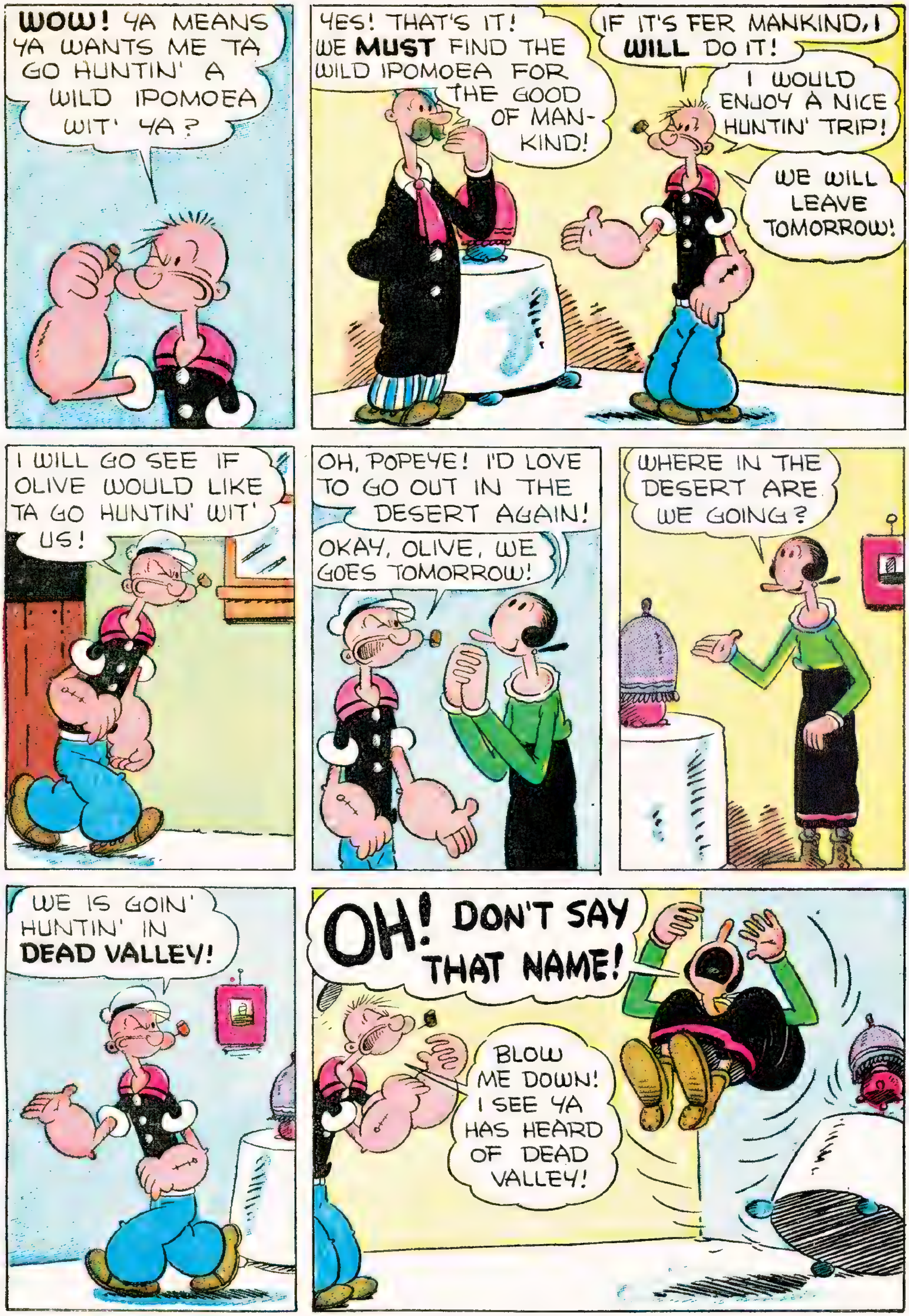


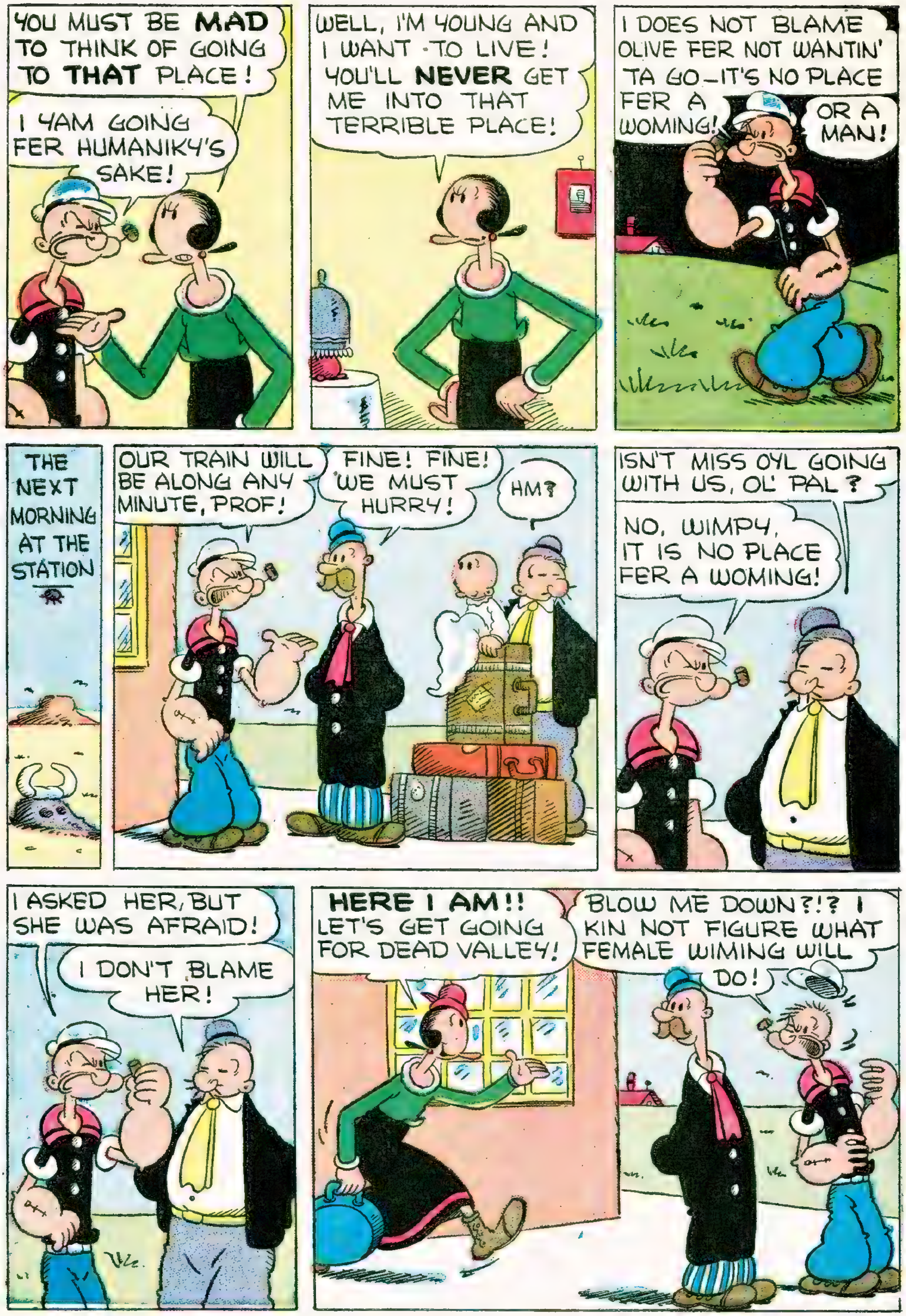
Popeye #4, November-January 1949

POPEYE
BOOM
YA GOT HIM!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! IT IS COMIN' DOWN ON TOP OF 'AT MOUNTING!
IT'S THE ONLY DUCK WE'VE SEEN ALL DAY— IF WE WANTS TO EAT, WE'D BETTER FIND IT!
'AT'S A HIGH MOUNTING!
I HOPES WE KIN FIND IT!
LOOK, POPEYE, THERE'S SMOKE COMIN' FROM B'HIND THOSE ROCKS!
MUS' BE SOME CAMPERS UP HERE!
AHOY! DID ANY ONE UP HERE SEE A DUCK FALL ?
?
WHA' TH'?
?
THIS IS EAGLE COUNTRY, OL' PAL, NO DUCKS UP HERE!
I WAS SURE IT COMED DOWN UP HERE!
TRY ON THE OTHER SIDE, OL' PAL, AND HURRY BEFORE SOME SCOUNDREL FINDS IT AND CLAIMS IT FOR HIS OWN!!
BUD SAGENDORF

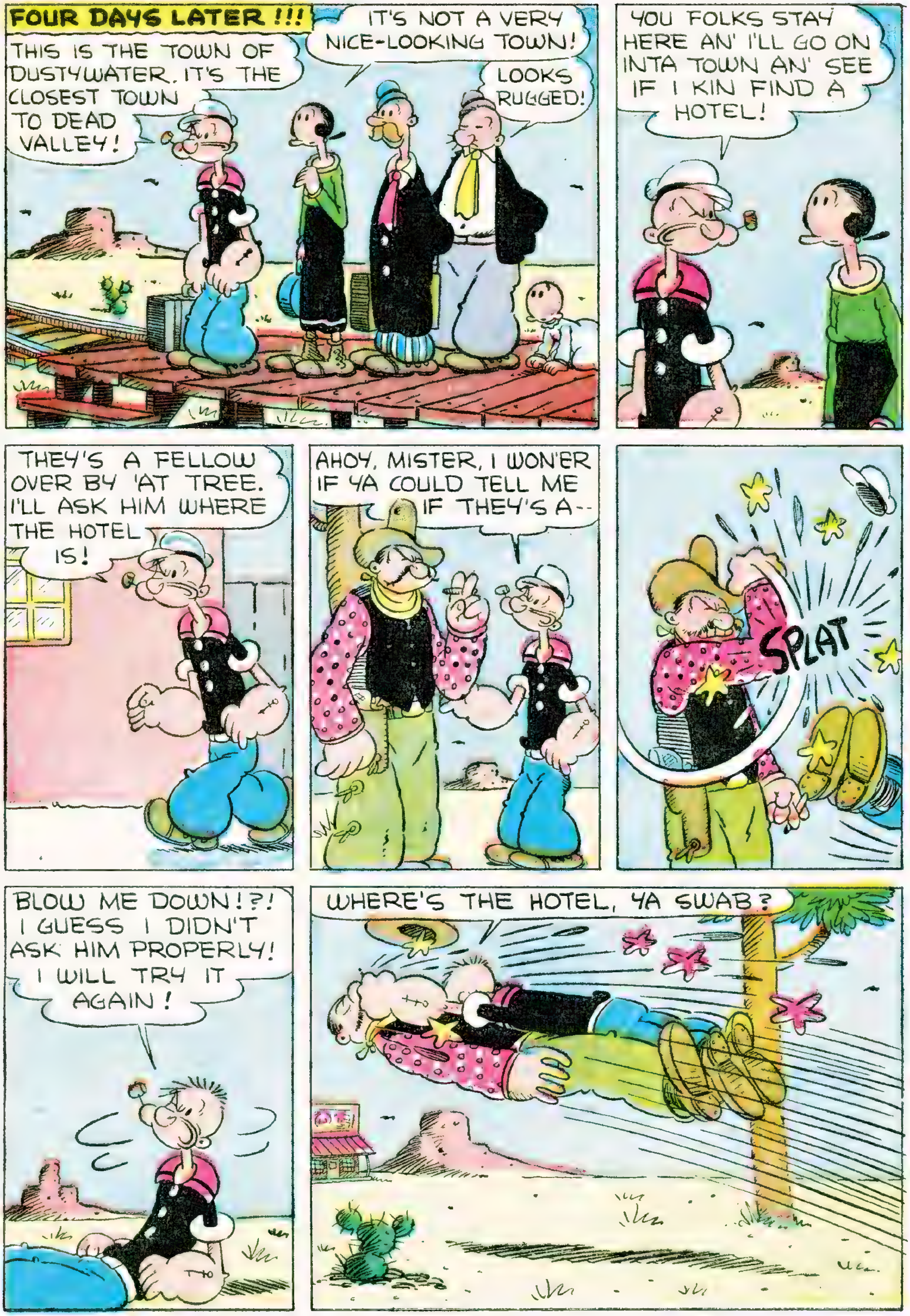
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"DEAD VALLEY"
A NEW POPEYE STORY
BY BUD SAGENDORF
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I WON'ER WHO 'AT KIN BE?
IT'S LATE FER VISIKORS!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
THANK HEAVENS I FOUND YOU AT HOME!
?
!
AHOY, YA SWAB, WHO ARE YA AN' WHAT DOES YA WANT?
OH, HELLO!
I AM PROFESSOR LABTEST, ONE OF THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MEN, AND I HAVE COME TO YOU FOR HELP
POPEYE #4-4811
I WISH TO HIRE YOU TO TAKE ME TO DEAD VALLEY!
OH! MY GORSH!
DEAD VALLEY!?! GORSH!!
NO!
I WILL NOT!!

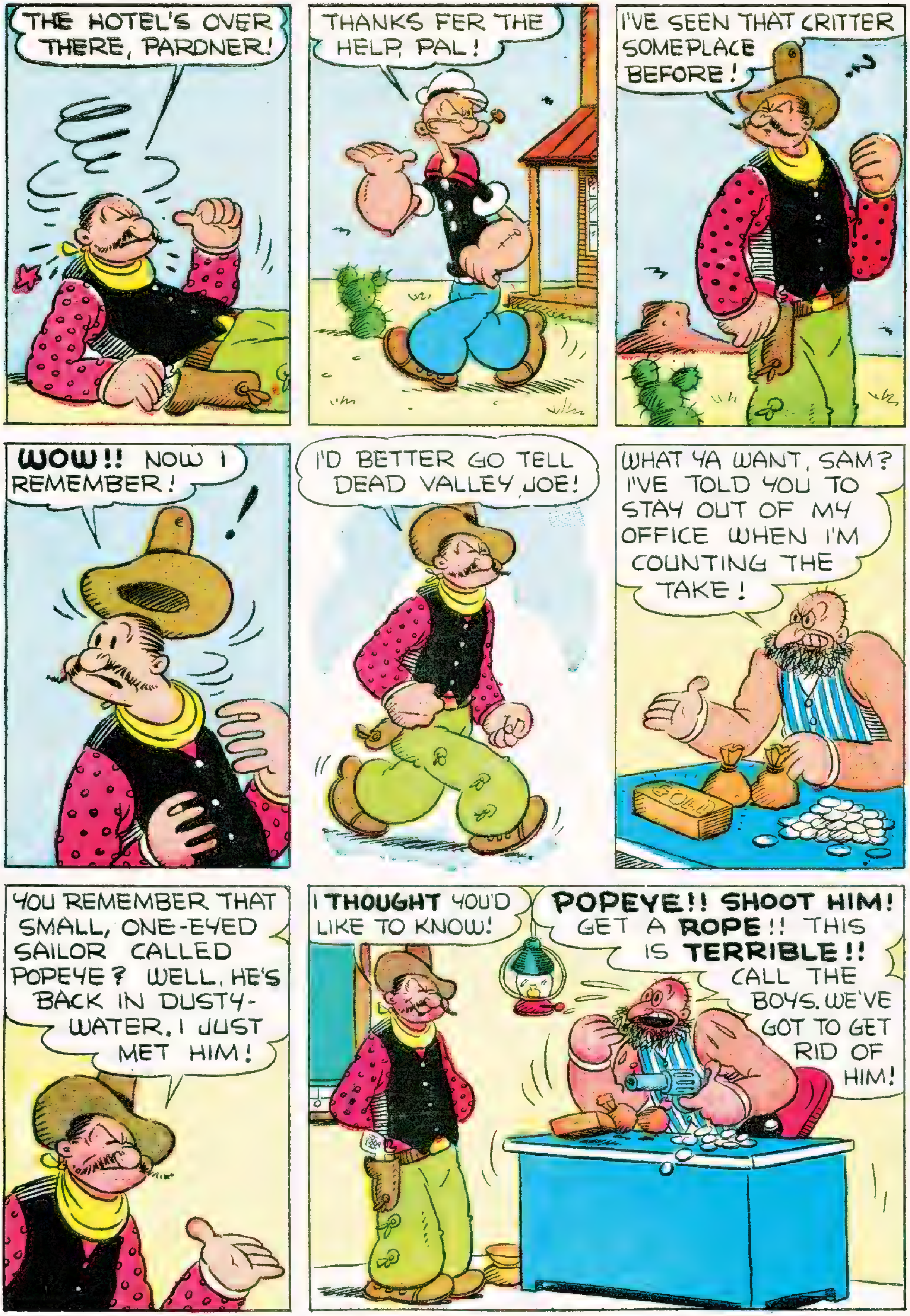

MY GOODNESS!!?! DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHO I AM?
YAS! I HEARD YER NAME!
OH! THEN I AM SURE YOU'LL TAKE ME TO DEAD VALLEY!
NO!
I WAS IN DEAD VALLEY ONCET AN' I WILL NEVER GO THERE AGAIN! IT'S A HORRIBLE PLACE!! IT AIN'T SAFE FER HUMINGS!
BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY LIVING MAN WHO KNOWS WHERE DEAD VALLEY IS! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME THERE!
NOTHIN' KIN LIVE IN DEAD VALLEY BUT RATTLESNAKES, SCORPIONS, GILA MONSKERS, ROCKS AN' CACTUSES!
THEY IS NO WATER THERE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!! I'VE JUST GOT TO GO TO - SNIFF! - DEAD VALLEY!
OH, MY GORSH!! DON'T START CRYIN'! TELL ME WHY YA HASTA GO TA A PLACE LIKE DEAD VALLEY!
SNIFF
SNIFF
FOR THIRTY YEARS I HAVE SEARCHED THE WORLD FOR AN IPOMOEA AND FAILED - BUT NOW I'M SURE THERE IS ONE IN DEAD VALLEY!
FOR THE GOOD OF CIVILIZATION I MUST FIND IT!
?
?

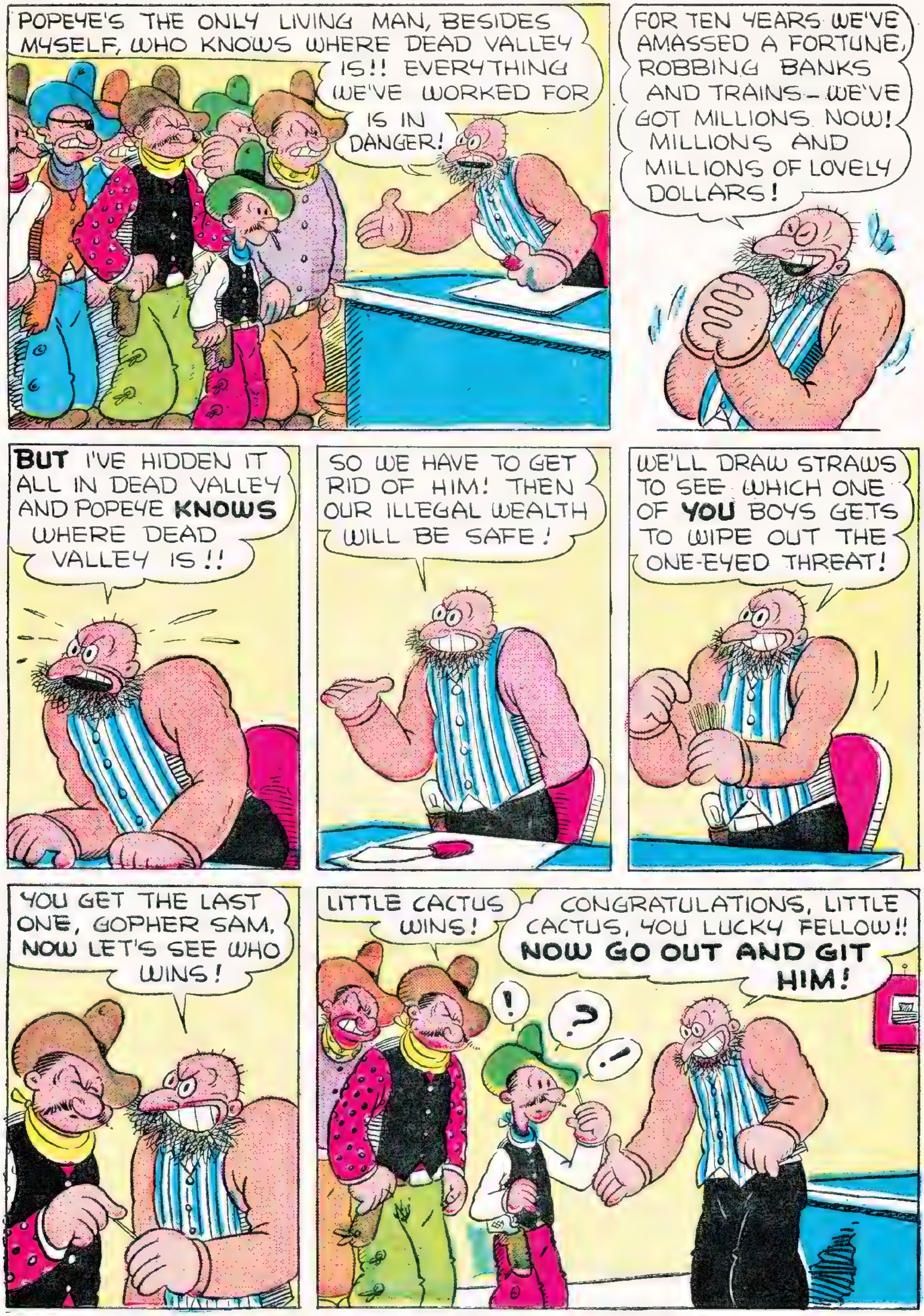

WOW! YA MEANS YA WANTS ME TA GO HUNTIN' A WILD IPOMOEA WIT' YA?
YES! THAT'S IT! WE MUST FIND THE WILD IPOMOEA FOR THE GOOD OF MAN-KIND!
IF IT'S FER MANKIND, I WILL DO IT!
I WOULD ENJOY A NICE HUNTIN' TRIP!
WE WILL LEAVE TOMORROW!
I WILL GO SEE IF OLIVE WOULD LIKE TA GO HUNTIN' WIT' US!
OH, POPEYE! I'D LOVE TO GO OUT IN THE DESERT AGAIN!
OKAY, OLIVE, WE GOES TOMORROW!
WHERE IN THE DESERT ARE WE GOING?
WE IS GOIN' HUNTIN' IN DEAD VALLEY!
OH! DON'T SAY THAT NAME!
BLOW ME DOWN! I SEE YA HAS HEARD OF DEAD VALLEY!



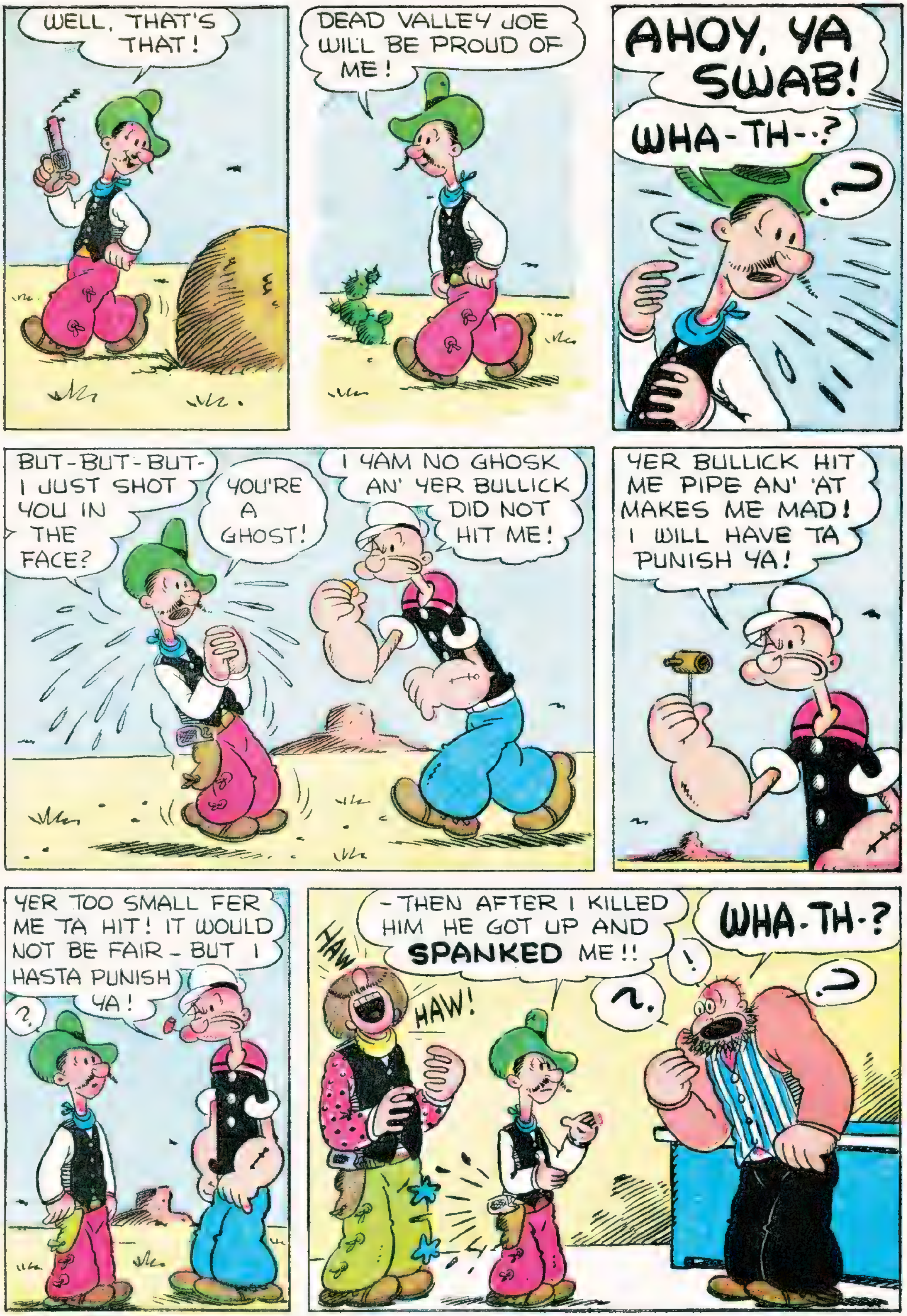
YOU MUST BE MAD TO THINK OF GOING TO THAT PLACE!
I YAM GOING FER HUMANIKY'S SAKE!
WELL, I'M YOUNG AND I WANT TO LIVE! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME INTO THAT TERRIBLE PLACE!
I DOES NOT BLAME OLIVE FER NOT WANTIN' TA GO—IT'S NO PLACE FER A WOMING!
OR A MAN!
THE NEXT MORNING AT THE STATION
OUR TRAIN WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE, PROF!
FINE! FINE! WE MUST HURRY!
HM?
ISN'T MISS OYL GOING WITH US, OL' PAL?
NO, WIMPY, IT IS NO PLACE FER A WOMING!
I ASKED HER, BUT SHE WAS AFRAID!
I DON'T BLAME HER!
HERE I AM!! LET'S GET GOING FOR DEAD VALLEY!
BLOW ME DOWN?!? I KIN NOT FIGURE WHAT FEMALE WIMING WILL DO!

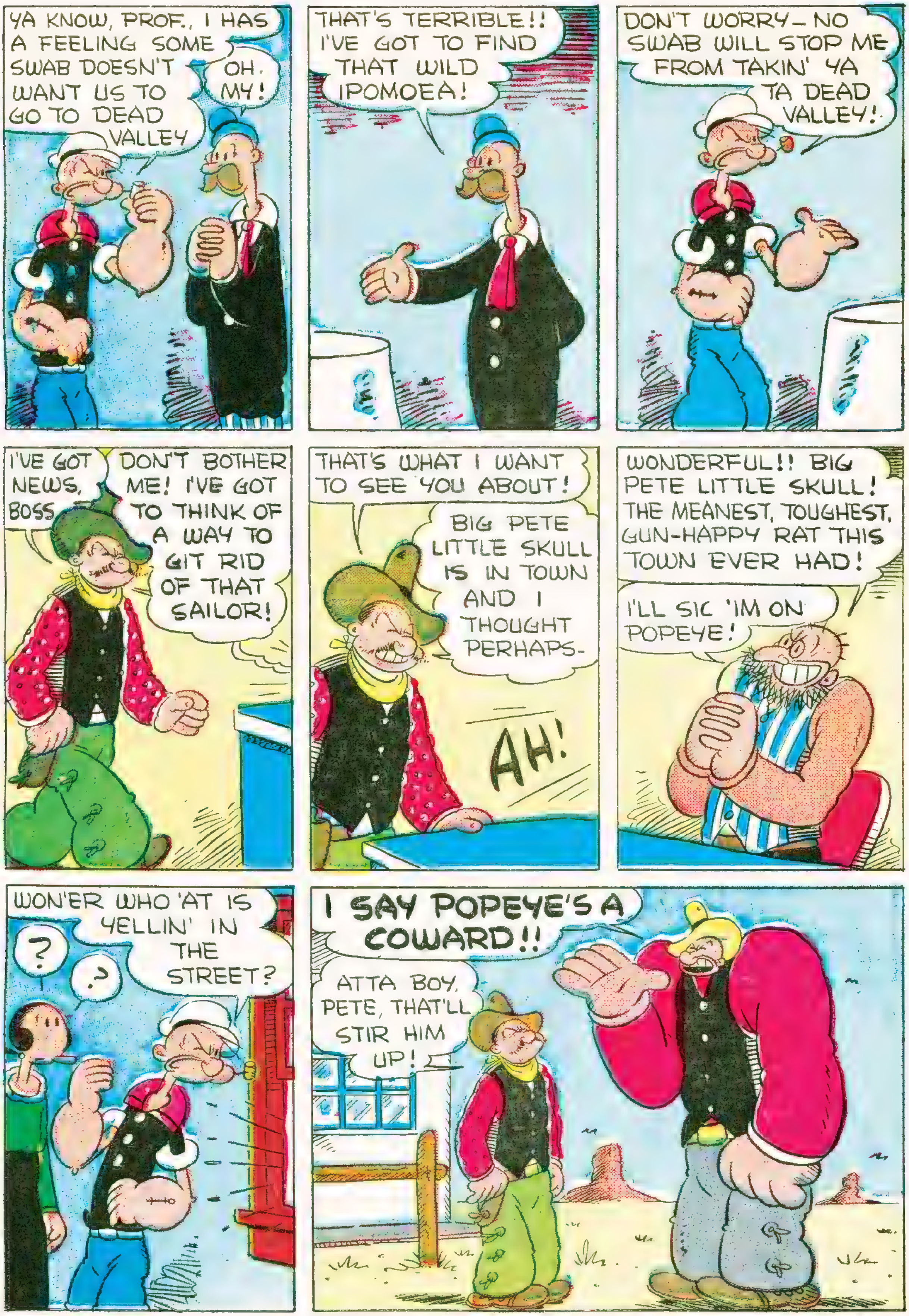

FOUR DAYS LATER !!!
THIS IS THE TOWN OF DUSTYWATER. IT'S THE CLOSEST TOWN TO DEAD VALLEY!
IT'S NOT A VERY NICE-LOOKING TOWN!
LOOKS RUGGED!
YOU FOLKS STAY HERE AN' I'LL GO ON INTA TOWN AN' SEE IF I KIN FIND A HOTEL!
THEY'S A FELLOW OVER BY 'AT TREE. I'LL ASK HIM WHERE THE HOTEL IS!
AHOY, MISTER, I WON'ER IF YA COULD TELL ME IF THEY'S A--
SPLAT
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I GUESS I DIDN'T ASK HIM PROPERLY! I WILL TRY IT AGAIN!
WHERE'S THE HOTEL, YA SWAB?

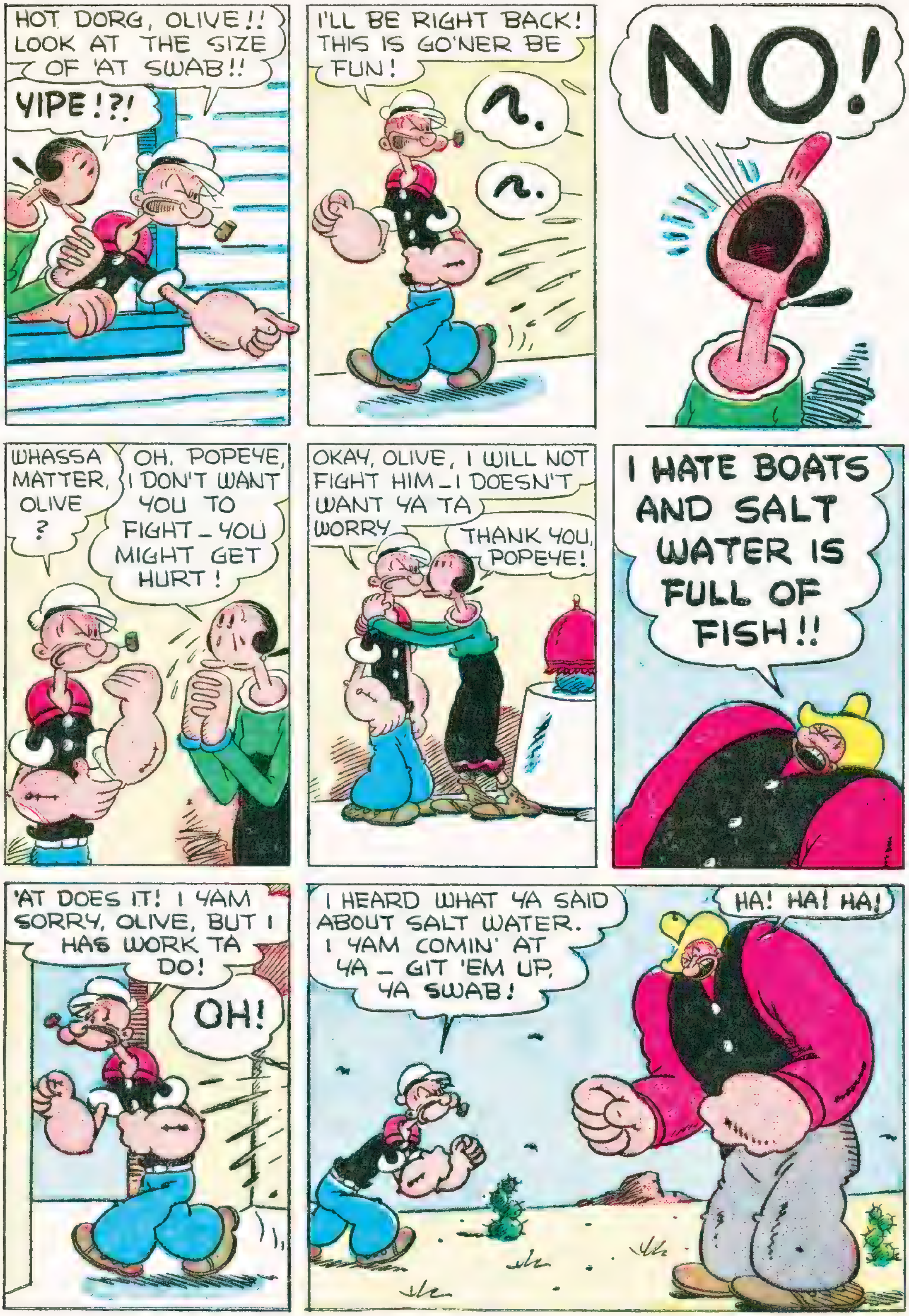

THE HOTEL'S OVER THERE, PARDNER!
THANKS FER THE HELP, PAL!
I'VE SEEN THAT CRITTER SOMEPLACE BEFORE!
WOW!! NOW I REMEMBER!
I'D BETTER GO TELL DEAD VALLEY JOE!
WHAT YA WANT, SAM? I'VE TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY OFFICE WHEN I'M COUNTING THE TAKE!
GOLD
YOU REMEMBER THAT SMALL, ONE-EYED SAILOR CALLED POPEYE? WELL, HE'S BACK IN DUSTY-WATER. I JUST MET HIM!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW!
POPEYE!! SHOOT HIM! GET A ROPE!! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! CALL THE BOYS. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!

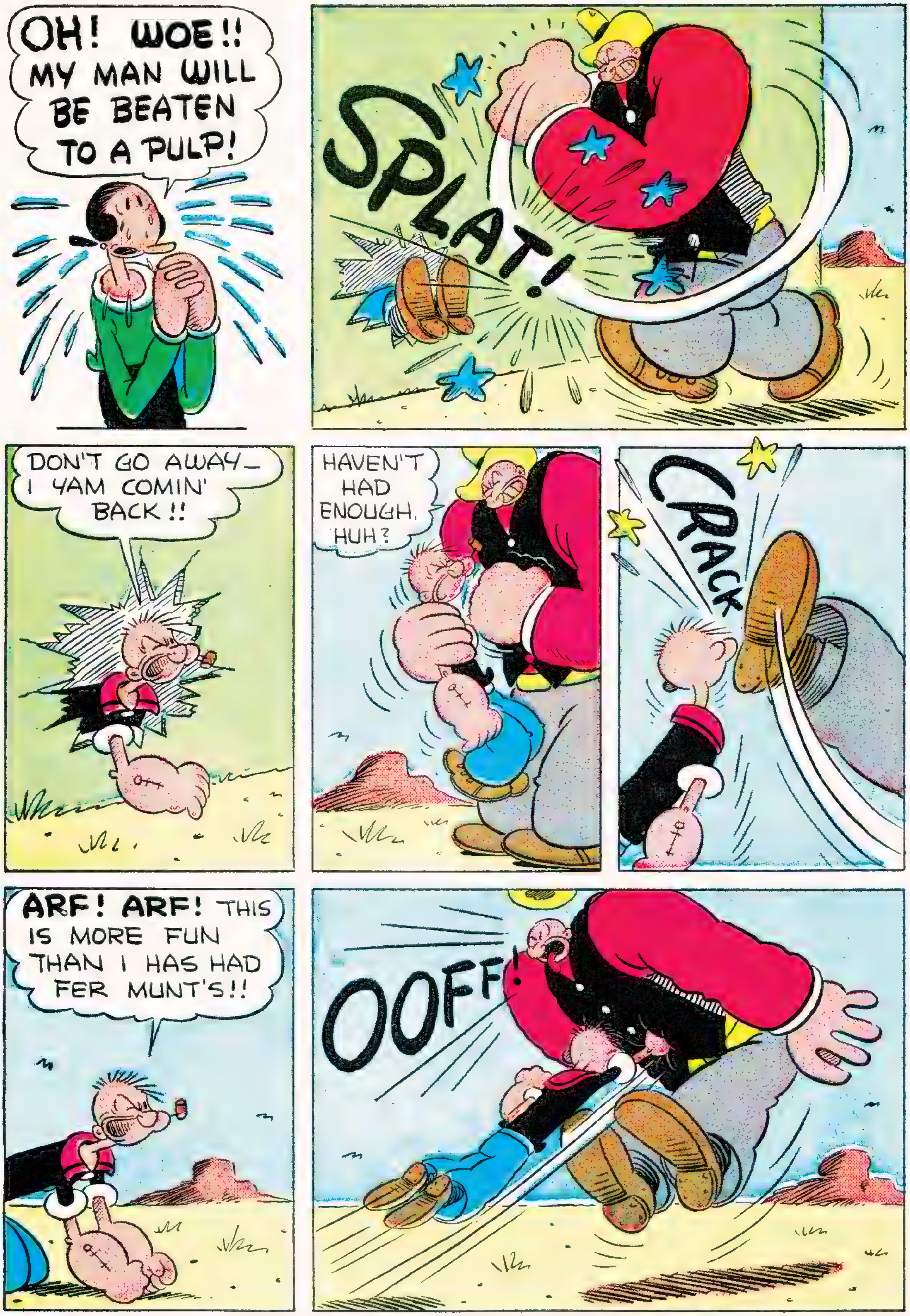

POPEYE'S THE ONLY LIVING MAN, BESIDES MYSELF, WHO KNOWS WHERE DEAD VALLEY IS!! EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED FOR IS IN DANGER!
FOR TEN YEARS WE'VE AMASSED A FORTUNE, ROBBING BANKS AND TRAINS – WE'VE GOT MILLIONS NOW! MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF LOVELY DOLLARS!
BUT I'VE HIDDEN IT ALL IN DEAD VALLEY AND POPEYE KNOWS WHERE DEAD VALLEY IS!!
SO WE HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM! THEN OUR ILLEGAL WEALTH WILL BE SAFE!
WE'LL DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHICH ONE OF YOU BOYS GETS TO WIPE OUT THE ONE-EYED THREAT!
YOU GET THE LAST ONE, GOPHER SAM. NOW LET'S SEE WHO WINS!
LITTLE CACTUS WINS!
CONGRATULATIONS, LITTLE CACTUS, YOU LUCKY FELLOW!! NOW GO OUT AND GIT HIM!
!
?
.-

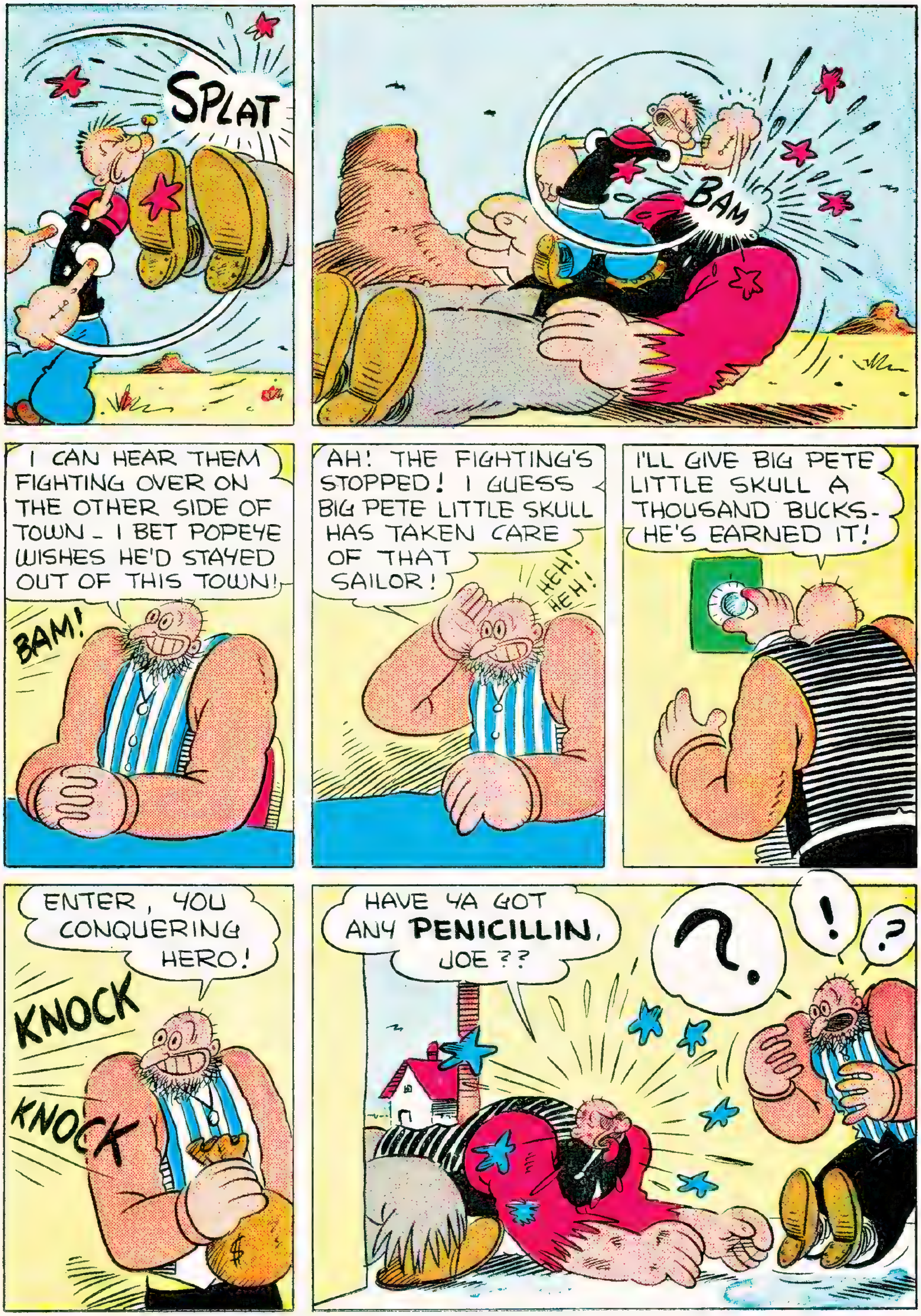
EVERYBODY IS TAKIN' A NAP AT THE HOTEL!
I'LL GO SEE ABOUT BUYIN' SUPPLIES FER OUR TRIP TA DEAD VALLEY!
HEY, YOU!!
WHO, ME?
COME HERE!
PLEASE!
I GOT SOME-THING IN MY EYE!
LEMME SEE — MAYBE I KIN GIT IT OUT!
HA! HA! HERE'S LEAD IN YOUR EYE!
BANG!
?

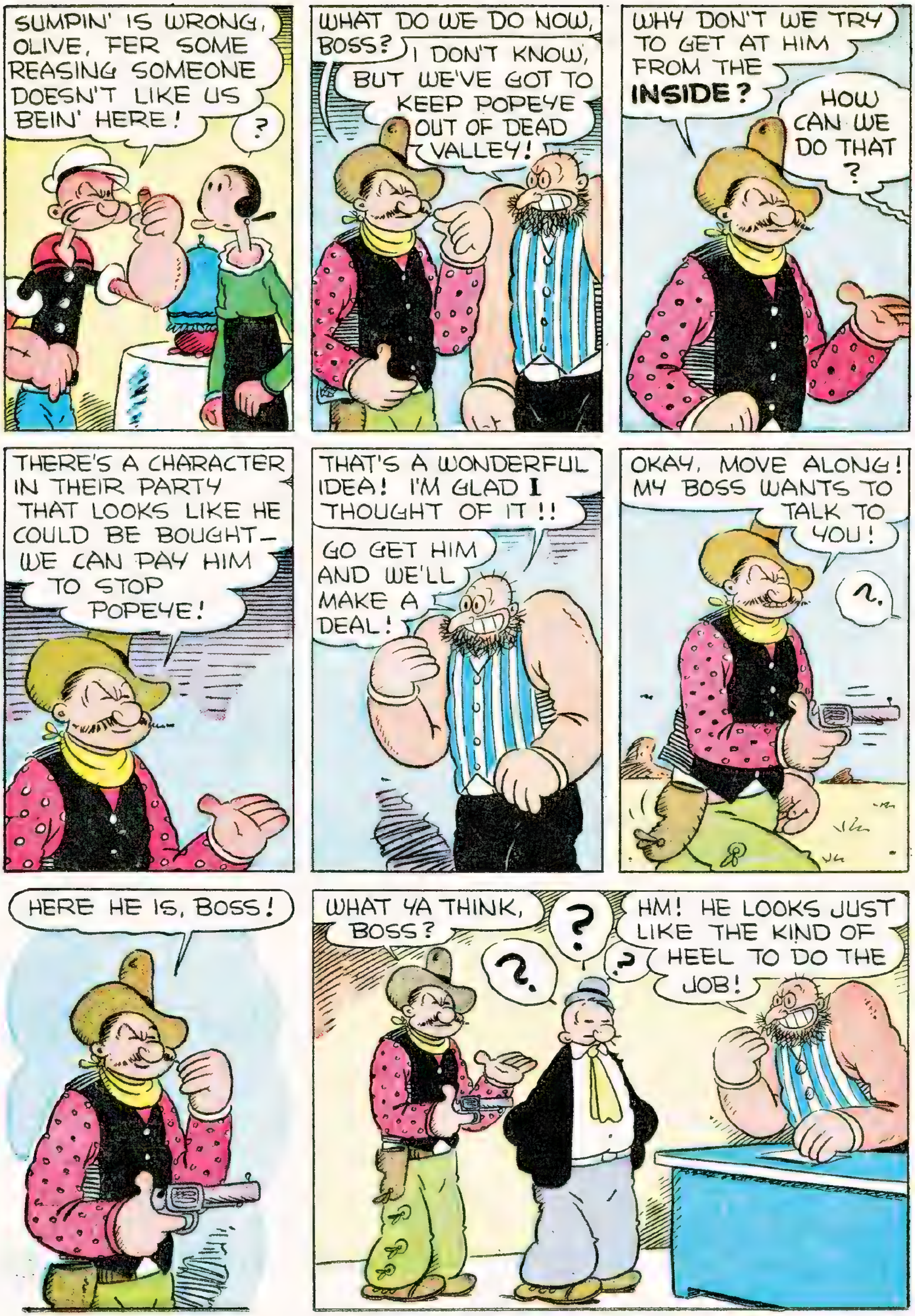

WELL, THAT'S THAT!
DEAD VALLEY JOE WILL BE PROUD OF ME!
AHOY, YA SWAB!
WHA-TH-.?
?
BUT-BUT-BUT-I JUST SHOT YOU IN THE FACE?
YOU'RE A GHOST!
I YAM NO GHOSK AN' YER BULLICK DID NOT HIT ME!
YER BULLICK HIT ME PIPE AN' 'AT MAKES ME MAD! I WILL HAVE TA PUNISH YA!
YER TOO SMALL FER ME TA HIT! IT WOULD NOT BE FAIR - BUT I HASTA PUNISH YA!
?
HAW
-THEN AFTER I KILLED HIM HE GOT UP AND **SPANKED** ME!!
HAW!
!
?
WHA-TH-?
?

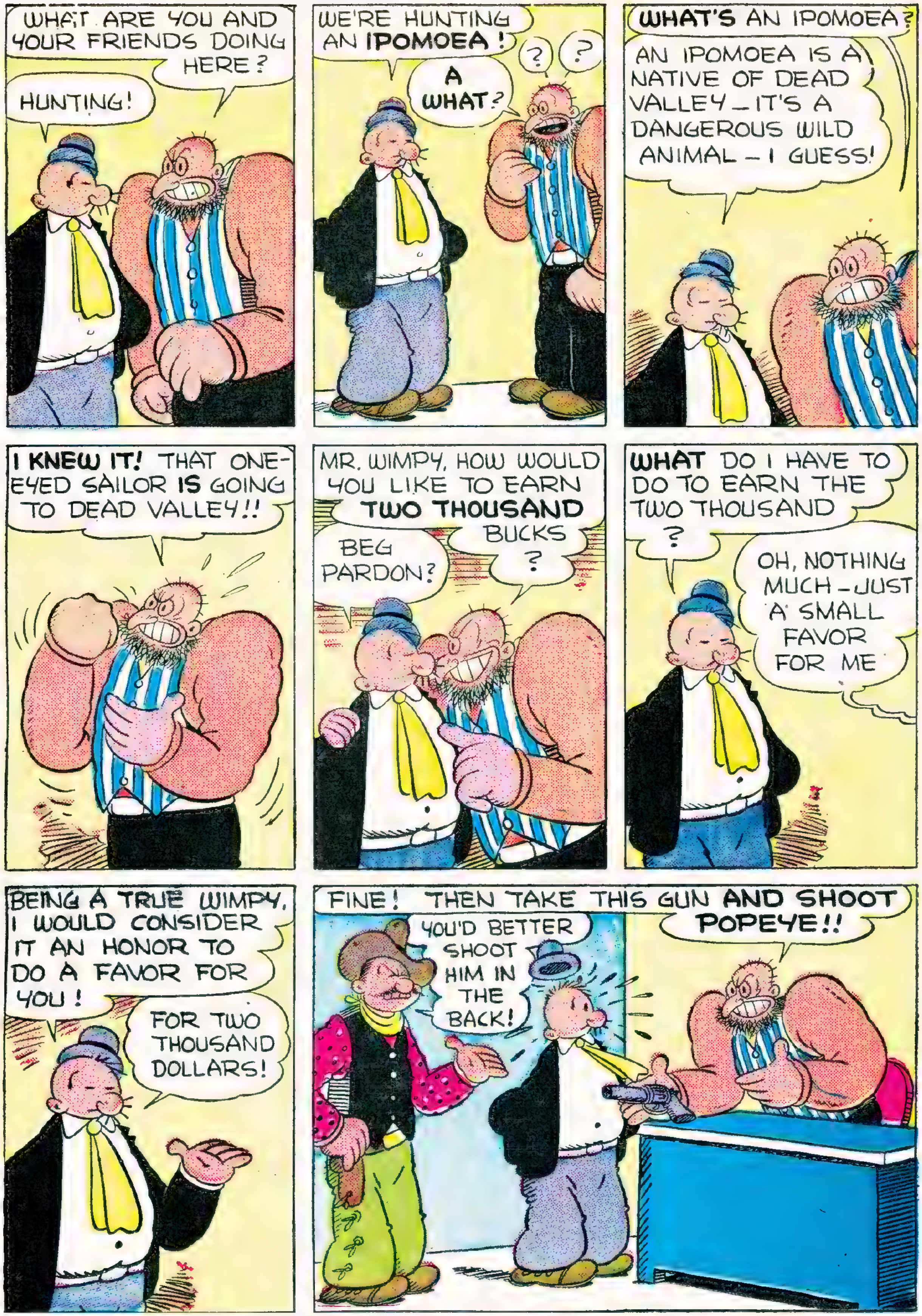

YA KNOW, PROF., I HAS A FEELING SOME SWAB DOESN'T WANT US TO GO TO DEAD VALLEY
OH. MY!
THAT'S TERRIBLE!! I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT WILD IPOMOEA!
DON'T WORRY—NO SWAB WILL STOP ME FROM TAKIN' YA TA DEAD VALLEY!
I'VE GOT NEWS, BOSS
DON'T BOTHER ME! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO GIT RID OF THAT SAILOR!
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT!
BIG PETE LITTLE SKULL IS IN TOWN AND I THOUGHT PERHAPS—
AH!
WONDERFUL!! BIG PETE LITTLE SKULL! THE MEANEST, TOUGHEST, GUN-HAPPY RAT THIS TOWN EVER HAD!
I'LL SIC 'IM ON POPEYE!
?
?
WON'ER WHO 'AT IS YELLIN' IN THE STREET?
I SAY POPEYE'S A COWARD!!
ATTA BOY, PETE, THAT'LL STIR HIM UP!

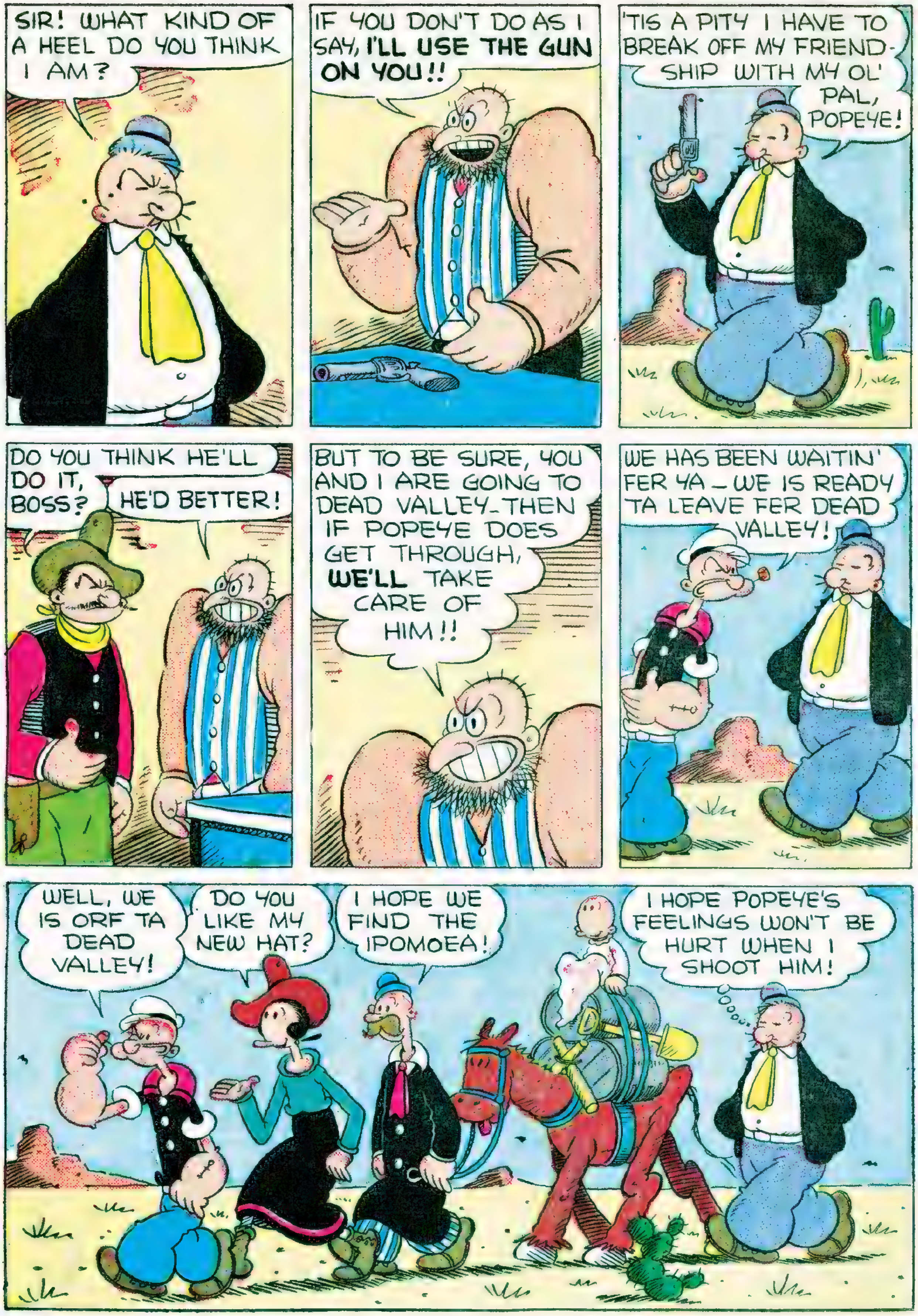

HOT DORG, OLIVE!! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF 'AT SWAB!!
YIPE!?!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! THIS IS GO'NER BE FUN!
?
?
NO!
WHASSA MATTER, OLIVE ?
OH, POPEYE, I DON'T WANT YOU TO FIGHT – YOU MIGHT GET HURT!
OKAY, OLIVE, I WILL NOT FIGHT HIM – I DOESN'T WANT YA TA WORRY
THANK YOU, POPEYE!
I HATE BOATS AND SALT WATER IS FULL OF FISH!!
'AT DOES IT! I YAM SORRY, OLIVE, BUT I HAS WORK TA DO!
OH!
I HEARD WHAT YA SAID ABOUT SALT WATER. I YAM COMIN' AT YA – GIT 'EM UP, YA SWAB!
HA! HA! HA!

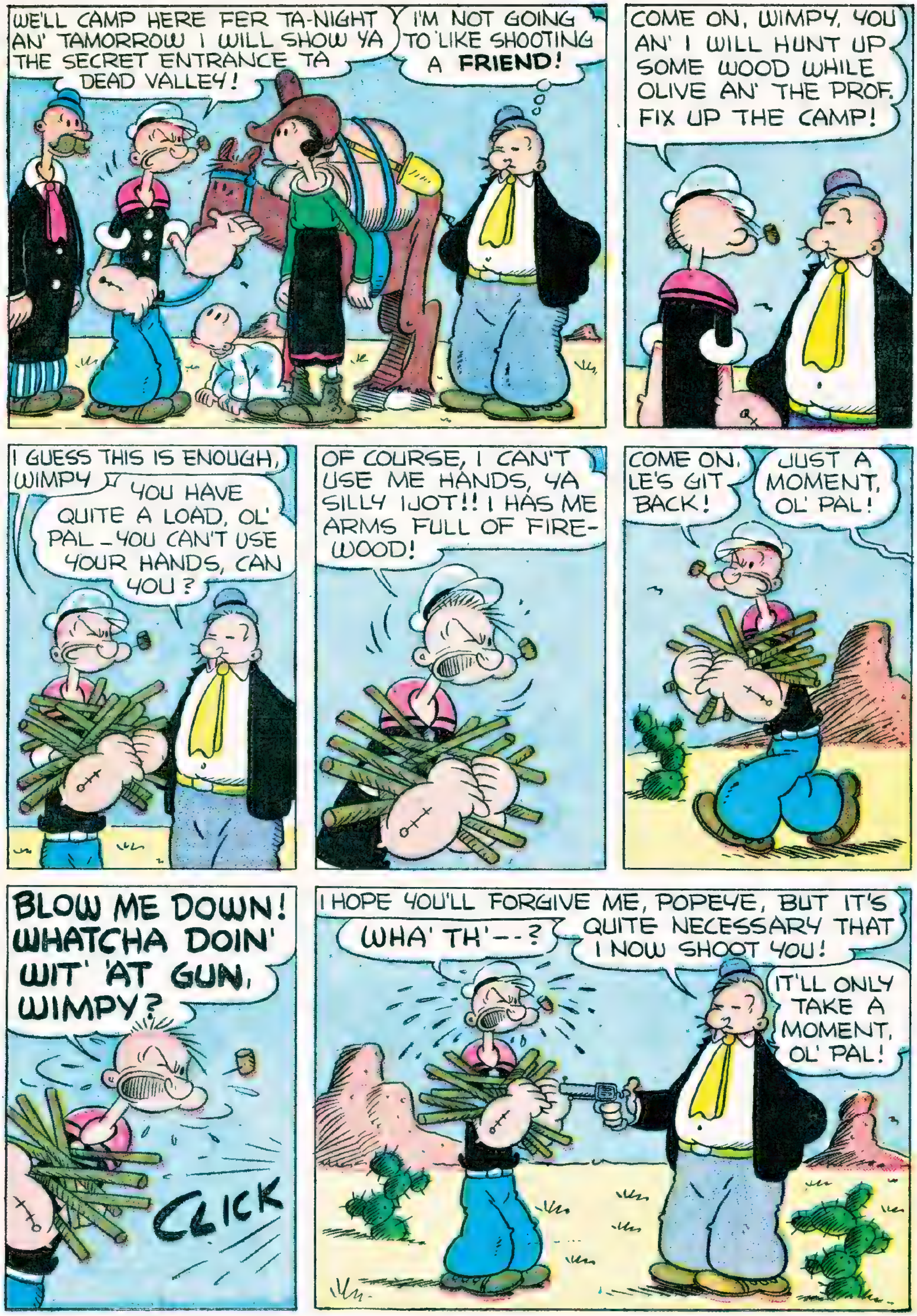

OH! WOE!! MY MAN WILL BE BEATEN TO A PULP!
SPLAT!
DON'T GO AWAY— I YAM COMIN' BACK!!
HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH, HUH?
CRACK
ARF! ARF! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN I HAS HAD FER MUNT'S!!
OOFF!

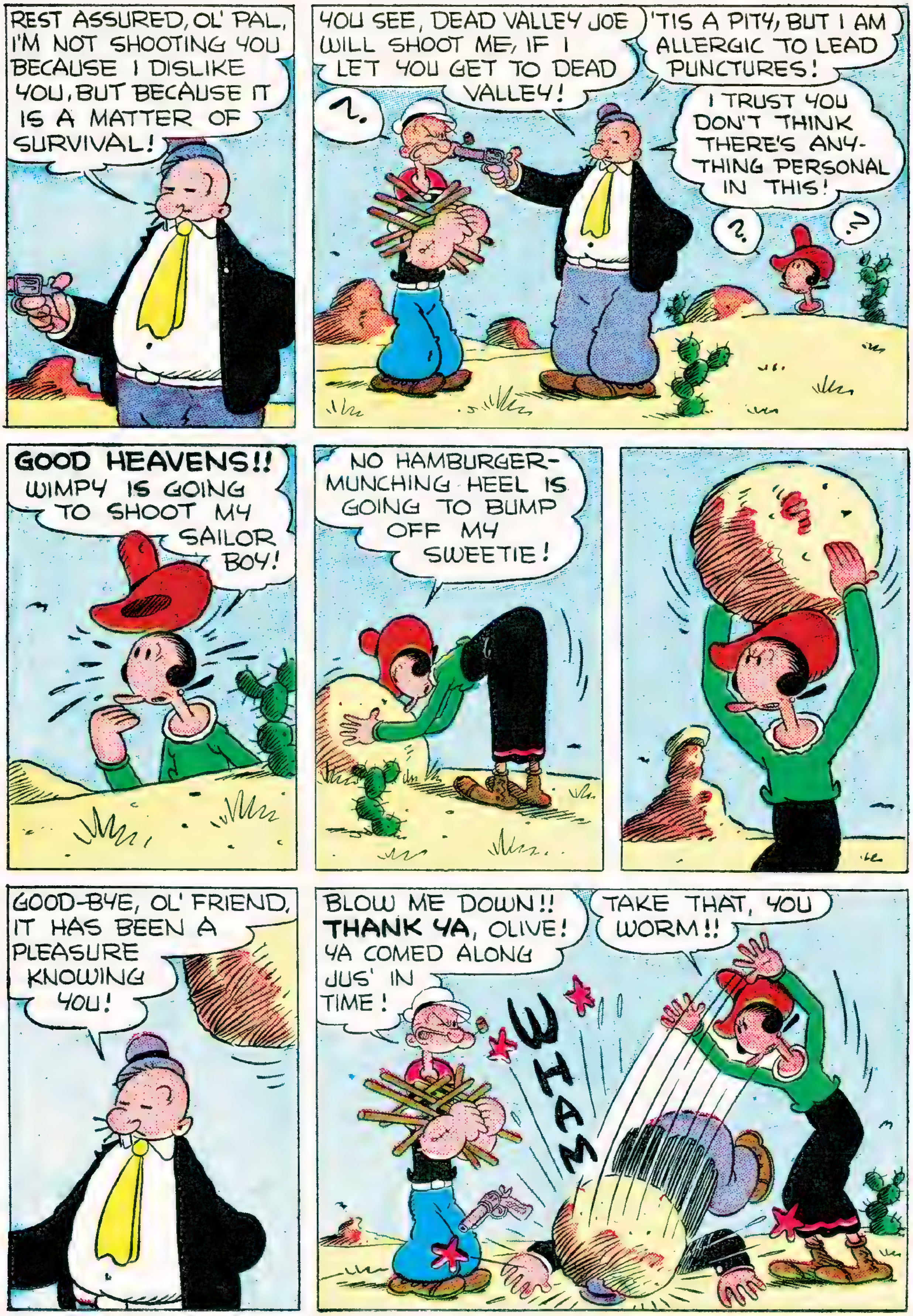

SPLAT
BAM
I CAN HEAR THEM FIGHTING OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN - I BET POPEYE WISHES HE'D STAYED OUT OF THIS TOWN!
BAM!
AH! THE FIGHTING'S STOPPED! I GUESS BIG PETE LITTLE SKULL HAS TAKEN CARE OF THAT SAILOR!
HEH! HEH!
I'LL GIVE BIG PETE LITTLE SKULL A THOUSAND BUCKS - HE'S EARNED IT!
ENTER, YOU CONQUERING HERO!
KNOCK
KNOCK
HAVE YA GOT ANY PENICILLIN, JOE??
?
!
?

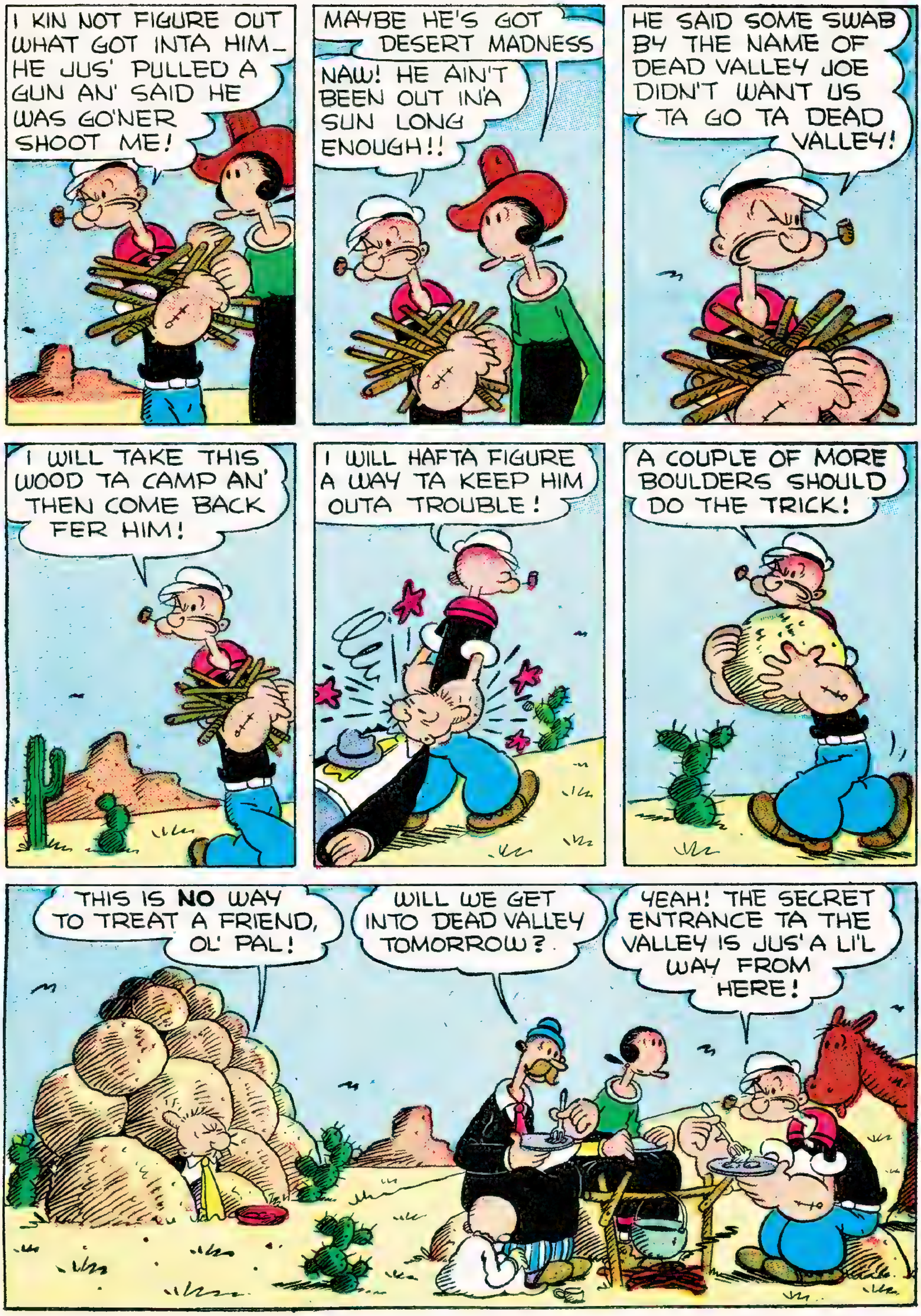

SUMPIN' IS WRONG, OLIVE, FER SOME REASING SOMEONE DOESN'T LIKE US BEIN' HERE!
?
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BOSS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP POPEYE OUT OF DEAD VALLEY!
WHY DON'T WE TRY TO GET AT HIM FROM THE **INSIDE?**
HOW CAN WE DO THAT ?
THERE'S A CHARACTER IN THEIR PARTY THAT LOOKS LIKE HE COULD BE BOUGHT— WE CAN PAY HIM TO STOP POPEYE!
THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! I'M GLAD **I** THOUGHT OF IT!!
GO GET HIM AND WE'LL MAKE A DEAL!
OKAY, MOVE ALONG! MY BOSS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
?
HERE HE IS, BOSS!
WHAT YA THINK, BOSS?
?
?
?
HM! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE KIND OF HEEL TO DO THE JOB!

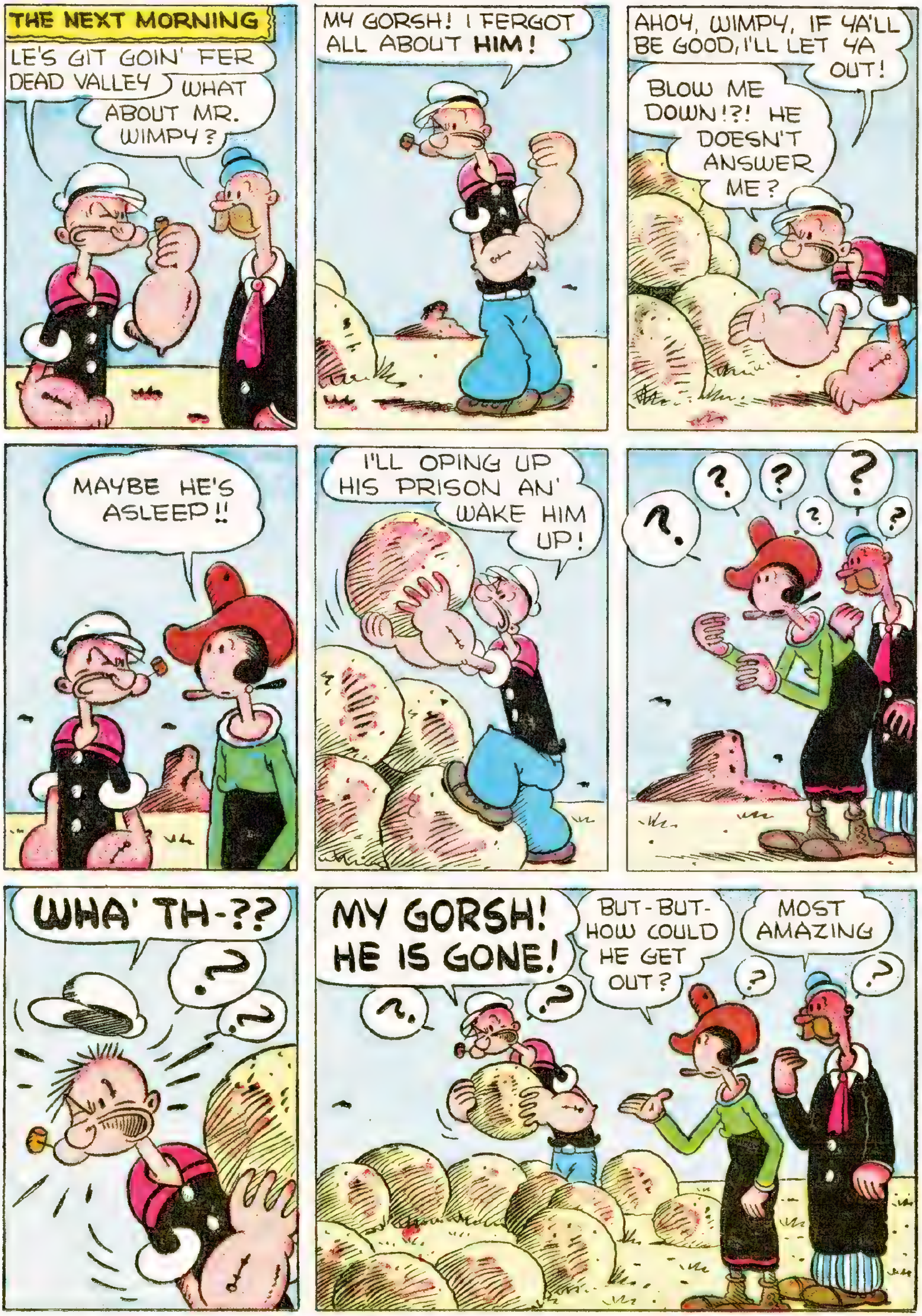

WHAT ARE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DOING HERE?
HUNTING!
WE'RE HUNTING AN IPOMOEA!
A WHAT?
? ?
WHAT'S AN IPOMOEA?
AN IPOMOEA IS A NATIVE OF DEAD VALLEY — IT'S A DANGEROUS WILD ANIMAL — I GUESS!
I KNEW IT! THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR IS GOING TO DEAD VALLEY!!
MR. WIMPY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN TWO THOUSAND BUCKS?
BEG PARDON?
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO EARN THE TWO THOUSAND?
OH, NOTHING MUCH — JUST A SMALL FAVOR FOR ME
BEING A TRUE WIMPY, I WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO DO A FAVOR FOR YOU!
FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!
FINE! THEN TAKE THIS GUN AND SHOOT POPEYE!!
YOU'D BETTER SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK!

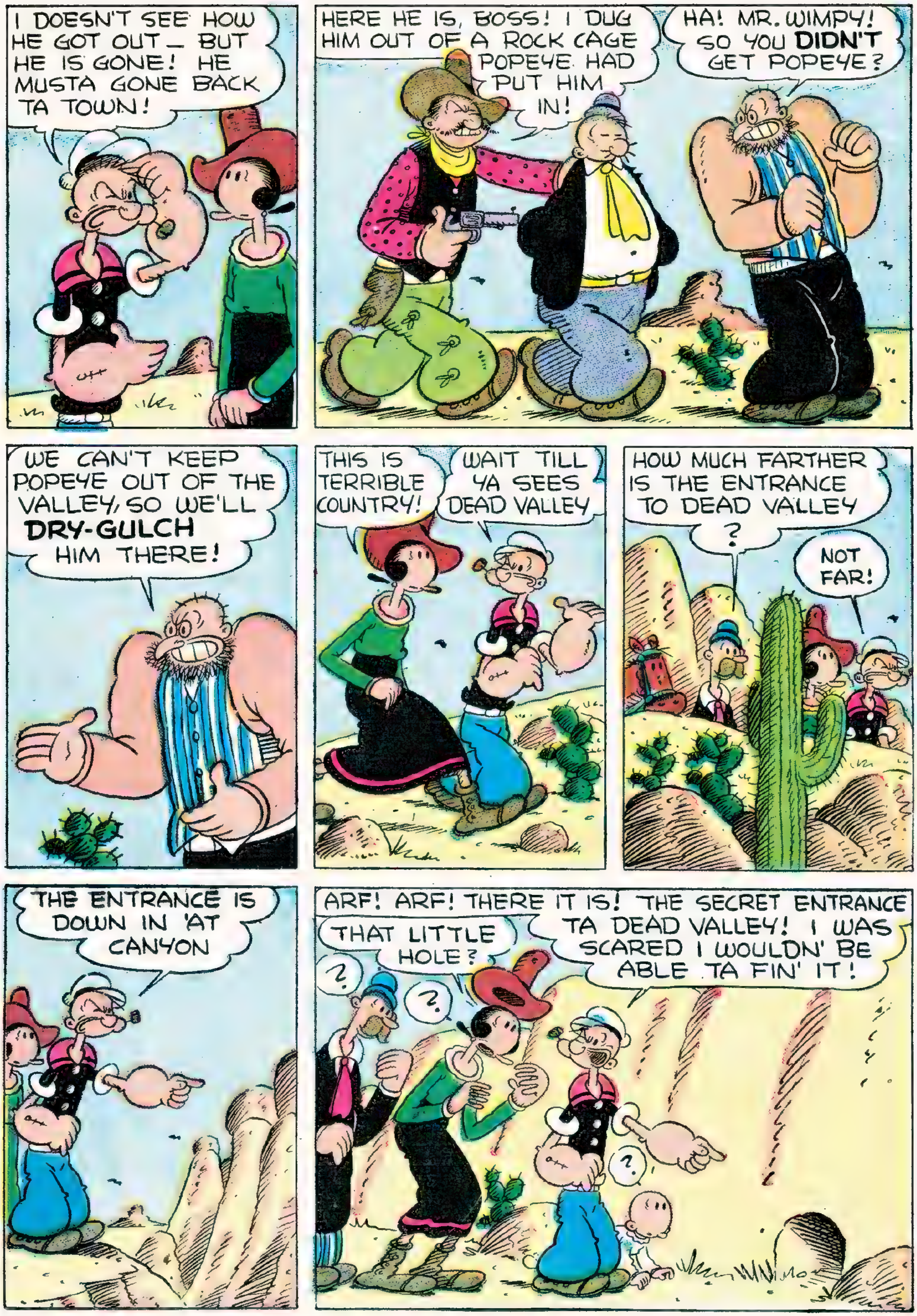

SIR! WHAT KIND OF A HEEL DO YOU THINK I AM?
IF YOU DON'T DO AS I SAY, I'LL USE THE GUN ON YOU!!
'TIS A PITY I HAVE TO BREAK OFF MY FRIENDSHIP WITH MY OL' PAL, POPEYE!
DO YOU THINK HE'LL DO IT, BOSS?
HE'D BETTER!
BUT TO BE SURE, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO DEAD VALLEY–THEN IF POPEYE DOES GET THROUGH, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!!
WE HAS BEEN WAITIN' FER YA – WE IS READY TA LEAVE FER DEAD VALLEY!
WELL, WE IS ORF TA DEAD VALLEY!
DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?
I HOPE WE FIND THE IPOMOEA!
I HOPE POPEYE'S FEELINGS WON'T BE HURT WHEN I SHOOT HIM!

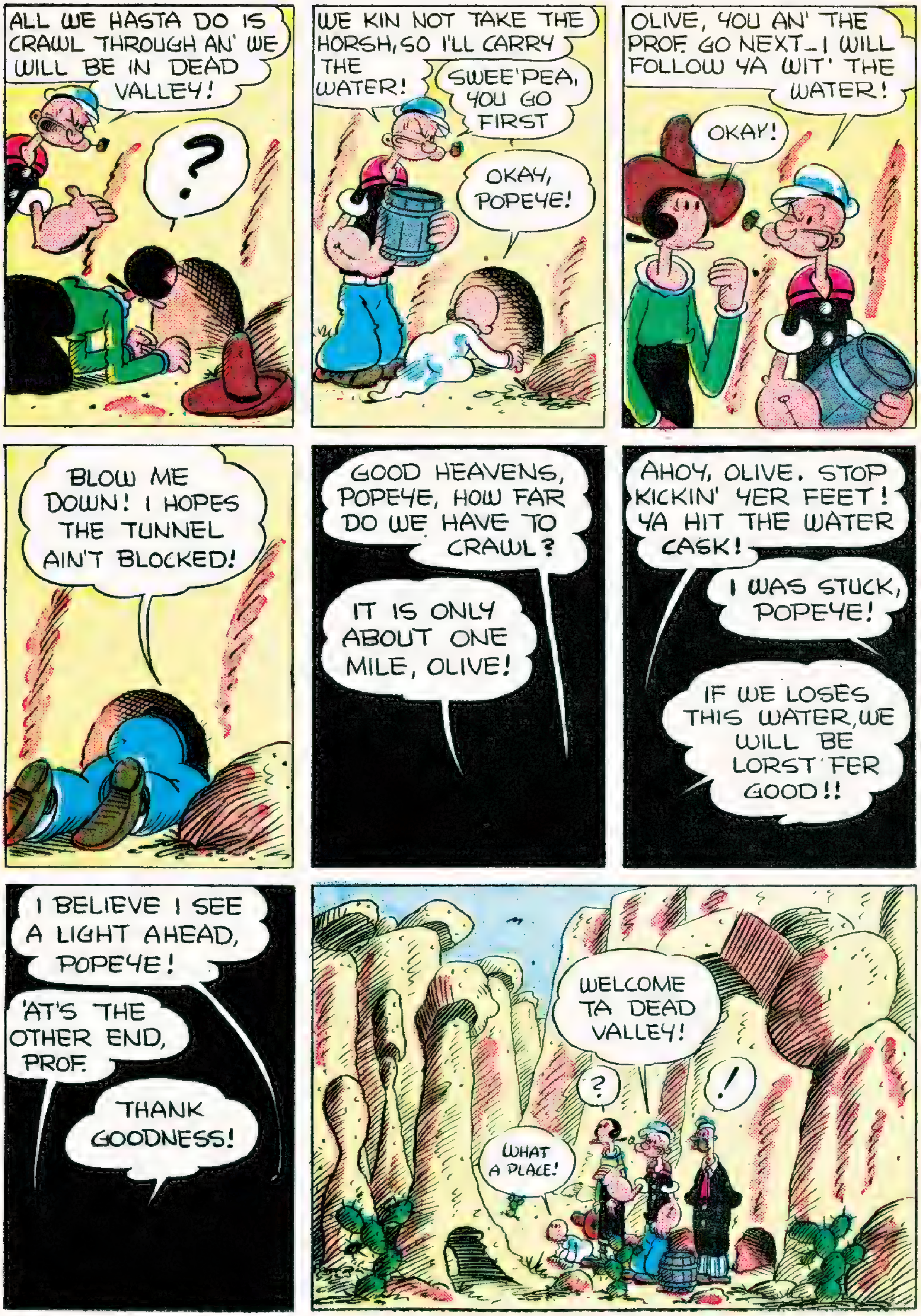

WE'LL CAMP HERE FER TA-NIGHT AN' TAMORROW I WILL SHOW YA THE SECRET ENTRANCE TA DEAD VALLEY!
I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE SHOOTING A FRIEND!
COME ON, WIMPY, YOU AN' I WILL HUNT UP SOME WOOD WHILE OLIVE AN' THE PROF. FIX UP THE CAMP!
I GUESS THIS IS ENOUGH, WIMPY
YOU HAVE QUITE A LOAD, OL' PAL—YOU CAN'T USE YOUR HANDS, CAN YOU?
OF COURSE, I CAN'T USE ME HANDS, YA SILLY IJOT!! I HAS ME ARMS FULL OF FIRE-WOOD!
COME ON. LE'S GIT BACK!
JUST A MOMENT, OL' PAL!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHATCHA DOIN' WIT' 'AT GUN, WIMPY?
CLICK
I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, POPEYE, BUT IT'S QUITE NECESSARY THAT I NOW SHOOT YOU!
WHA' TH'--?
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MOMENT, OL' PAL!

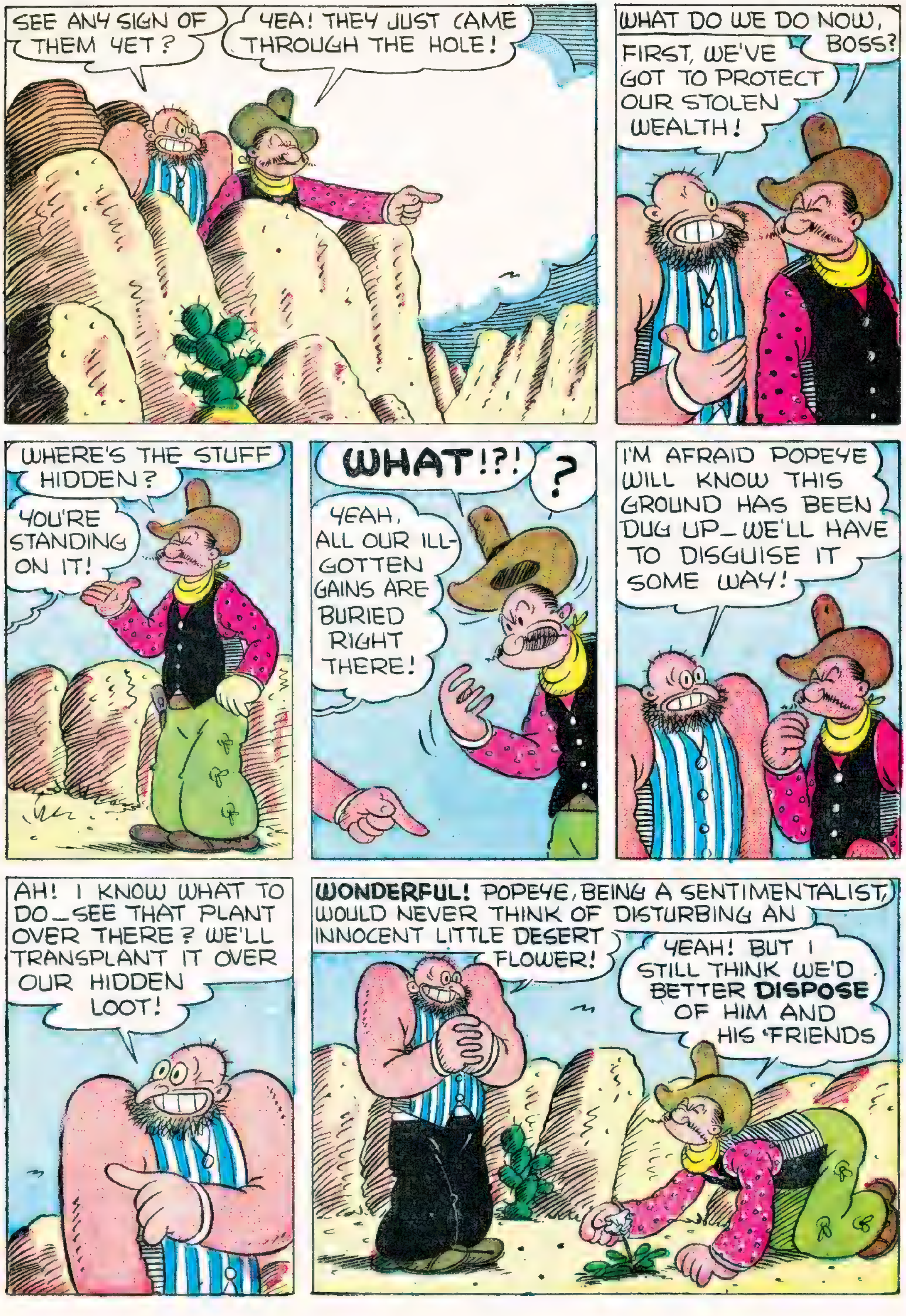

REST ASSURED, OL' PAL, I'M NOT SHOOTING YOU BECAUSE I DISLIKE YOU, BUT BECAUSE IT IS A MATTER OF SURVIVAL!
YOU SEE, DEAD VALLEY JOE WILL SHOOT ME, IF I LET YOU GET TO DEAD VALLEY!
'TIS A PITY, BUT I AM ALLERGIC TO LEAD PUNCTURES!
I TRUST YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING PERSONAL IN THIS!
GOOD HEAVENS!! WIMPY IS GOING TO SHOOT MY SAILOR BOY!
NO HAMBURGER-MUNCHING HEEL IS GOING TO BUMP OFF MY SWEETIE!
GOOD-BYE, OL' FRIEND, IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE KNOWING YOU!
BLOW ME DOWN!! THANK YA, OLIVE! YA COMED ALONG JUS' IN TIME!
TAKE THAT, YOU WORM!!
WHAM

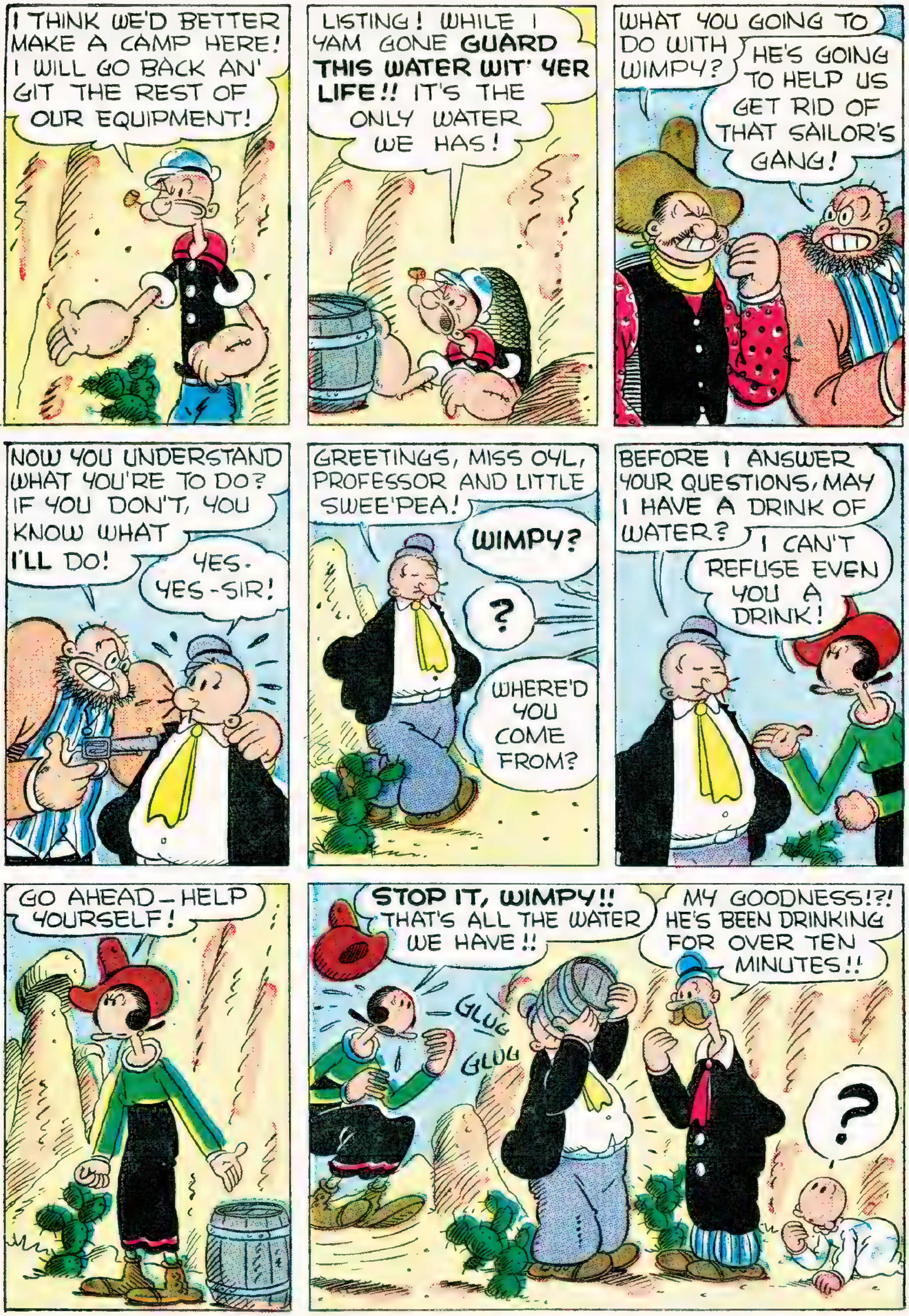

I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT GOT INTA HIM— HE JUS' PULLED A GUN AN' SAID HE WAS GO'NER SHOOT ME!
MAYBE HE'S GOT DESERT MADNESS
NAW! HE AIN'T BEEN OUT IN'A SUN LONG ENOUGH!!
HE SAID SOME SWAB BY THE NAME OF DEAD VALLEY JOE DIDN'T WANT US TA GO TA DEAD VALLEY!
I WILL TAKE THIS WOOD TA CAMP AN' THEN COME BACK FER HIM!
I WILL HAFTA FIGURE A WAY TA KEEP HIM OUTA TROUBLE!
A COUPLE OF MORE BOULDERS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
THIS IS **NO** WAY TO TREAT A FRIEND, OL' PAL!
WILL WE GET INTO DEAD VALLEY TOMORROW?
YEAH! THE SECRET ENTRANCE TA THE VALLEY IS JUS'A LI'L WAY FROM HERE!

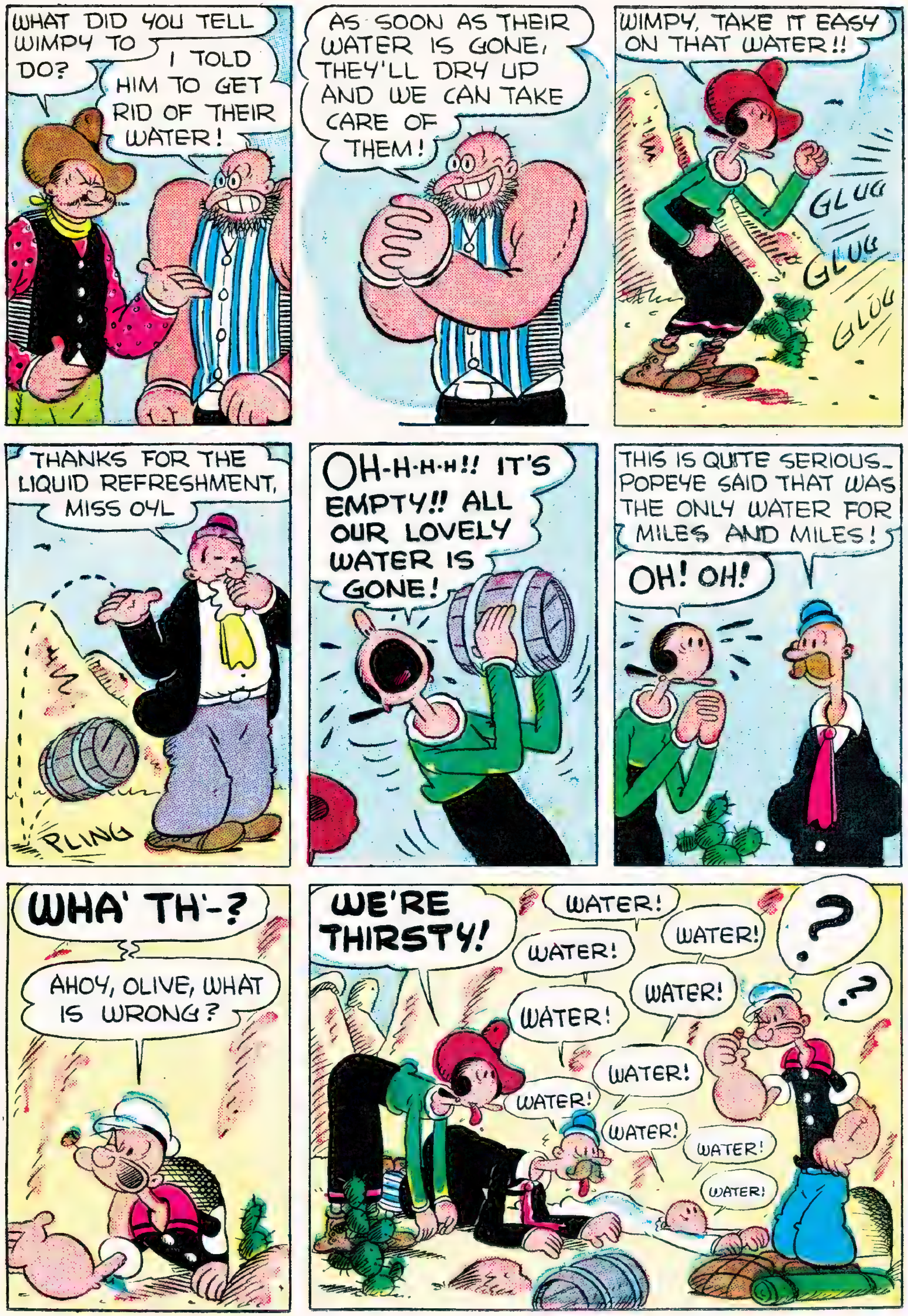

THE NEXT MORNING
LE'S GIT GOIN' FER DEAD VALLEY
WHAT ABOUT MR. WIMPY?
MY GORSH! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT **HIM**!
AHOY, WIMPY, IF YA'LL BE GOOD, I'LL LET YA OUT!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! HE DOESN'T ANSWER ME?
MAYBE HE'S ASLEEP!!
I'LL OPING UP HIS PRISON AN' WAKE HIM UP!
WHA' TH-??
MY GORSH! HE IS GONE!
BUT-BUT-HOW COULD HE GET OUT?
MOST AMAZING

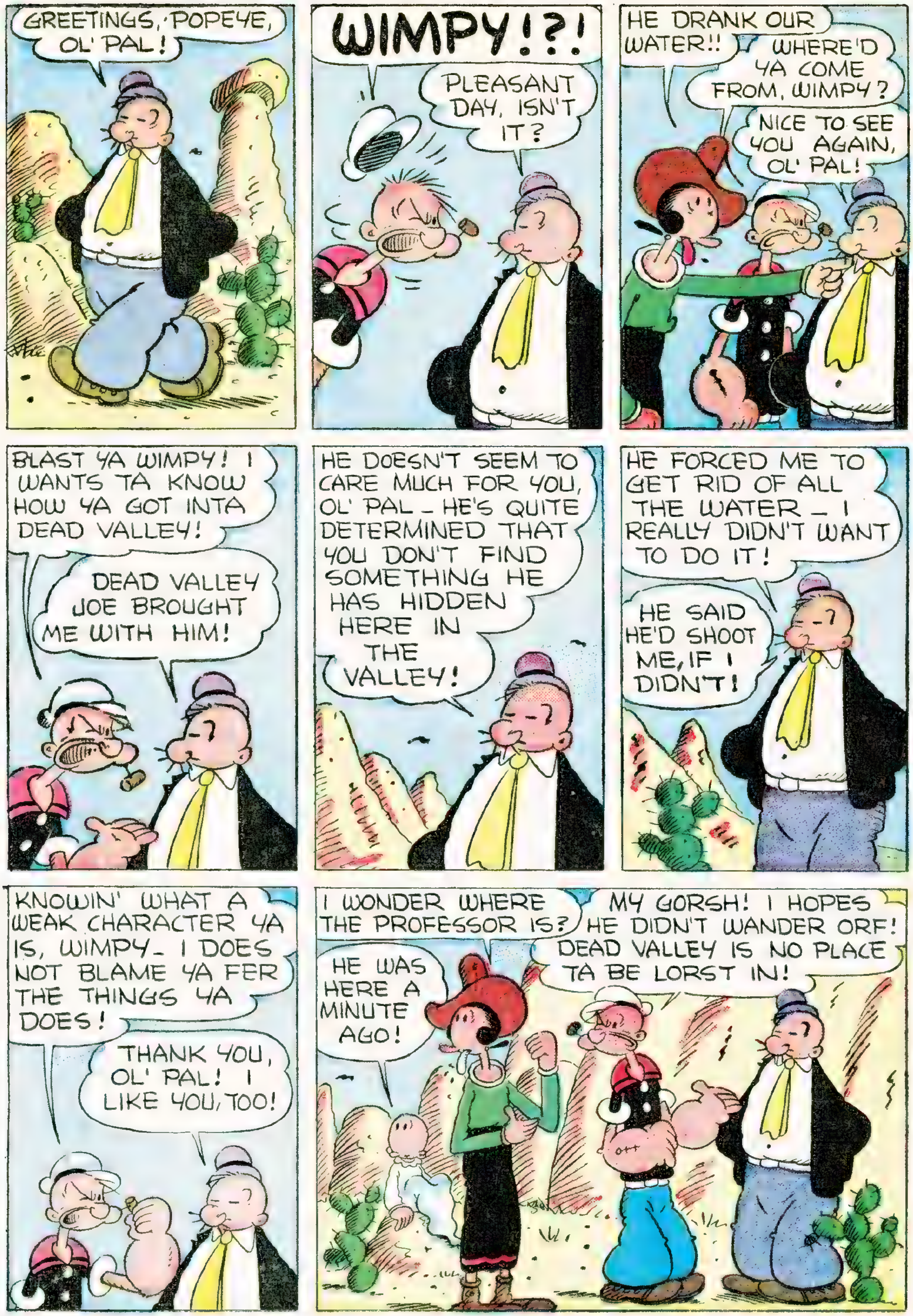

I DOESN'T SEE HOW HE GOT OUT _ BUT HE IS GONE! HE MUSTA GONE BACK TA TOWN!
HERE HE IS, BOSS! I DUG HIM OUT OF A ROCK CAGE POPEYE HAD PUT HIM IN!
HA! MR. WIMPY! SO YOU **DIDN'T** GET POPEYE?
WE CAN'T KEEP POPEYE OUT OF THE VALLEY, SO WE'LL **DRY-GULCH** HIM THERE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE COUNTRY!
WAIT TILL YA SEES DEAD VALLEY
HOW MUCH FARTHER IS THE ENTRANCE TO DEAD VALLEY?
NOT FAR!
THE ENTRANCE IS DOWN IN 'AT CANYON
ARF! ARF! THERE IT IS! THE SECRET ENTRANCE TA DEAD VALLEY! I WAS SCARED I WOULDN' BE ABLE TA FIN' IT!
THAT LITTLE HOLE?
?
?
?

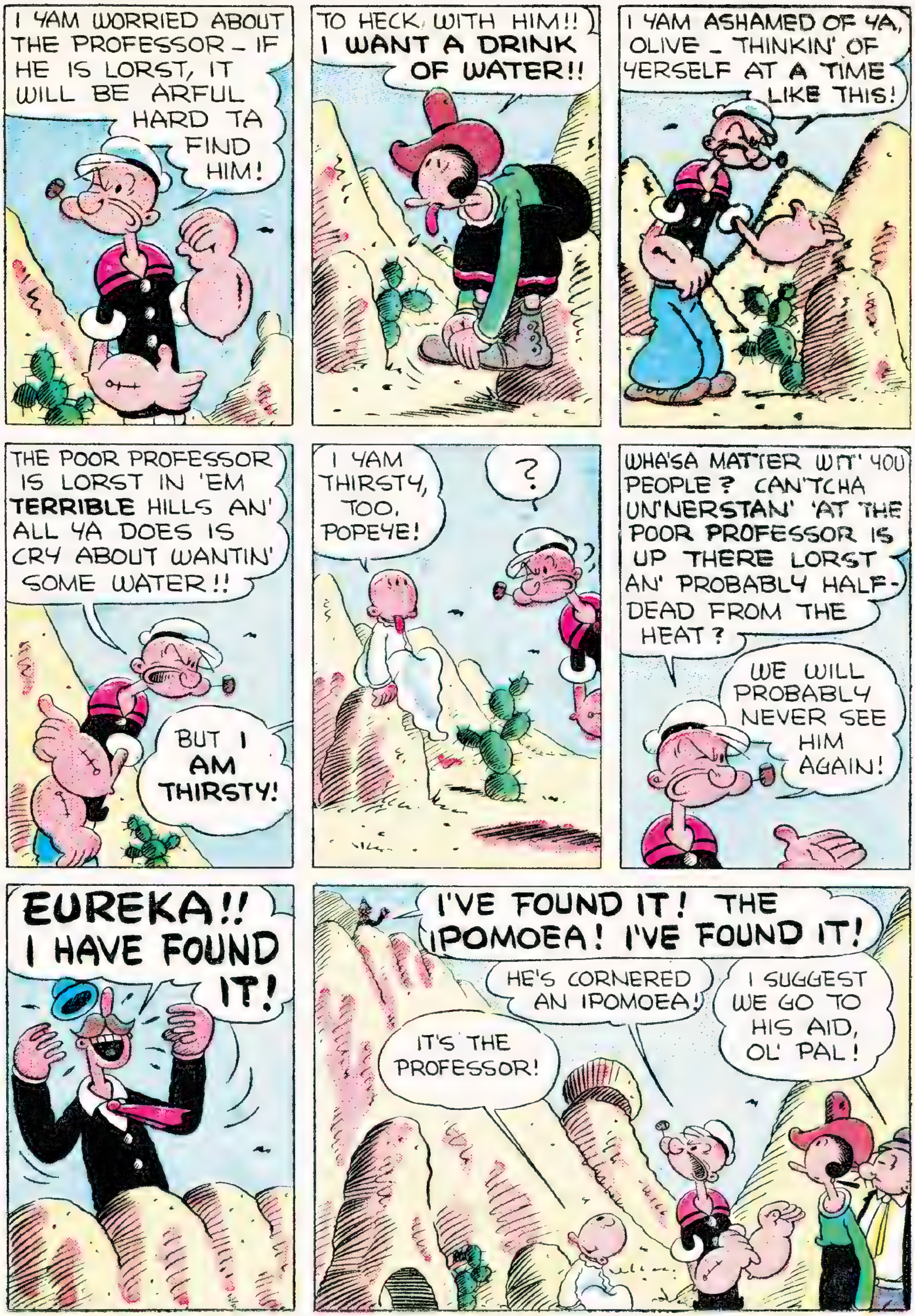

ALL WE HASTA DO IS CRAWL THROUGH AN' WE WILL BE IN DEAD VALLEY!
?
WE KIN NOT TAKE THE HORSH, SO I'LL CARRY THE WATER!
SWEE'PEA, YOU GO FIRST
OKAY, POPEYE!
OLIVE, YOU AN' THE PROF. GO NEXT_I WILL FOLLOW YA WIT' THE WATER!
OKAY!
BLOW ME DOWN! I HOPES THE TUNNEL AIN'T BLOCKED!
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, HOW FAR DO WE HAVE TO CRAWL?
IT IS ONLY ABOUT ONE MILE, OLIVE!
AHOY, OLIVE. STOP KICKIN' YER FEET! YA HIT THE WATER CASK!
I WAS STUCK, POPEYE!
IF WE LOSES THIS WATER, WE WILL BE LORST FER GOOD!!
I BELIEVE I SEE A LIGHT AHEAD, POPEYE!
'AT'S THE OTHER END, PROF.
THANK GOODNESS!
WELCOME TA DEAD VALLEY!
?
!
WHAT A PLACE!

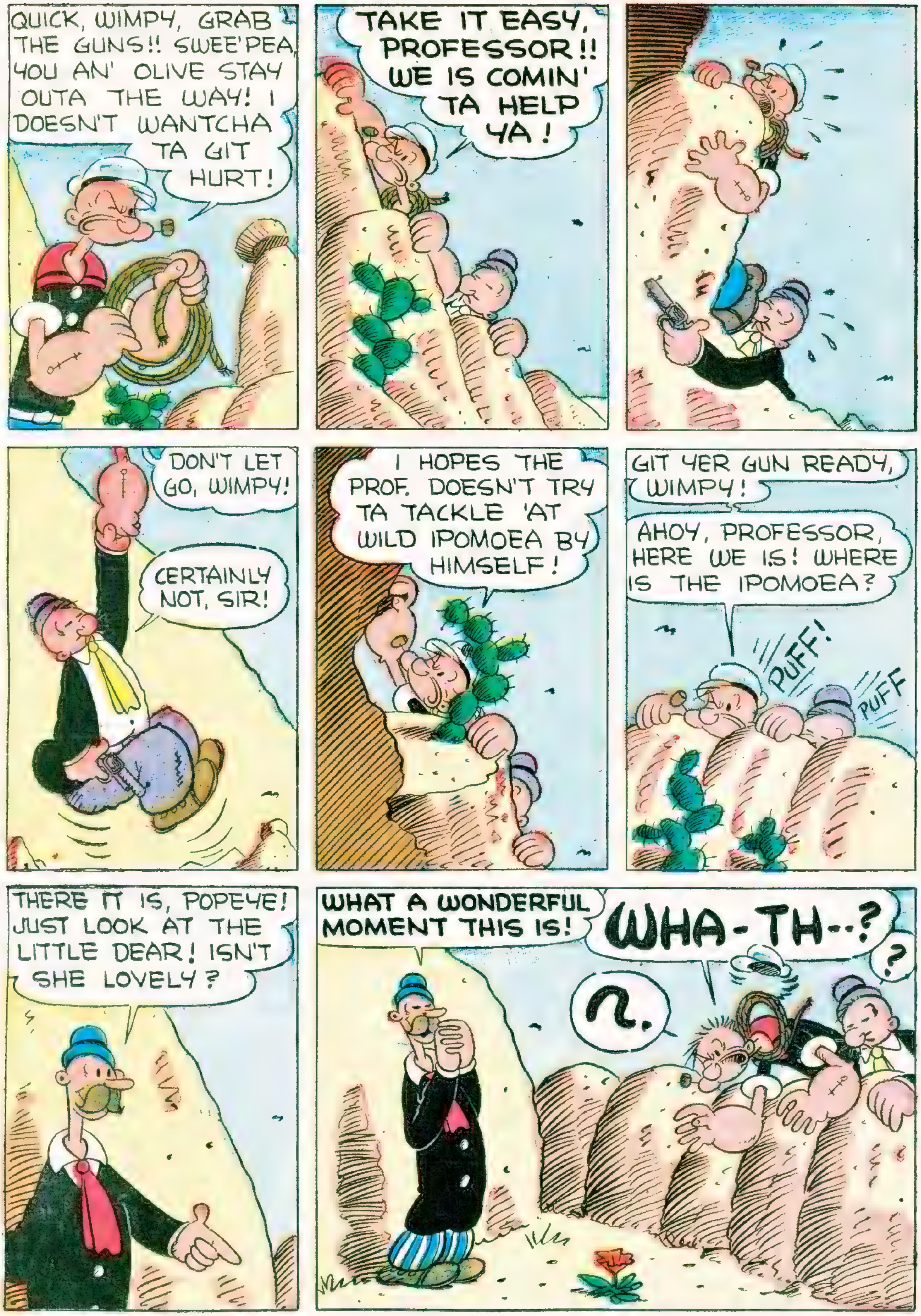

SEE ANY SIGN OF THEM YET?
YEA! THEY JUST CAME THROUGH THE HOLE!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BOSS?
FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT OUR STOLEN WEALTH!
WHERE'S THE STUFF HIDDEN?
YOU'RE STANDING ON IT!
WHAT!?!
?
YEAH, ALL OUR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS ARE BURIED RIGHT THERE!
I'M AFRAID POPEYE WILL KNOW THIS GROUND HAS BEEN DUG UP—WE'LL HAVE TO DISGUISE IT SOME WAY!
AH! I KNOW WHAT TO DO—SEE THAT PLANT OVER THERE? WE'LL TRANSPLANT IT OVER OUR HIDDEN LOOT!
WONDERFUL! POPEYE, BEING A SENTIMENTALIST, WOULD NEVER THINK OF DISTURBING AN INNOCENT LITTLE DESERT FLOWER!
YEAH! BUT I STILL THINK WE'D BETTER DISPOSE OF HIM AND HIS 'FRIENDS

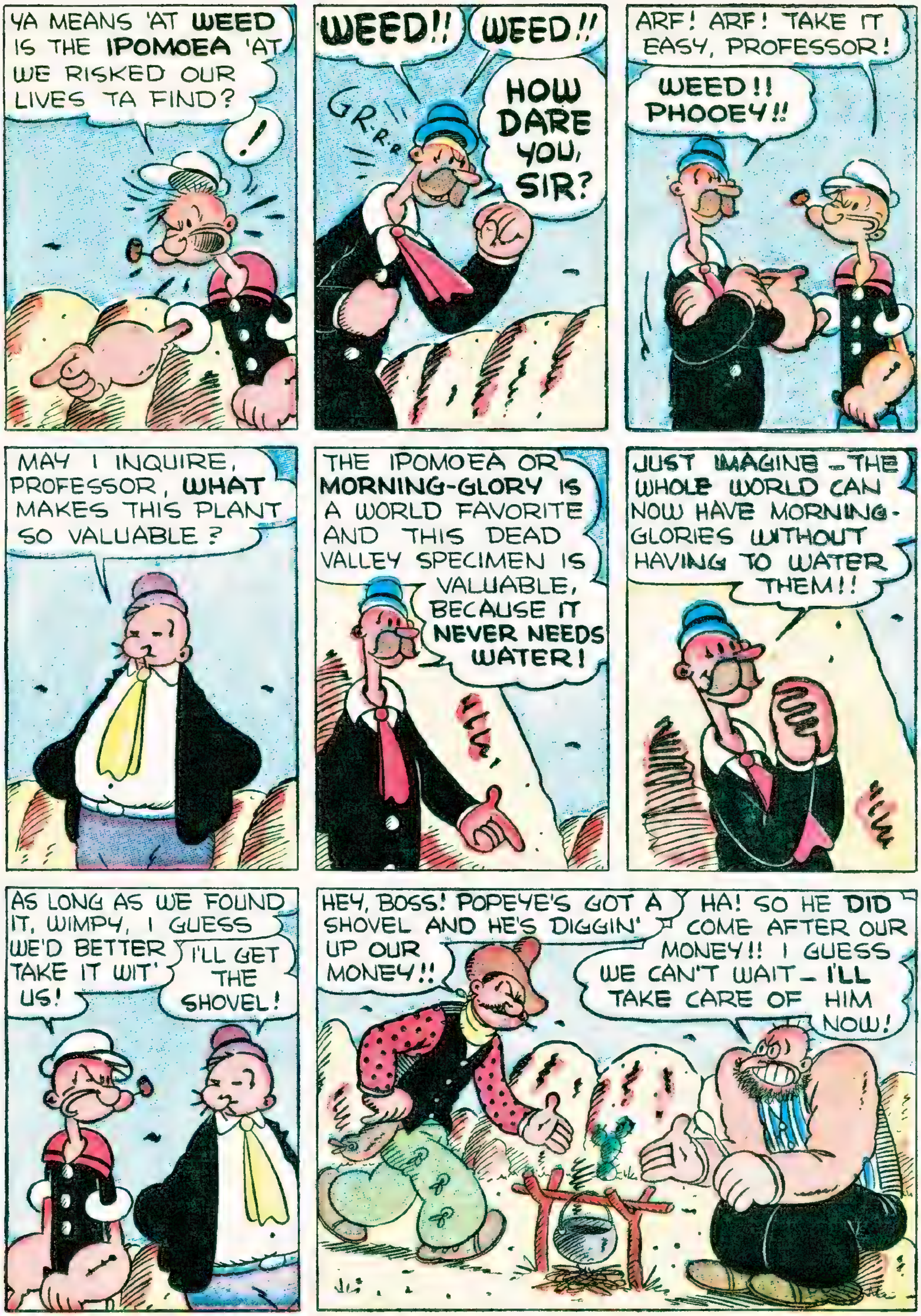

I THINK WE'D BETTER MAKE A CAMP HERE! I WILL GO BACK AN' GIT THE REST OF OUR EQUIPMENT!
LISTING! WHILE I YAM GONE GUARD THIS WATER WIT' YER LIFE!! IT'S THE ONLY WATER WE HAS!
WHAT YOU GOING TO DO WITH WIMPY?
HE'S GOING TO HELP US GET RID OF THAT SAILOR'S GANG!
NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TO DO? IF YOU DON'T, YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!
YES-YES-SIR!
GREETINGS, MISS OYL, PROFESSOR AND LITTLE SWEE'PEA!
WIMPY?
?
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
BEFORE I ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, MAY I HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?
I CAN'T REFUSE EVEN YOU A DRINK!
GO AHEAD—HELP YOURSELF!
STOP IT, WIMPY!! THAT'S ALL THE WATER WE HAVE!!
MY GOODNESS!?! HE'S BEEN DRINKING FOR OVER TEN MINUTES!!
GLUG
GLUG
?

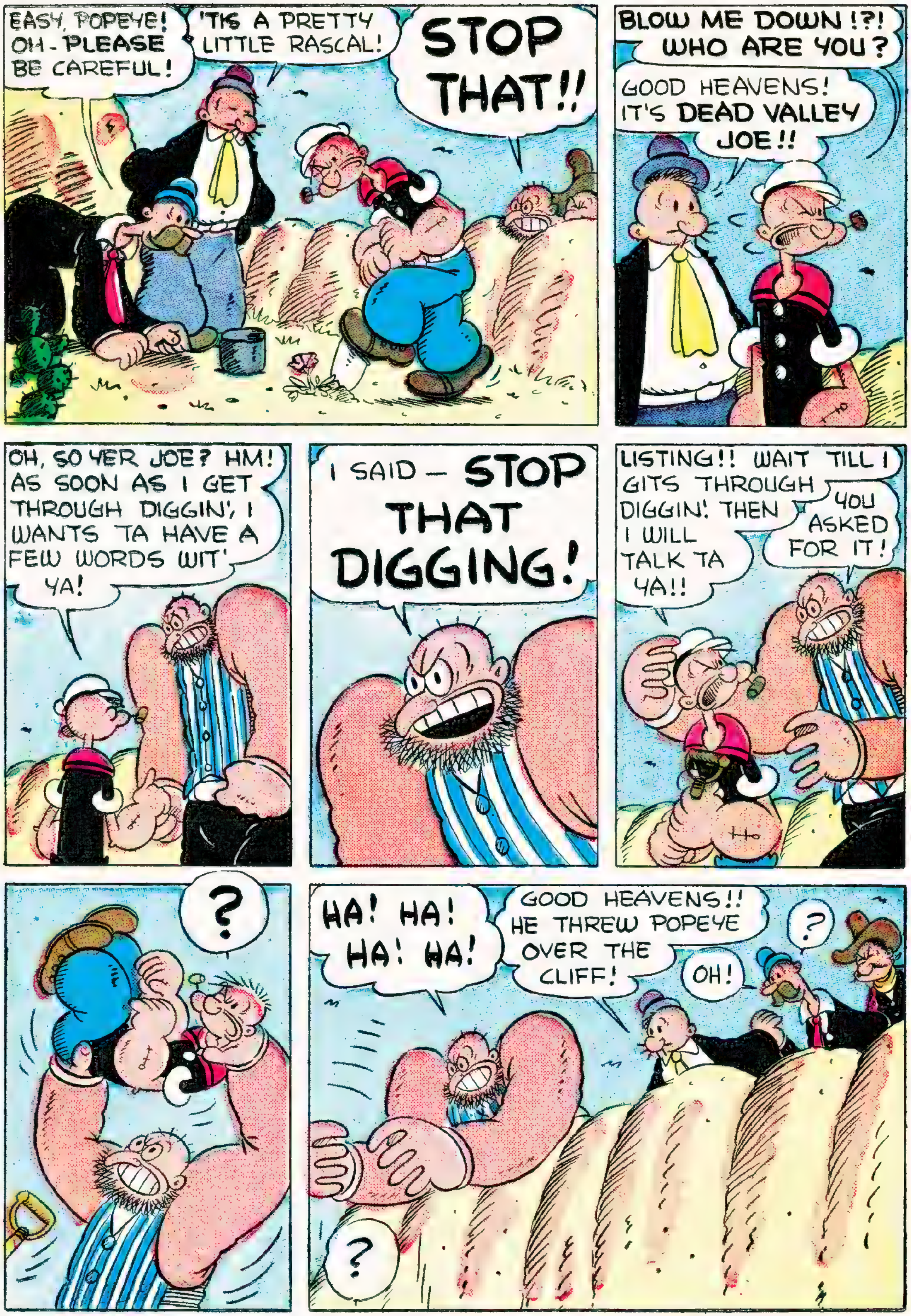

WHAT DID YOU TELL WIMPY TO DO?
I TOLD HIM TO GET RID OF THEIR WATER!
AS SOON AS THEIR WATER IS GONE, THEY'LL DRY UP AND WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM!
WIMPY, TAKE IT EASY ON THAT WATER!!
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
THANKS FOR THE LIQUID REFRESHMENT, MISS OYL
PLING
OH-H-H-H!! IT'S EMPTY!! ALL OUR LOVELY WATER IS GONE!
THIS IS QUITE SERIOUS- POPEYE SAID THAT WAS THE ONLY WATER FOR MILES AND MILES!
OH! OH!
WHA' TH'-?
AHOY, OLIVE, WHAT IS WRONG?
WE'RE THIRSTY!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
?
?

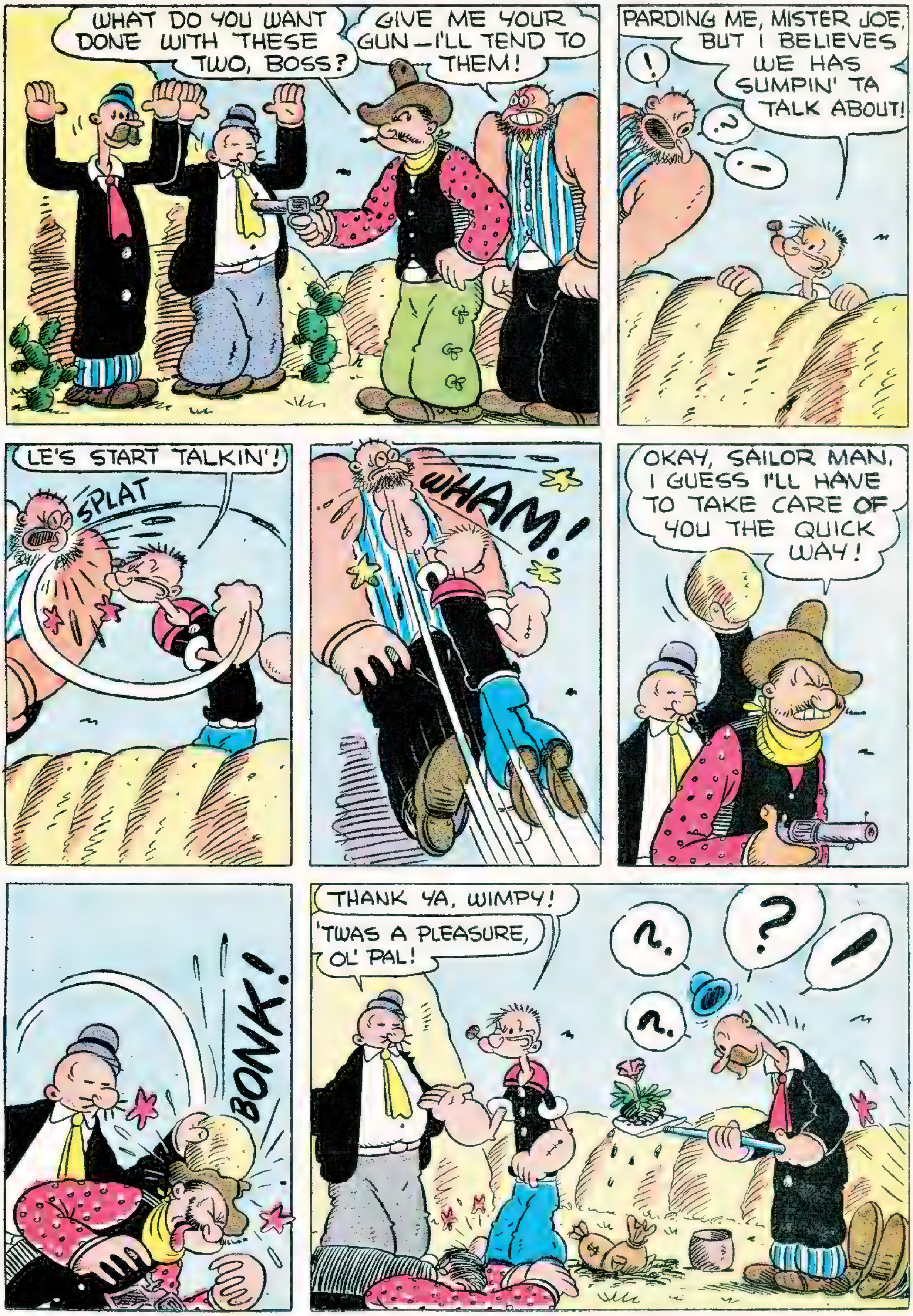

GREETINGS, POPEYE, OL' PAL!
WIMPY!?!
PLEASANT DAY, ISN'T IT?
HE DRANK OUR WATER!!
WHERE'D YA COME FROM, WIMPY?
NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, OL' PAL!
BLAST YA WIMPY! I WANTS TA KNOW HOW YA GOT INTA DEAD VALLEY!
DEAD VALLEY JOE BROUGHT ME WITH HIM!
HE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR YOU, OL' PAL – HE'S QUITE DETERMINED THAT YOU DON'T FIND SOMETHING HE HAS HIDDEN HERE IN THE VALLEY!
HE FORCED ME TO GET RID OF ALL THE WATER – I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT!
HE SAID HE'D SHOOT ME, IF I DIDN'T!
KNOWIN' WHAT A WEAK CHARACTER YA IS, WIMPY – I DOES NOT BLAME YA FER THE THINGS YA DOES!
THANK YOU, OL' PAL! I LIKE YOU, TOO!
I WONDER WHERE THE PROFESSOR IS?
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!
MY GORSH! I HOPES HE DIDN'T WANDER ORF! DEAD VALLEY IS NO PLACE TA BE LORST IN!


I YAM WORRIED ABOUT THE PROFESSOR – IF HE IS LORST, IT WILL BE ARFUL HARD TA FIND HIM!
TO HECK WITH HIM!! I WANT A DRINK OF WATER!!
I YAM ASHAMED OF YA, OLIVE – THINKIN' OF YERSELF AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
THE POOR PROFESSOR IS LORST IN 'EM TERRIBLE HILLS AN' ALL YA DOES IS CRY ABOUT WANTIN' SOME WATER!!
BUT I AM THIRSTY!
I YAM THIRSTY, TOO, POPEYE!
?
WHA'SA MATTER WIT' YOU PEOPLE? CAN'TCHA UN'NERSTAN' 'AT THE POOR PROFESSOR IS UP THERE LORST AN' PROBABLY HALF-DEAD FROM THE HEAT?
WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
EUREKA!! I HAVE FOUND IT!
I'VE FOUND IT! THE IPOMOEA! I'VE FOUND IT!
IT'S THE PROFESSOR!
HE'S CORNERED AN IPOMOEA!
I SUGGEST WE GO TO HIS AID, OL' PAL!

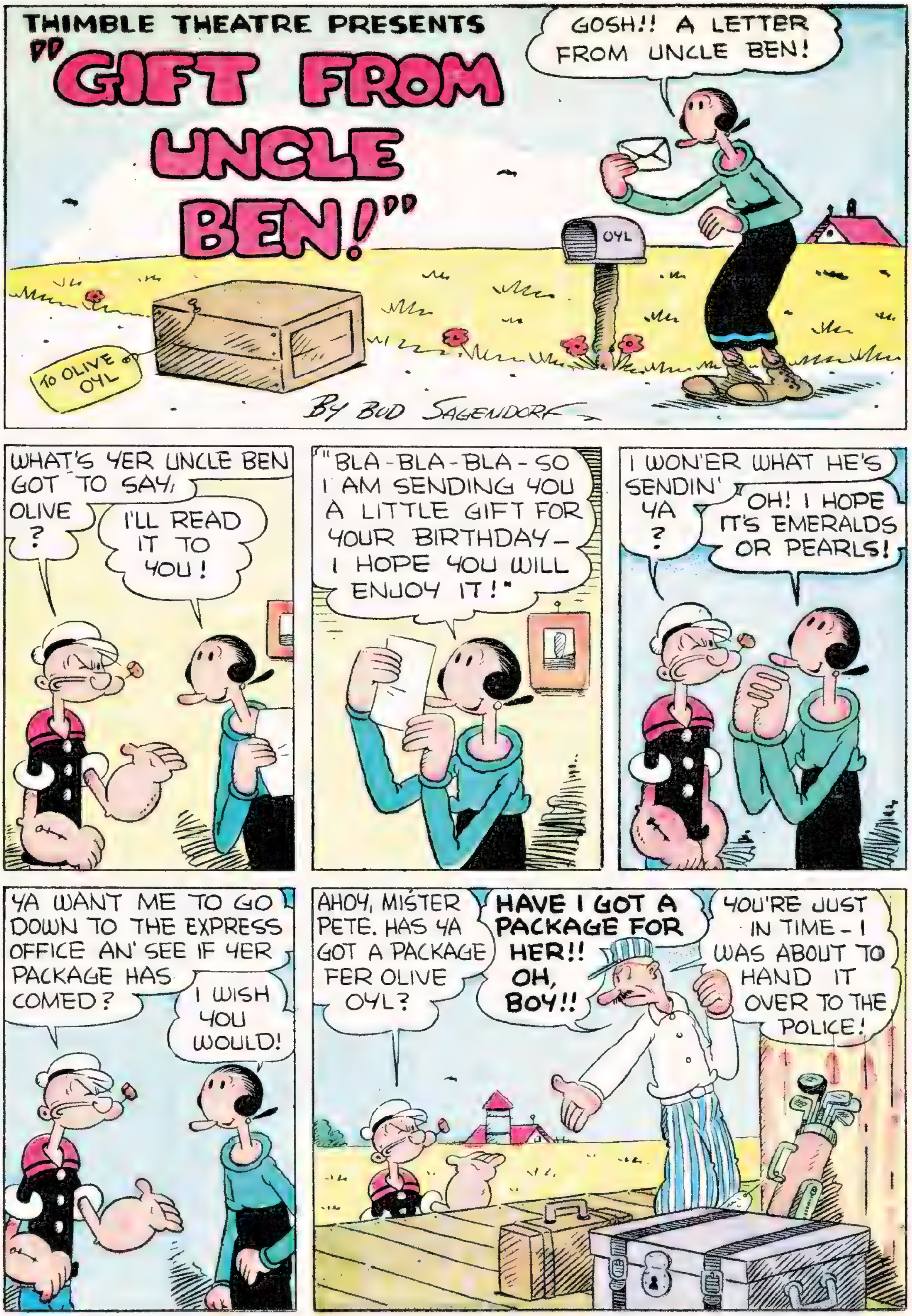

QUICK, WIMPY, GRAB THE GUNS!! SWEE'PEA, YOU AN' OLIVE STAY OUTA THE WAY! I DOESN'T WANTCHA TA GIT HURT!
TAKE IT EASY, PROFESSOR!! WE IS COMIN' TA HELP YA!
DON'T LET GO, WIMPY!
CERTAINLY NOT, SIR!
I HOPES THE PROF. DOESN'T TRY TA TACKLE 'AT WILD IPOMOEA BY HIMSELF!
GIT YER GUN READY, WIMPY!
AHOY, PROFESSOR, HERE WE IS! WHERE IS THE IPOMOEA?
PUFF!
PUFF
THERE IT IS, POPEYE! JUST LOOK AT THE LITTLE DEAR! ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
WHAT A WONDERFUL MOMENT THIS IS!
WHA-TH--?
?

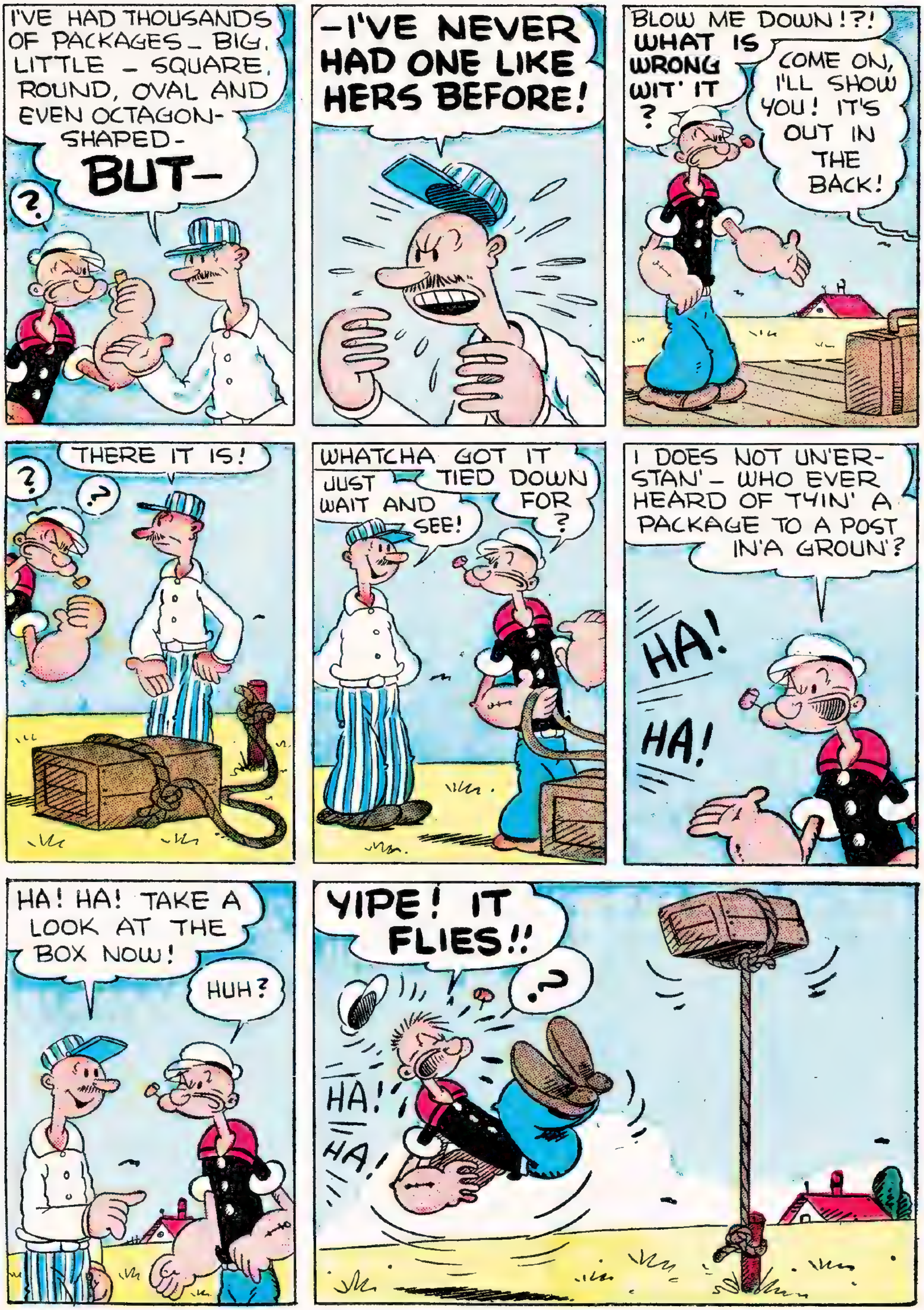

YA MEANS 'AT WEED IS THE IPOMOEA 'AT WE RISKED OUR LIVES TA FIND?
!
WEED!!
WEED!!
GR-R-R
HOW DARE YOU, SIR?
ARF! ARF! TAKE IT EASY, PROFESSOR!
WEED!! PHOOEY!!
MAY I INQUIRE, PROFESSOR, WHAT MAKES THIS PLANT SO VALUABLE?
THE IPOMOEA OR MORNING-GLORY IS A WORLD FAVORITE AND THIS DEAD VALLEY SPECIMEN IS VALUABLE, BECAUSE IT NEVER NEEDS WATER!
JUST IMAGINE — THE WHOLE WORLD CAN NOW HAVE MORNING-GLORIES WITHOUT HAVING TO WATER THEM!!
AS LONG AS WE FOUND IT, WIMPY, I GUESS WE'D BETTER TAKE IT WIT' US!
I'LL GET THE SHOVEL!
HEY, BOSS! POPEYE'S GOT A SHOVEL AND HE'S DIGGIN' UP OUR MONEY!!
HA! SO HE DID COME AFTER OUR MONEY!! I GUESS WE CAN'T WAIT — I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW!


EASY, POPEYE! OH - PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
'TIS A PRETTY LITTLE RASCAL!
STOP THAT!!
BLOW ME DOWN !?! WHO ARE YOU?
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S DEAD VALLEY JOE!!
OH, SO YER JOE? HM! AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH DIGGIN', I WANTS TA HAVE A FEW WORDS WIT' YA!
I SAID — STOP THAT DIGGING!
LISTING!! WAIT TILL I GITS THROUGH DIGGIN'. THEN I WILL TALK TA YA!!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
?
HA! HA! HA! HA!
GOOD HEAVENS!! HE THREW POPEYE OVER THE CLIFF!
OH!
?
?


WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE WITH THESE TWO, BOSS?
GIVE ME YOUR GUN—I'LL TEND TO THEM!
!
PARDING ME, MISTER JOE, BUT I BELIEVES WE HAS SUMPIN' TA TALK ABOUT!
?
—
LE'S START TALKIN'!
SPLAT
WHAM!
OKAY, SAILOR MAN, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU THE QUICK WAY!
BONK!
THANK YA, WIMPY!
'TWAS A PLEASURE, OL' PAL!
?
?
!
?

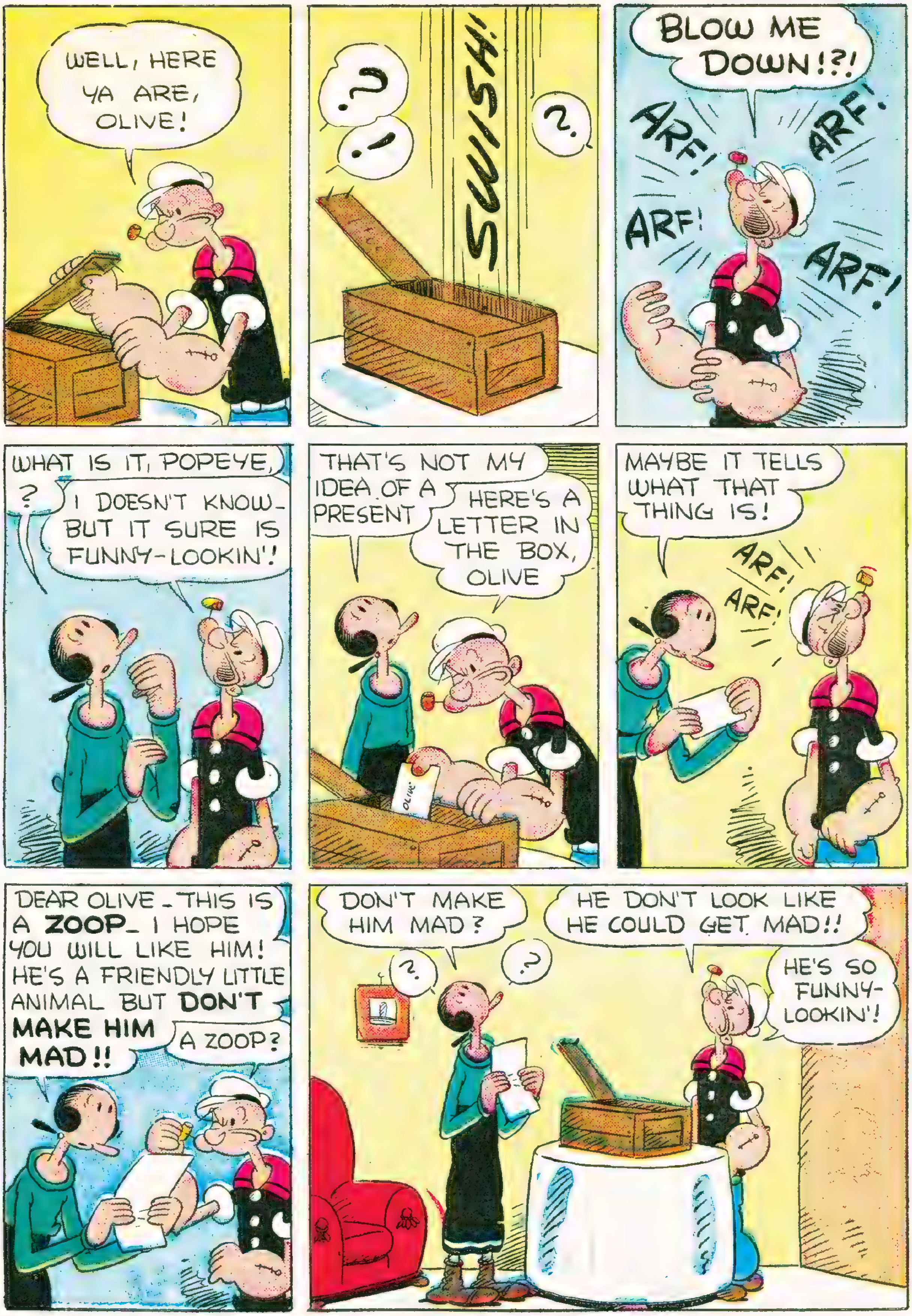
POPEYE, LOOK!! UNDER THE IPOMOEA!! BAGS AND BAGS OF MONEY!!
?
!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! SO 'AT'S WHY THEY WAS TRYIN' TA KEEP US OUTA DEAD VALLEY!
THEM SWABS IS BANDICKS AN' THIS IS THEIR LOOT!!
WIMPY, YOU AN' THE PROFESSOR TIE 'EM SWABS UP _ WE WILL TAKE 'EM WIT' US AN' TURN 'EM OVER TO THE SHERIFF!
I WILL GO GIT OLIVE AN' SWEE'PEA!
AHOY, OLIVE, WE IS GOIN' HOME! WE GOT THE IPOMOEA!
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
HERE YA ARE, OLIVE, I BRUNG YA SOME OF DEAD VALLEY JOE'S WATER!!
I WILL BE GLAD TA GIT HOME AGAIN!
LOVELY, LOVELY IPOMOEA!
GLUG
GLUG
I TRUST THERE WILL BE A SUITABLE REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION OF YOU RASCALS!
THE END
BUD SAGENDORF

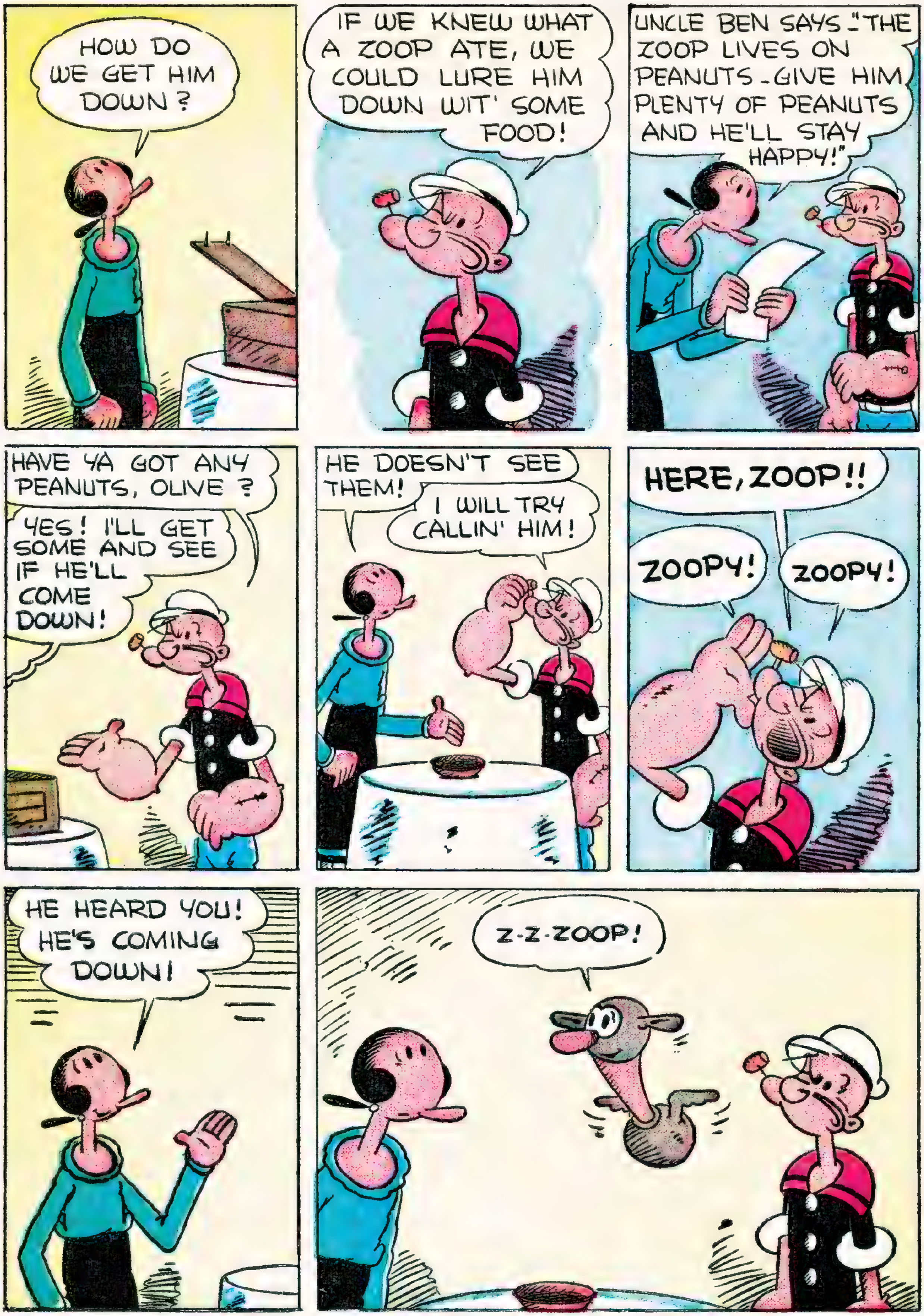

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"GIFT FROM UNCLE BEN!"
GOSH!! A LETTER FROM UNCLE BEN!
OYL
TO OLIVE OYL
BY BUD SAGENDORF
WHAT'S YER UNCLE BEN GOT TO SAY, OLIVE ?
I'LL READ IT TO YOU !
"BLA-BLA-BLA-SO I AM SENDING YOU A LITTLE GIFT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY - I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT!"
I WON'ER WHAT HE'S SENDIN' YA ?
OH! I HOPE IT'S EMERALDS OR PEARLS!
YA WANT ME TO GO DOWN TO THE EXPRESS OFFICE AN' SEE IF YER PACKAGE HAS COMED?
I WISH YOU WOULD!
AHOY, MISTER PETE. HAS YA GOT A PACKAGE FER OLIVE OYL?
HAVE I GOT A PACKAGE FOR HER!! OH, BOY!!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME - I WAS ABOUT TO HAND IT OVER TO THE POLICE!

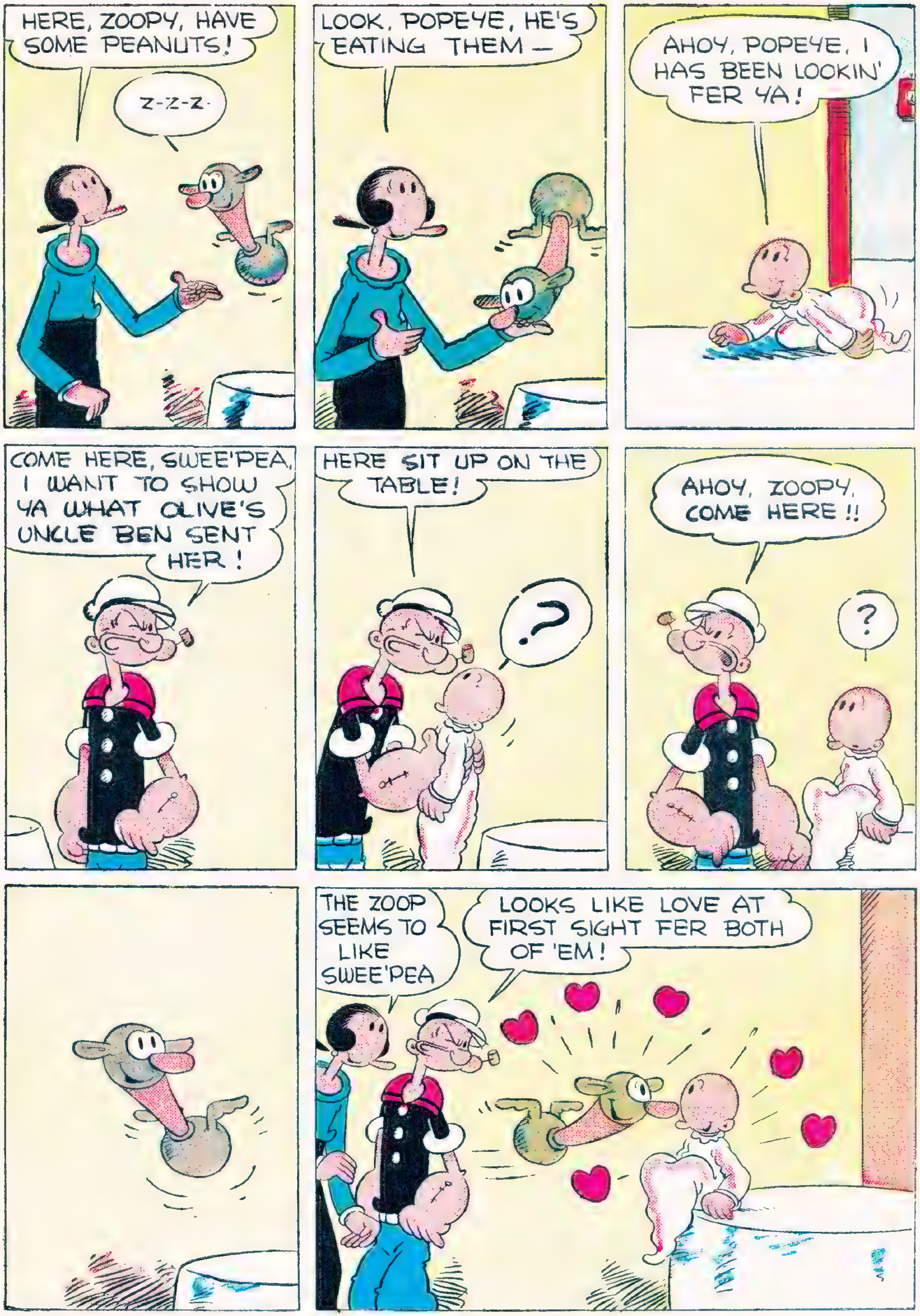

I'VE HAD THOUSANDS OF PACKAGES – BIG, LITTLE – SQUARE, ROUND, OVAL AND EVEN OCTAGON-SHAPED- BUT–
?
–I'VE NEVER HAD ONE LIKE HERS BEFORE!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT IS WRONG WIT' IT ?
COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU! IT'S OUT IN THE BACK!
THERE IT IS!
?
?
WHATCHA GOT IT TIED DOWN FOR ?
JUST WAIT AND SEE!
I DOES NOT UN'ER-STAN' – WHO EVER HEARD OF TYIN' A PACKAGE TO A POST IN'A GROUN'?
HA!
HA!
HA! HA! TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOX NOW!
HUH?
YIPE! IT FLIES!!
?
HA!
HA!

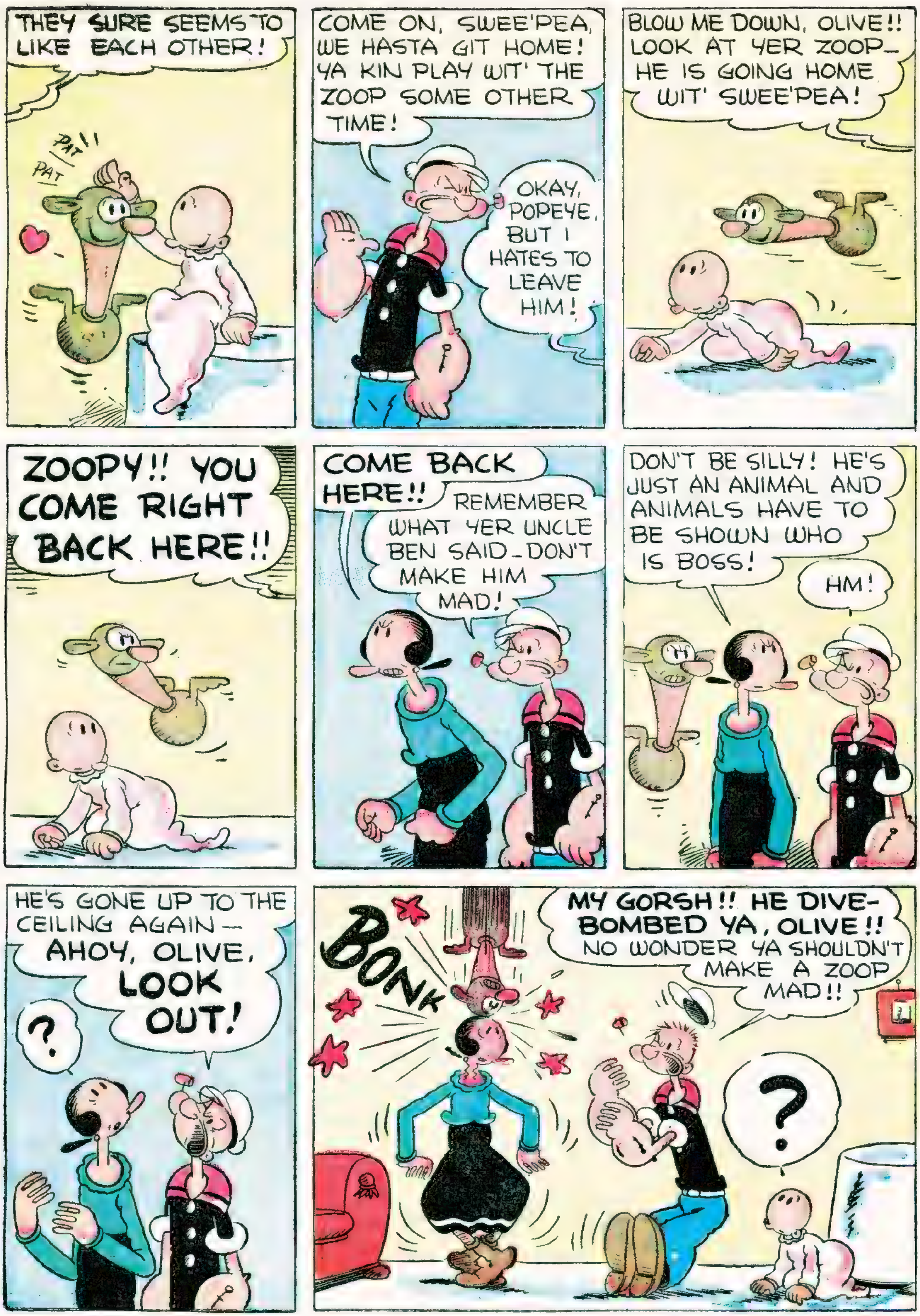
SEE WHAT I MEAN? I HAD TO TIE IT DOWN OR I'D HAVE LOST IT!
GORSH! WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT?
WELL, IT'S NO WORRY OF MINE NOW! JUST GET IT OUT OF HERE!
?
I FEELS SILLY, CARRYIN' A PACKAGE LIKE THIS!
OH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR POPEYE TO GET HERE WITH MY PACKAGE FROM UNCLE BEN!
GEE, I HOPE IT'S A BOX OF DIAMONDS!
I'D LOVE TO WEAR HUNDREDS OF DIAMONDS!
OH, BOY! HE'S HERE AT LAST!
AHOY, OLIVE!
THAT'S FUNNY? I'M SURE I HEARD HIM CALL ME!
?
?
AHOY, OLIVE, HERE I YAM!
?

POPEYE! COME DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT!! YOU'RE LIABLE TO **DROP** MY PACKAGE!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! PLEASE ASK YER PACKAGE **NOT** TO DROP **ME**!
AHOY, YA BLASTID BOX, LE'S GO BACK TO EARTH!!
?
SWISH
DIDJA HAFTA BE SO OBLIGING?
HERE'S YER PACKAGE, OLIVE!
OH, GOODY! HELP ME OPEN IT!
HURRY UP, POPEYE! I'M DYING OF CURIOSITY!!
YA WILL KNOW WHAT YER UNCLE BEN SENT YA JUS' AS SOON AS I GITS THIS BOARD ORF!!


WELL, HERE YA ARE, OLIVE!
?
!
SWISH!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
WHAT IS IT, POPEYE, ?
I DOESN'T KNOW_ BUT IT SURE IS FUNNY-LOOKIN'!
THAT'S NOT MY IDEA OF A PRESENT
HERE'S A LETTER IN THE BOX, OLIVE
OLIVE
MAYBE IT TELLS WHAT THAT THING IS!
ARF!
ARF!
DEAR OLIVE - THIS IS A **ZOOP**_ I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE HIM! HE'S A FRIENDLY LITTLE ANIMAL BUT **DON'T MAKE HIM MAD!!**
A ZOOP?
DON'T MAKE HIM MAD?
?
?
HE DON'T LOOK LIKE HE COULD GET MAD!!
HE'S SO FUNNY-LOOKIN'!


HOW DO WE GET HIM DOWN?
IF WE KNEW WHAT A ZOOP ATE, WE COULD LURE HIM DOWN WIT' SOME FOOD!
UNCLE BEN SAYS: "THE ZOOP LIVES ON PEANUTS - GIVE HIM PLENTY OF PEANUTS AND HE'LL STAY HAPPY!"
HAVE YA GOT ANY PEANUTS, OLIVE?
YES! I'LL GET SOME AND SEE IF HE'LL COME DOWN!
HE DOESN'T SEE THEM!
I WILL TRY CALLIN' HIM!
HERE, ZOOP!!
ZOOPY!
ZOOPY!
HE HEARD YOU! HE'S COMING DOWN!
Z-Z-ZOOP!


HERE, ZOOPY, HAVE SOME PEANUTS!
Z-Z-Z-
LOOK, POPEYE, HE'S EATING THEM —
AHOY, POPEYE, I HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FER YA!
COME HERE, SWEE'PEA, I WANT TO SHOW YA WHAT OLIVE'S UNCLE BEN SENT HER!
HERE SIT UP ON THE TABLE!
?
AHOY, ZOOPY, COME HERE!!
?
THE ZOOP SEEMS TO LIKE SWEE'PEA
LOOKS LIKE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FER BOTH OF 'EM!



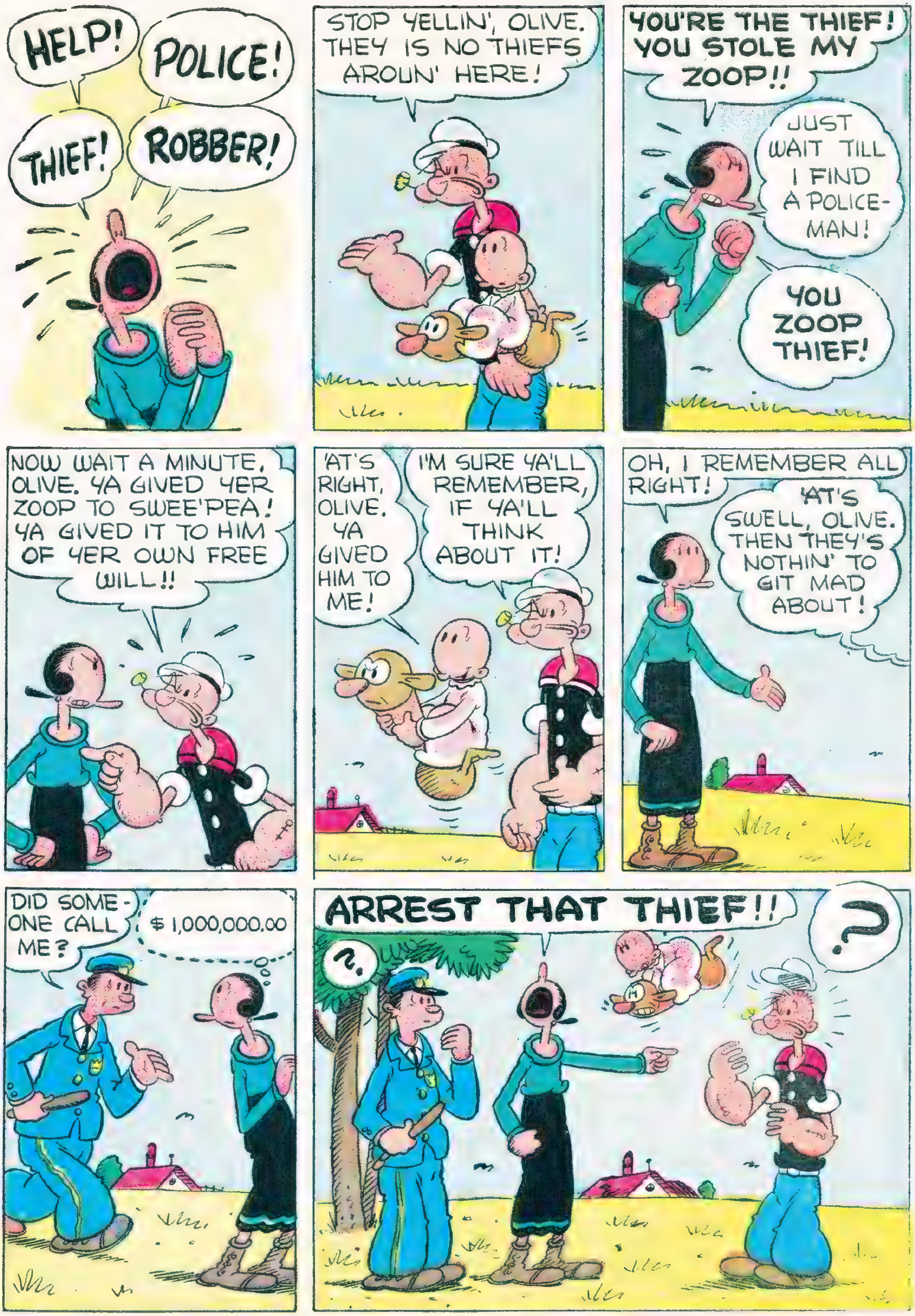
THEY SURE SEEMS TO LIKE EACH OTHER!
PAT PAT
COME ON, SWEE'PEA, WE HASTA GIT HOME! YA KIN PLAY WIT' THE ZOOP SOME OTHER TIME!
OKAY, POPEYE, BUT I HATES TO LEAVE HIM!
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE!! LOOK AT YER ZOOP– HE IS GOING HOME WIT' SWEE'PEA!
ZOOPY!! YOU COME RIGHT BACK HERE!!
COME BACK HERE!!
REMEMBER WHAT YER UNCLE BEN SAID–DON'T MAKE HIM MAD!
DON'T BE SILLY! HE'S JUST AN ANIMAL AND ANIMALS HAVE TO BE SHOWN WHO IS BOSS!
HM!
HE'S GONE UP TO THE CEILING AGAIN– AHOY, OLIVE, LOOK OUT!
?
BONK
MY GORSH!! HE DIVE-BOMBED YA, OLIVE!! NO WONDER YA SHOULDN'T MAKE A ZOOP MAD!!
?

WHA-WHAT HAPPENED?
YA WAS **ZOOPED**, OLIVE!
YA MADE THE ZOOP MAD AN' HE WENT UP ABOVE YA AND THEN DOVE DOWN AN' SMACKED YA WIT' HIS HEAD
YA SHOULDN'T ORTA MAKE HIM MAD!
HOW AM I GOING TO GIT SWEE'PEA HOME? THE ZOOP INSISTS ON GOIN' WIT' HIM!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
COME HERE, ZOOPY! PLEASE
?
?
FROM NOW ON YOU BELONG TO SWEE'-PEA - HE'S YOUR MASTER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
Z-Z-Z -ZOOP!
GEE, THANKS, OLIVE!
THANKS, OLIVE, YA HAS MADE 'EM BOTH HAPPY!
THAT'S OKAY, POPEYE!
IT WAS NICE OF OLIVE TA GIVE YA THE ZOOP!
I'LL SAY IT WAS!!

I'M GLAD I GOT RID OF THAT ZOOP— NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FEEDING IT!
KNOCK! KNOCK
?
MISS OYL?
YES?
MIND IF I COME IN?
?
WELL, WHERE IS IT?
HUH?
THE ZOOP!! THE ZOOP!! WHERE IS IT?
OH, THAT! I GAVE THE ZOOP TO A LITTLE BOY!
YOU WHAT?
GR-R
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
YOU GAVE IT AWAY!
YOU MUST BE MAD!

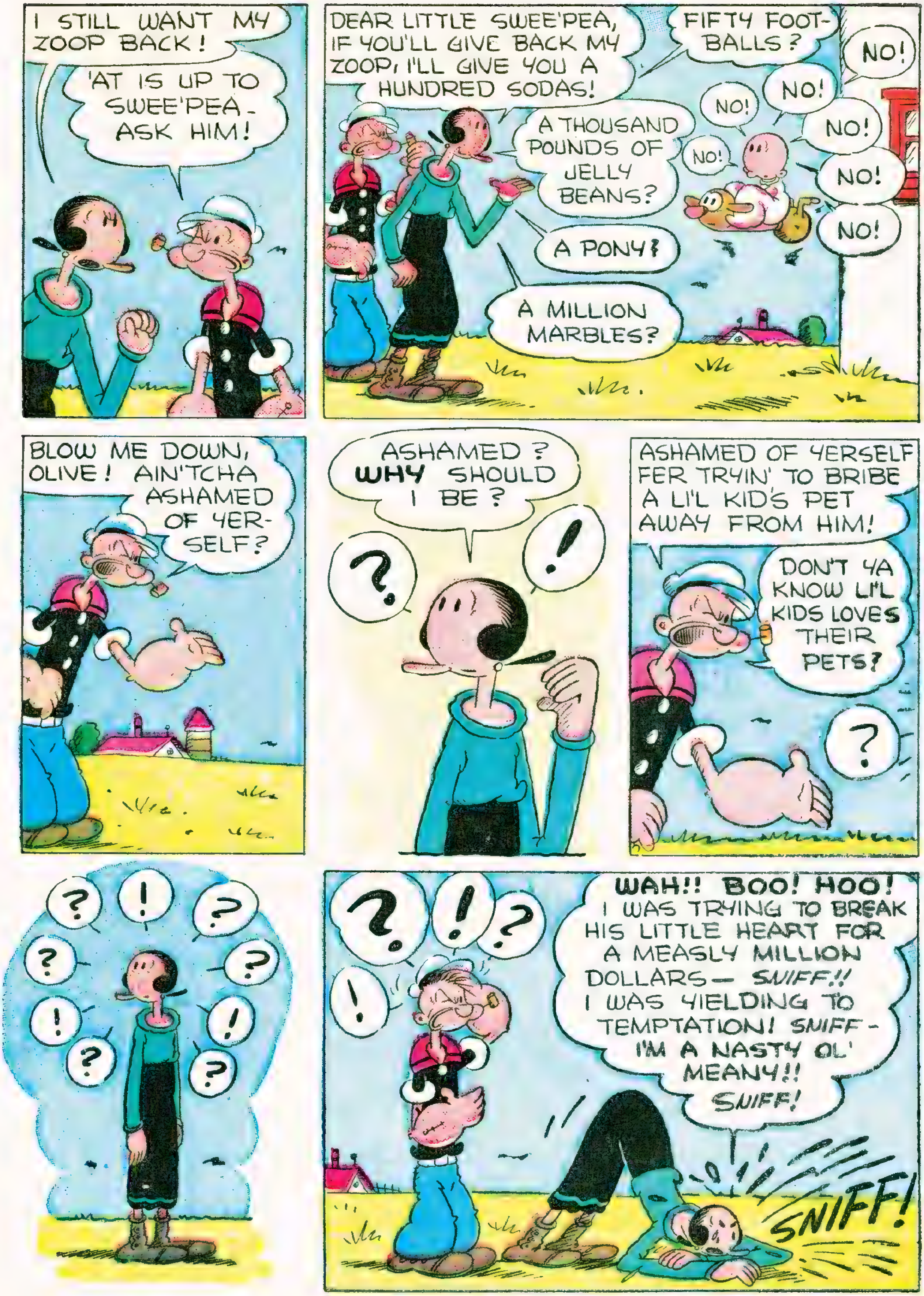
WHY DO YOU CARE IF I GAVE MY ZOOP AWAY?
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF OWNING A ZOOP! AND YOU GIVE ONE AWAY!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
AH! YOU COULD GO TO THE BOY AND DEMAND THAT HE GIVE BACK YOUR ZOOP!!
I DON'T WANT THE ZOOP! WHY SHOULD I TRY TO GET HIM BACK ?
IF YOU HAD THE ZOOP, I WOULD BUY HIM FROM YOU!!
THE LITTLE BOY LIKES THE ZOOP AND I'M NOT GOING TO BREAK HIS HEART FOR A FEW DOLLARS!
I WON'T BE A SMALL-CHANGE HEEL!
SMALL CHANGE?
OH!
SINCE WHEN IS A MILLION DOLLARS CONSIDERED SMALL CHANGE ?

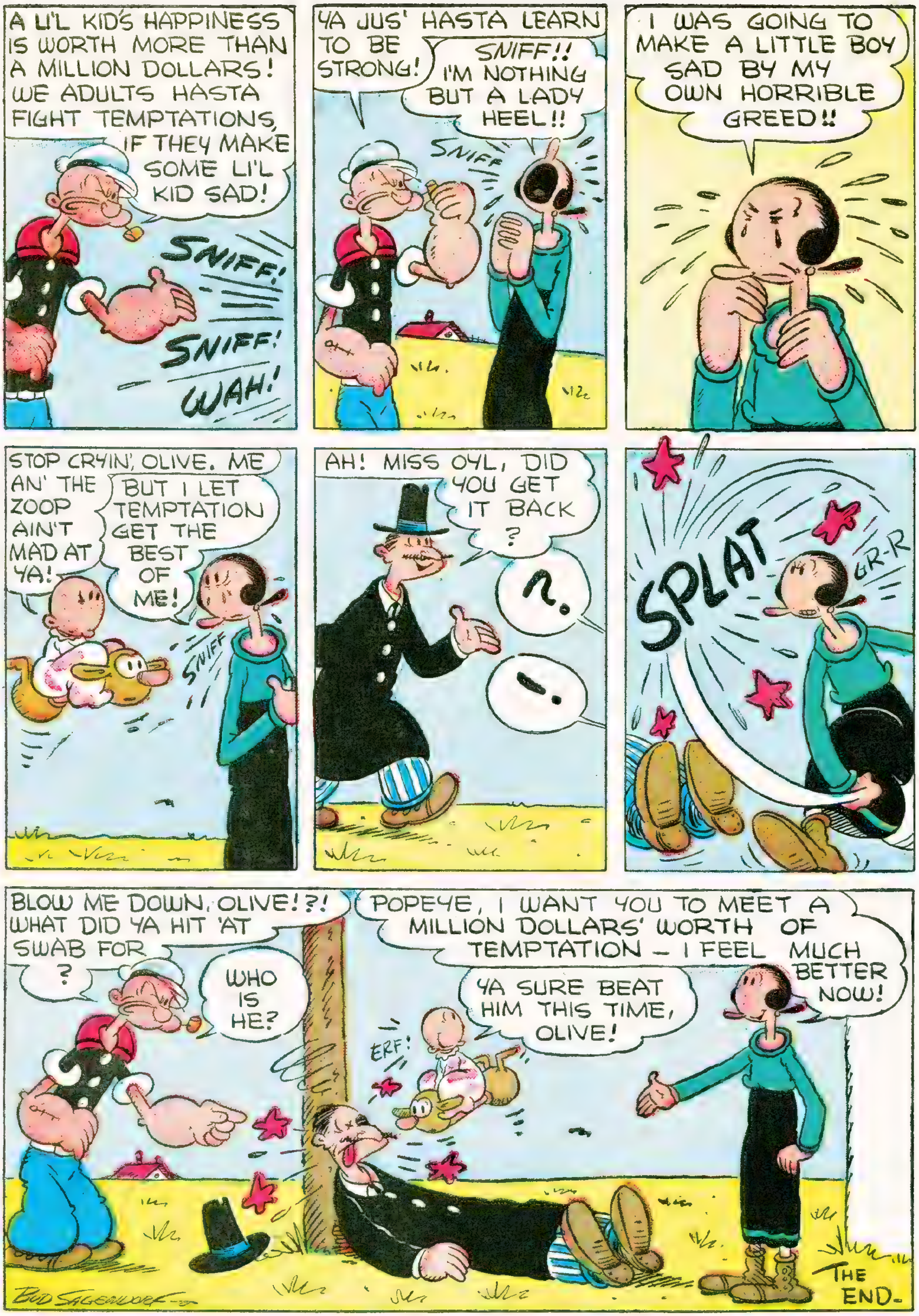
A MILLION DOLLARS!
A MILLION! A MILLION! A MILLION!!
I COULD BUY THINGS WITH A MILLION!
POPEYE'LL UNDERSTAND!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! HERE COMES OLIVE UP THE STREET! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE IS IN A HURRY!
WHA'S THE MATTER, OLIVE?
GIVE IT BACK! GIVE IT BACK!
GIVE IT TO ME!!
YOU THIEF!!
ROBBER!
?
MY GORSH, OLIVE, WHAT YA TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT DOES YA WANT?
YOU, THIEF!! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!!
?
?
POLICE!! I WANT MY ZOOP!!
?
?
GORSH, ZOOPY!?! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE TROUBLE!
G-R-R-R



HELP!
POLICE!
THIEF!
ROBBER!
STOP YELLIN', OLIVE. THEY IS NO THIEFS AROUN' HERE!
YOU'RE THE THIEF! YOU STOLE MY ZOOP!!
JUST WAIT TILL I FIND A POLICE-MAN!
YOU ZOOP THIEF!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, OLIVE. YA GIVED YER ZOOP TO SWEE'PEA! YA GIVED IT TO HIM OF YER OWN FREE WILL!!
'AT'S RIGHT, OLIVE. YA GIVED HIM TO ME!
I'M SURE YA'LL REMEMBER, IF YA'LL THINK ABOUT IT!
OH, I REMEMBER ALL RIGHT!
'AT'S SWELL, OLIVE. THEN THEY'S NOTHIN' TO GIT MAD ABOUT!
DID SOME-ONE CALL ME?
$ 1,000,000.00
ARREST THAT THIEF!!
?
?

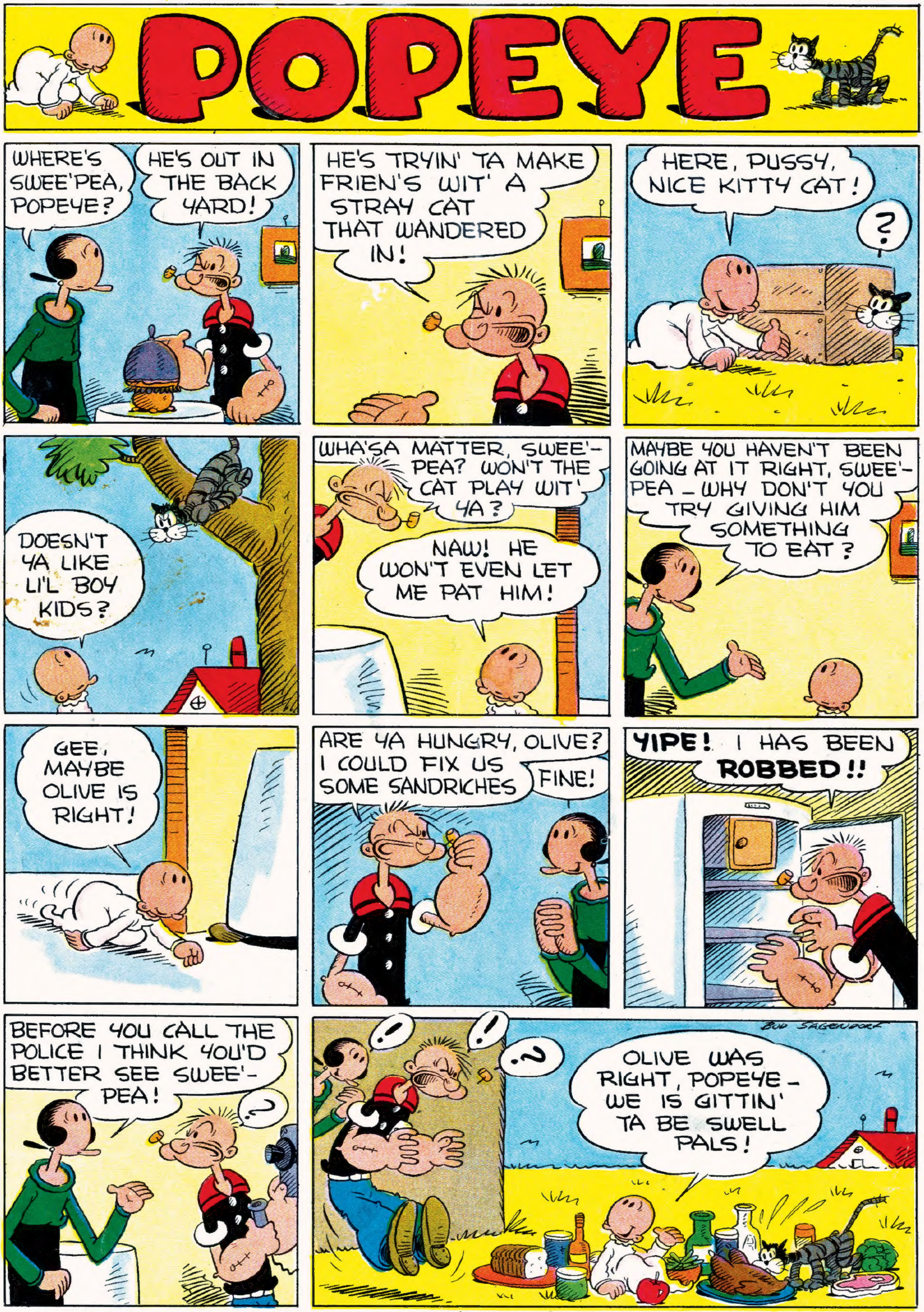
HE STOLE MY ZOOP!
BUT-BUT-BUT!
OKAY, OKAY! DID YOU OR DIDN'T YOU STEAL THE LADY'S ZOOP?
NO!
SHE GIVED THE ZOOP TO ME LI'L BOY KID FER A PET!
IS THAT TRUE ?
WHAT IF I DID GIVE IT TO SWEE'PEA? I WANT HIM BACK, AND IF POPEYE WON'T LET ME HAVE HIM, THAT MAKES HIM A THIEF!!
?
?
LOOK, LADY _ A MAN CAN'T STEAL SOMETHING FROM YOU AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO HIM!
PHOOEY!
YOU DON'T NEED A POLICEMAN, LADY. YOU NEED SOMETHING IN YOUR HEAD!
?
WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?
ARF! ARF! I THINKS HE MEANT YA WAS DUMB!
?
WHY, THAT LITTLE -- I'LL TEAR HIM TO--
AHOY, OLIVE, YA KIN NOT FIGHT WIT' THE LAW! IT AIN'T LEGAL!!
GR-R-R-


I STILL WANT MY ZOOP BACK!
'AT IS UP TO SWEE'PEA - ASK HIM!
DEAR LITTLE SWEE'PEA, IF YOU'LL GIVE BACK MY ZOOP, I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED SODAS!
FIFTY FOOT-BALLS?
NO!
NO!
NO!
A THOUSAND POUNDS OF JELLY BEANS?
NO!
NO!
A PONY?
NO!
A MILLION MARBLES?
NO!
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! AIN'TCHA ASHAMED OF YER-SELF?
ASHAMED? WHY SHOULD I BE?
?
!
ASHAMED OF YERSELF FER TRYIN' TO BRIBE A LI'L KID'S PET AWAY FROM HIM!
DON'T YA KNOW LI'L KIDS LOVES THEIR PETS?
?
WAH!! BOO! HOO! I WAS TRYING TO BREAK HIS LITTLE HEART FOR A MEASLY MILLION DOLLARS— SNIFF!! I WAS YIELDING TO TEMPTATION! SNIFF - I'M A NASTY OL' MEANY!! SNIFF!
SNIFF!



A LI'L KID'S HAPPINESS IS WORTH MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS! WE ADULTS HASTA FIGHT TEMPTATIONS,
IF THEY MAKE SOME LI'L KID SAD!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
WAH!
YA JUS' HASTA LEARN TO BE STRONG!
SNIFF!! I'M NOTHING BUT A LADY HEEL!!
SNIFF
I WAS GOING TO MAKE A LITTLE BOY SAD BY MY OWN HORRIBLE GREED!!
STOP CRYIN', OLIVE. ME AN' THE ZOOP AIN'T MAD AT YA!
BUT I LET TEMPTATION GET THE BEST OF ME!
SNIFF
AH! MISS OYL, DID YOU GET IT BACK ?
?.
!.
SPLAT
GR-R
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE!?! WHAT DID YA HIT 'AT SWAB FOR ?
WHO IS HE?
POPEYE, I WANT YOU TO MEET A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF TEMPTATION – I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW!
YA SURE BEAT HIM THIS TIME, OLIVE!
ERF!
BUD SAGENDORF
THE END.

POPEYE
?
HE CAN'T
HE CAN'T!
YES, HE CAN!
YES!
NO!
NO!
YES!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'S GOIN' ON HERE?
THESE KIDS SEZ YA IS A SISSY!
THEY SEZ YA AIN'T GOT NO PUNCH LEFT—AN' I SAID YA COULD PUNCH YER FISK THROUGH A ONE-INCH PLANK!
!
GO ON, SHOW 'EM! PUNCH SOME HOLES IN 'AT FENCE!
OKAY, SWEE'PEA!
'AT'S SHOWIN' 'EM, POPEYE—DO SOME MORE!
SPLAT
CRACK
BAM!
CRASH!
THANKS A LOT, POPEYE!
BALL GAME
TODAY
THAT WAS A SWELL IDEA, SWEE'PEA!
GIT A HIT!
!
?
OKAY, PAL!
BUD SAGENDORF


POPEYE
WHERE'S SWEE'PEA, POPEYE?
HE'S OUT IN THE BACK YARD!
HE'S TRYIN' TA MAKE FRIEN'S WIT' A STRAY CAT THAT WANDERED IN!
HERE, PUSSY, NICE KITTY CAT!
?
DOESN'T YA LIKE LI'L BOY KIDS?
WHA'SA MATTER, SWEE'-PEA? WON'T THE CAT PLAY WIT' YA?
NAW! HE WON'T EVEN LET ME PAT HIM!
MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GOING AT IT RIGHT, SWEE'-PEA – WHY DON'T YOU TRY GIVING HIM SOMETHING TO EAT?
GEE, MAYBE OLIVE IS RIGHT!
ARE YA HUNGRY, OLIVE? I COULD FIX US SOME SANDRICHES
FINE!
YIPE! I HAS BEEN ROBBED!!
BEFORE YOU CALL THE POLICE I THINK YOU'D BETTER SEE SWEE'-PEA!
?
BUD SAGENDORF
!
!
?
OLIVE WAS RIGHT, POPEYE – WE IS GITTIN' TA BE SWELL PALS!

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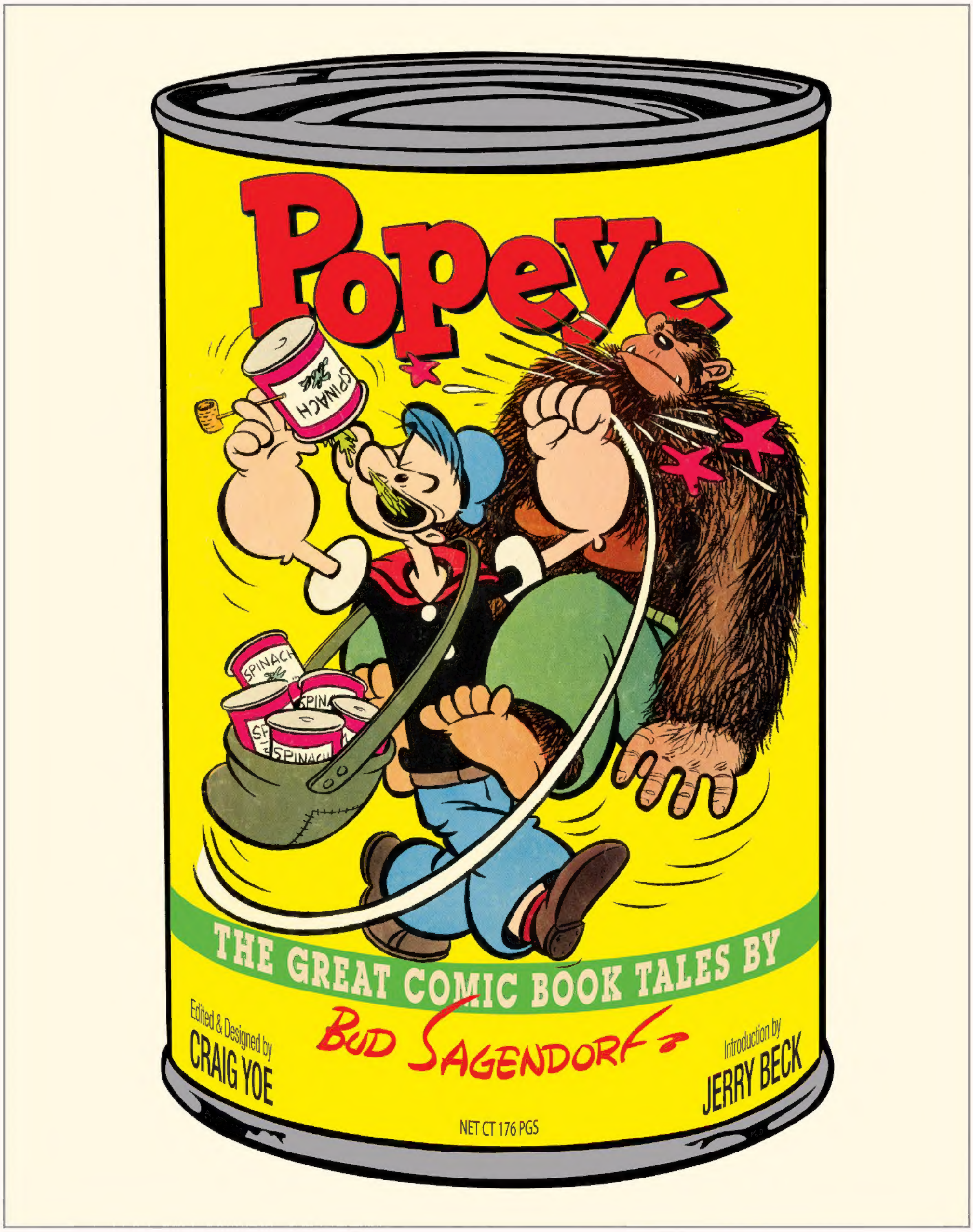
—*Pop Culture Hound***



Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf

Introduction by **Jerry Beck**

“Absolutely prime Sagendorf Popeye, every one the cream of those great Dell comics!
In the same rarefied genius status as Carl Barks and John Stanley!”
—*Mykal Banta, BigBlogComics.com*

ISBN: 978-1-60010-747-4

PRAISE FOR BUD SAGENDORF POPEYE PROJECTS BY YOE BOOKS.

"Gloriously funny writing and drawing style! Sagendorf comics are great comics!"
—*MTV Geek* (Eddie Wright)

"Sagendorf was the long-time assistant to the creator of Popeye, Elzie Segar, and his comics are just as classic!"
—*Cartoon Brew* (Jerry Beck)

"Hijinks one expects from Popeye—and even a little of the heart to boot."
—*Pendragon's Post*

"There's no comics with as much pure undiluted comic bookiness, stream-of-conciousness, and outlandish stories. They're super-fun!"
—*Gutter & Panels* (John Gholson)

"Sagendorf's cartooning is timeless in its bigfootededly bizarre brilliance. Bud Sagendorf is all kinds of awesome!"
—*The Savage Critics* (John Kane)

"Bud Sagendorf's *Popeye* was brilliant. The stories were as compelling and entertaining as anything on the stands at the time—and we're talking about a period that encompassed Carl Barks' *Uncle Scrooge*, John Stanley's *Little Lulu*, and Shelly Mayer's *Sugar and Spike*."
—*Comic Mix* (Mike Gold)

"What a genius! Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own... brilliant stream-of-consciousness tales, with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully."
—*Potrezebie* (Bill Pearson)

"For any age group, in much the same way as is *The Simpsons*."
—*The Lottery Party*

"Brilliantly lively storytelling. Absolutely, positively recommended!"
—*The Big Blog of Kids' Comics* (Mykal Banta)

"Arf-filled!"
—*Graphic Policy* (Brett Schenker)